

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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VOLTAIRE.

A LECTURE,

BY THE CONTROL OF J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

Delivered on Sunday, January 23, 1887, at Newton, Kansas.

(Specially Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

The enemies of this distinguished Frenchman have spoken of him as the greatest monster that ever disgraced or outraged the religious susceptibilities of the Christian world. Denunciations of the most extravagant compass have been hurled at his name. He has been compared in wickedness to his Catholic majesty. Children in Sunday schools have been taught to look upon him as the greatest fiend that ever appeared in human form. The minions of theology have gone black in the face in castigating his views and deriding his influence upon society. He has been charged with every crime. He is hated by every church. A man who has won so much extravagant contempt from the religious world must be of more than ordinary importance and power. Notwithstanding this mountain of contempt and pious anathemas, we propose to look upon him after the flight of one hundred years. He has established himself among us, and we must try to get him in order with the great events and transactions of his time; for, to properly do so we shall better see what sort of man he was; what he did for the world, and how he affected men for good or ill. He was a man of great intellectual stature. He will throw his great shadow upon all the ages yet to come, which have an admiration for great mental parts, works of genius, and potent public influence. Everybody knows of him as the greatest infidel of his time. As an enemy of the church and religion we think of him first, and as a great literary luminary after. We were made acquainted with him in our youth by reading the fervid eloquence of divines, warning the unwary against the terrible danger there was in touching any thing he had written. We learned his name from the sign-boards of theology set up on the road-side, cautioning the indiscreet traveler that this man was not fit company for one who wanted his soul to be saved. We ask this audience to forget this position in which religious fear has placed him. There is something surely about this man, which we can find to like and admire, for he was much after the model and shape of other men. When stripped of the wrappings and bandages of the times in which he lived, he stands out, human and real, and not as a monster, such as the excited imagination of priests have made him out to be.

In order to get a good look at him, we must see the times in which he lived and the influences which were at work shaping the character of men and society. No man at any time can be understood without comprehending the forces that acted upon him from within and without. Great men are the expressions of these united forces in the world. It could not have been otherwise with him. There were great wrongs that needed redress and a vast amount of human suffering that should be removed; and these conditions became the moving force of Voltaire. He had the ambition of his convictions. He saw the evils around him, and dared to denounce them to the world. He struck hard blows at the priesthood. The theology of the ages excited his ridicule, and his sarcasm played havoc with the serious grimaces of superstition's devotion. He would not have dared to do what he did if the church had not been corrupt in every part. There was not a sound timber in that old church of France at that time. The affairs of that country in every

way were going to the worst. Let us try to see the tableau of that memorable epoch of the birth of Voltaire. The year of his birth was 1694. It is difficult to see things very distinctly after so many years. The strong and large things alone stand out plainly. The light and shade of history and historical events have vanished from the picture, never again in full detail to be put in. There is no painter nor penman with ability and graphic power enough to accomplish a complete work; but we retain enough for our purpose of the reality of that time, to see how things were and how they were drifting, and likely to drift for a long time to come.

There was first in order the government of the country. The old Bourbon dynasty sat cozily upon the throne of Charlemagne, personated by Louis XIV., Louis the Grand Monarch, as the old Champagne grannie would say. St. Cloud and Versailles were in their glory. A court is as essential to an aristocracy as water is to the life of a fish. There were happy and strange transactions at that court. There were beautiful men there who had never soiled their hands with work; ladies with delicate complexions, décolleté costumes, and nosegays flickered under the gracious beams of the royal countenance. Cardinals and bishops looked on the giddy scene and sanctified the elegant abode of vice for the exalted approbation of royalty and beauty. Every vice flourished there in tropical luxuriance, which the fertile devices of passion could invent. The King was devoted to pleasure, the government to corruption, and the church to supercilious devotion. The people were reduced to the most abject poverty; industries languished; the military arm was the fountain of honor and civil promotion; land lay neglected and uncultivated while a hungry peasantry starved in idleness; political power was vested in the hands of the nobility. That august and ancient order lay at the feet of the church. The teachings of the priest and the absolute claims of religion were the first care of the ruling classes. But in action and daily life the beautiful moral maxims of Jesus were laid aside, only to be taken up in the closet and the sanctuary. Poverty lived side by side with aristocratic extravagance. The priest petted the courtier, winked at all political corruption and exactions made upon the people, and coerced the spiritual nature of the people to follow the divine injunction of religion, to live in perfection of obedience to their masters whom the Lord had set over them, in His gracious providence during the period of their earthly lives; and that God had shown great wisdom in thus appointing such excellent rulers. The rulers of the church had all the accomplishments of hypocrisy; the aristocracy the privileges and corruption of vast wealth wrung from a starving people.

Under these baneful public conditions and influences Voltaire drew his first experiences of life. Religion was made hateful to him by its insincerity and wickedness. His mind revolted against this delusive sham. It represented to his mind the most perfected system of corruption possible to invent for cheating mankind. The circumstances of the church, government and court, justified his conviction. We must look upon Voltaire as a great savior, because France had drifted into wrong. France was on the wrong side of human progress. The king, church and aristocracy were curses and vampires to be removed as quickly as possible. It was a great man's work to undertake. The priest, king and aristocracy would resist. Poor Voltaire, with his wit, genius and philosophy, did not amount to much against all this; but he did put into language what the people were beginning to think. He became hateful to all that was rotten in old France; but in the eyes of new France he was the God-illumined savior of the time. From this we get the cue of Voltaire's life, the deep, serious meaning in it. Religion was a curse to this people of France, and, therefore, it was false; that was about the ground upon which he stood.

To do his work he had a splendid mental equipment. Few men have had such vast capacity. His intellectual faculties were of a very high order; his imagination was equal to the finest that had ever exalted the poetry of France. He was the Shakespeare of France. His diction was elegant, free and finished; his power had variety, his inspiration, romance; his knowledge was profound, and he had rare literary skill to employ it. He was a Hercules lashing superstition and folly with the weapon best calculated to do the work.

This is a serious question. Had Voltaire an eye to see into the soul of things, or was he but a shallow outsider fighting the garbage of religions? Had he a religious faculty? What is the religious faculty? That faculty in the soul which feels the beautiful in nature, experience and the inner life; which is excited to love by the imagination of mystery. If this be the bottom of the religious faculty, Voltaire had a very great religious nature. That hatred of oppression and injustice which he had in a supreme degree, was the greatest manifestation that could be made of the true religious nature. All real reformers are the best religious men. In after ages they become the canonized saints of history, the true master workers and architects of time. This false religion of France, which Voltaire saw and laughed at, was but the false scaffolding which obscured the true building of religion. Against it his shafts of wit and

sarcasm were hurled. He knew that the ridiculous dogmas and ceremonies of the church were mere scaffolding to be taken down and burned as rubbish—to be got out of the way somehow! Then we must look at him as a workman going to accomplish a perfectly legitimate task, which had to be done, the sooner the better. His tools, we have seen, were of the best and of rare fitness. In this work he was a praiseworthy man; but for this work he has been condemned.

Was Voltaire right or wrong? If right, he did not merit the censure he received. If he was wrong, he is to be pitied and his life to be regretted and condemned.

There is something eternal in religion. It belongs to the nature of man. Let the poor barbarian strut before you. He has something rushing up into his brain that makes him feel sometimes but a poor helpless savage, tempest tossed, ready to lay down the treasure of life and float off into that eternal somewhere—the everlasting mystery of future eternity. A man never laughs at that. Men in all ages have looked up into heaven, and the stars glittering there have had a language of the sweetest and divinest mystery. He has gazed and wondered. In the imagination of science he has sought a solution of these stupendous astral problems; but like Newton all feel that they are but sand upon the seashore of time. The same sun shines to-day which shone upon the builders of the pyramids. Down from the ethereal vault the stars look as they did when the glacial age swept over the rugged summits of the Rockies. There is awe in all this. It is an interesting thing to know what these generations have thought upon the problems of nature, the mystery of existence. It is a puzzle of the greatest magnitude. When Alexander conducted his splendid army into the East, where was the nineteenth century? In a thousand years to come where will be the grandees of this time? "Every dog has its day." It has its own dramatic representation, then it is exit a tear and an eternal good-by! Is that life? Man will never come to think that the good mother who held him on her knee, has gone, never to be met again in the strange windings of existence. This desire of life and the associations of love are the points about which we are mixed up and puzzled. This is the spring of our religion. All men must have some kind of religion; away with the cry, then, that Voltaire had not a religious nature. To say that, is equal to saying that he was destitute of the faculties of human nature.

Against the religion of the soul Voltaire was no rebel. To the religion of nature he paid his devotion. That is the best he could do or that any other man can do. That man who is alive to the duties of his time is doing the highest religious work, though he may never step inside of a church, or touch holy water. To make it possible for the starving poor of large cities to get work that they may live, is the noblest religious task under the sun. Any reformer who would come forth and stop the gamblers in wheat and stock, and in every form which this mammon power assumes, would be a religious teacher that the world in coming ages would be more grateful for than any other. This is a poor world for a poor man to live in. This doctrine of supply and demand is a hellish doctrine, look at it as we will. That religion must be false which turns the eyes of man, off the present toward the future life, and counsels him to get ready for the felicities of that world, and let the affairs of this drift. Religion is for the present; it is for the better feeding of people, the making of better laws; it is for more brotherhood, more blessings, sweeter homes and better education.

This which the world calls religion is a hindrance to the emancipation of the laboring class, and the better distribution of the results of labor. We are not by any means satisfied with the world as it is. There was something which that poor French peasant wanted more than Christ; he wanted remunerative work. When will men get rid of their obstructive gods?

Men feel the wonderful power of the spirit of nature. All the religions of the world are attempts to express it; but what a poor job they make of it. They have an idea that this universe has been created by some anthropomorphic cause, and that he has revealed himself in sacred books which have been religiously preserved for ages. The hands which have guarded them have been strengthened by divine grace. The church has been the home of these writings and spiritual truths. Men have been taught that this church is the authority and holds supreme control over the domain of all spiritual knowledge and experience. That truth and nature breathe in every leaf in the dense forest, in every rippling stream, in every shining star, and in every wave of the great wide sea, conveys to every human soul some influence of the Divine Spirit of all life. The church, using the wand of superstition, sought to control the poetry of devotion in the soul. Metaphysical definitions and speculations were invented to amuse and divert. If not edify, religious hope and earnestness. The incarnation of God; the vicarious atonement; and heaven and hell, were the stupendous creation of the imagination. A supernatural world was called into existence, with a hierarchy of angels, ministering spirits, and the redeemed souls of mortals. God was the absolute monarch of the universe; he sat upon a great white throne in the midst of heaven. Christ was on His right and the Holy Ghost on His left hand, and around and through the glorious groves of heaven lay scattered the ransomed children of God. Be-

hold the confines of the crystal city whose streets were paved with gold, lay the kingdom of hell-dominated by the genius of evil. It was a place hotter than the mouth of a volcano. Here was the eternal home of the enemies of God, who were construed to be people who did not fall down in obedience to the will of the church. It sent its friends to heaven and its foes to hell. There were gathered together all the enemies of the great church system, which had come up like magic upon the greatness of the Roman world. Their tortures were greater than imagination can depict. The horror of eternal burning no heart can think nor tongue explain; one huge sea of molten fire over which the spirit of the wrath of God hovered like a satisfied judicial atmosphere! Such was the terrible picture Christianity presented to the sickened eye of the world in the time of Voltaire.

Voltaire has made the world his debtor by dividing the real from the unreal in religion. Theology is untrue. It is built upon falsehood; but all political power and education were directed in its maintenance; it made and unmade kings. The democratic spirit was denounced, because power that emanated in and from the people was an assault upon divine prerogative. It assailed the principle upon which the church was founded: Christianity tended to monarchy and infidelity to democracy. The hierarchy of heaven was an aristocracy; the word angel but another name for a duke. The politics of a Christian heaven is more like the politics of the Czar of Russia than that of the United States.

What did Voltaire antagonize? This hierarchy of heaven, the anthropomorphic king, the archangels, the angels, and all the divine functionaries of the celestial kingdom. For doing this we owe him our deep gratitude and thanks. When a man worships power he becomes its slave.

In the eyes of the church, it was the grossest crime to antagonize its claims and contest its power. Voltaire did both. Error trembles in the presence of its enemies. It was said, "This man has no religion; he is an enemy of morality; he is a wicked man and his teachings are a curse." Never was language more misleading and untrue. He was the most truly religious man of that day. If God be the friend of truth and freedom, Voltaire was his champion. If the development of the rights and intellect of humanity be the end of true religion, then Voltaire helped the cause of religion. If religion be anything else, then Voltaire did not help it.

You say Voltaire did not believe in the immortality of the soul. Voltaire did not believe in a future life like that the church has constructed. Who could with a grain of reason in his head? Spiritualism in its present form was unknown to him. He was preparing the way for it to come in after days. The greatest title he has to our encomiums is that he had brain and courage enough to see that the world of religions thought was demoralized by the barbarian superstitions and childish dreams of antiquity.

In every sense Voltaire was a man. He never assumed any sanctity. He asked no divine influence for truth. It was pure enough in itself for him. The light he saw in nature was reason. By that he hoped to get through this world, and maybe all worlds like or unlike this. He cultivated the intellectual faculties and imagination. He was truly the greatest man of France. He came into France to find it unlike what he wanted it to be. He was a born reformer. He had a quarrel with the forms and the usages of the world. He had something better in his great soul. At first the church took no notice of him. His missiles were but blank cartridge—empty thunder. Soon, however, he could not be let alone. He was dangerous, and he had to leave France in order to save his neck.

We must make a digression. At this time the German intellect was assuming some activity. The Teutonic race had not done much as yet, in the world of thought. England knew but little of Germany. No great writers had sanctified the rough and peculiar jargon. Schiller and Goethe were silently coming on to make a literature for that people. Paris was the centre of European thought. The French language was becoming fashionable; eminent writers had begun to use it to clothe their thoughts, in the place of Latin, which had so long held the position of honor, and been the tongue of philosophy and learning. Great writings had dignified the French tongue. In religion, the eloquence of Bossuet had refined and polished the language of the pulpit. Literature had been enriched by the sublime accomplishments of Corneille in dramatic poetry, so that the Germans turned their eyes to the elasticity and popularity of that language as the most popular and serviceable for them to use, and in which to enshrine their immortal thought. Frederick the Great, a prince of great intellect, wore with honor the Prussian crown, but envied the less substantial but eternal glory of the laurel wreath. He had taken part in some fighting, had drilled with the soldier of the line, had slept upon his knapsack on the bloody field, and heard the music of the battle roar. He was at home in the field; he loved the study, and admired Voltaire. These two men became friends. They wrote letters to one another like school girls. Voltaire went to live with the king in his palace. They talked together in the evening on the principles of government, the teachings of philosophy, the ethics of art, the errors of the reigning religious thought, and the psychology of human progress.

The king had an imperious temper and great vanity. Voltaire had great excitability

and unmeasurable self-esteem. It could easily have been foreseen that they would like one another better at a distance. The vanity of the one excited the vindictive feelings of the other. Love was not strong enough to keep them together. It was a singular experiment for them to try to live thus. A man like Voltaire could not be patronized. Who is a king that he should assume to patronize and order genius? But at that time it was essential for the success of literary talent that some rich man should act as patron. What man ever loved his patron? It is hard to do a kindness, and not make the one despise you whom you seek to help and raise. Patronage demoralizes a man's self-esteem. There are some men that mentally walk on all fours. They could lick the dirt, or live like a dog under the master's table. Such a man was the poet Young; but such men are like others we see in other walks of life, who will do anything to please a master, or serve the tyrant; but an honest man, who loves independence and liberty, will despise the hand that patronizes. Hence there was not any permanence in the direct relation between these two wonderful men.

Voltaire soon found the weed of contempt for his royal master growing thick in his mind, and when once there it is like love, it speaks for itself and cannot be hid. The story of the way of their separation is known to every school boy. It was customary for the king to send to Voltaire at any time, dictated by the caprice of his royal fancy, verses which he had written for approval and correction. It is not an easy task at any time to touch the mental wares of any one, and especially when they happen to be of the poetic character. Every village has its poet, whose genius, it is claimed, equals that of Shakespeare, and every voluntary newspaper contributor thinks that his productions are worthy of the most prominent place in the paper. From these weaknesses kings are not exempt. They loved like two lovers and quarreled like two moids. They had grown apart, for the mere value of a verse or the little scandal of a court would not have produced a misunderstanding. When dislike has got ready for a separation, it comes easy and the occasion is soon found for a quarrel.

Our hero accordingly took up his trunk and handboxes, and looked elsewhere, feeling very angry and probably outraged. He was taking too excited a view of it, and altogether making too much of the situation. But he was bound for pastures new. It will anyhow be well with Voltaire, for he takes his brain and inspiration with him.

We said that he was a man. He must be looked at as we look at all others. He had a heart too; much has been said against him about it. His French ethics filled him with perplexities. His break with Frederick added to his anxieties, but he and France were not in accord, so he ventures not in the vicinity of Paris. I said France; I made a mistake. I ought to have said the French Government; that is quite another thing. It was the Government of France that did not want him; the church feared him and did not want him in the resorts of the fashionable literature. It was persecution; it was exile, but it made no difference to him. The avidity of his genius never relaxed. He wrote poetry, history, and dramas of great merit. His style of composition had great method and order. Some critics have affected to deny the high qualities of genius to him because he wrote with perspicuity and order. This is one of his greatest merits; his mind saw things in order, and difficult and abstruse questions with great clearness of judgment and detail. A good method is the first quality of literary success. It was fashionable for the writers of that time to seek effect from the development of the picturesque. He adopted no tricks in his style. He wrote precisely and with regular method. A man was a man, drawn with the accuracy of a draughtsman. He was not destitute of those qualities that gave a charm to his graphic manner. He could scatter the flowers of eloquence. It was the garden of order. His historical portraits are drawn to display the features he wants to bring out into the greatest prominence. His characters were made strong, but they represented such as he had met every day in actual life. We meet people every day who remind us of his poetical creations. He belonged to that order of writers who have what is called the classic manner. Shakespeare excelled in that. He did not exactly paint character as it is, but as it should be. When Victor Hugo came he painted life as he saw it in the world. That was a great innovation. Well, Voltaire stood in the middle school. He did not go with the extremely classic nor did he completely renounce it.

When we left him he had his handboxes tied up and was going from the King, much vexed and tortured in mind and spirit. He finds a judgment again; this time he is at Ferney, and let us hope in good company. The Marquis de Chatelet threw open his castle to him. He spent much pleasant time there. Madame de Chatelet loved science; so did he. She, also, loved to talk philosophy, and so did Voltaire. They found much pleasure and edification in each other's company. Some people have found fault with him, but they have closed their eyes to the church, especially the Roman church, and the notorious immorality of the priesthood. Concubinage has been a common thing among the priesthood of that church; but in the eyes of Voltaire, no cherub's immorality can even be guessed. Probably it was not prudent for him to condition himself in a way that curious and malicious scandal could be thrown with envious malignity at him. Voltaire

Among the positions of honor and honorable success in life the per cent. of college graduates who gain them increases in proportion as the office or place is higher or more important.—*Dr. Fellows, of Iowa University.*

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, 1 year, \$2.50.
6 months, \$1.25.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. SPECIES NOT FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by United States Postal Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

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All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line.

Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 5, 1887.

Woman and the Church.

In all the past, woman has been the prey of superstition and priestcraft. That her enslavement is the effect of ignorance, not willfulness, cannot alter the result. Ignorance always means degradation and enslavement.

They who fear the decay of the true religious life with the exaltation of womanhood, are daily decreasing in number. The gentler sex have been enthralled through those very faculties, which, when developed, are its chiefest glory. The intuitive nature, either in man or woman, is essentially feminine; unfolded and trained, the highest uses of life shall by it be subserved.

The woman whose reason is trained and illuminated ceases to be an adjective, and stands alone as a noun. Not less, but more, will be the aspiration of her soul for spiritual light and the ideal life. That groveling fear of an unknown future that finds relief in yielding to established authority, has not been the chief factor of her religion; it has been reverence for the highest and best, a reaching up and out for strength, wisdom and holiness. Too often the priest has become to her the incarnated ideal of these qualities; imagination casting over him a glamour which a broad experience and strong intellectual training would render impossible.

In consequence of her tenderness, sympathy and predilections to a religious life, woman has always been a tireless worker in the church. In one of Heber Newton's remarkable lectures on Woman, in the early part of the winter, that eloquent preacher discriminated between the effects of reason and feeling in the ethical world. He says:

Woman, thus far representing exclusively the emotional nature, has tended to make worship the expression of sentiment not sufficiently vitalized by thought, which has degenerated into sentimentalism. Man, having first won freedom and self-development, has first learned this lesson, while woman still too commonly leans upon the arm of the spiritual nurse. Women are still found on their knees before an eternal authority, facing outward for the light of duty. They keep alive the priest and crowd the confessional which men have deserted.

In the very next sentence Mr. Newton gives the key to this status of woman: "It is not a reproach to woman that it is so, seeing the influences which have been at work these ages upon her."

Margaret Fuller, in writing upon the same topic, indicated the remedy:

If the intellect was developed in proportion to the other powers, they would then have a regulator and be more in equipoise. When the intellect and affections are in harmony, nature will be perfected through spirit.

As it has been and is, the priest is the autocrat, with six women in proportion to one man as his subjects. With a thousand hands and feet to do his bidding, it can hardly be a matter of surprise that his brain is often turned by soft and sympathetic flattery. By this means thousands of good men have been spoiled or hindered in their usefulness. At first adulation disgusts a manly man; he ends by yielding to it or by diverting it into useful activities.

At heart these sisters are pure and good, but weak. Yielding themselves passive subjects to the magnetic preacher, will and conscience are put in his keeping. It is a painful study of psychology, with what results all the world knows. The papers are filled with unfortunate examples of ignorance, weakness, wickedness and woe.

It is believed by many that ministers are worse than other men of the same class. This will be shown to be an error, by a little reflection. Their weaknesses are due to great temptations and opportunities. Besides this, the emotionally religious nature is closely allied to the passions.

The large sympathetic nervous system of woman renders her super-sensitive, and these sympathies have found vast in churchly

duties rather than in wholesome mental and physical activities.

Happily for the world, a change has come. In her emancipation woman will take with her all that is worth saving, and leave behind, one by one, her whims and weaknesses. The spirit within, reinforced by the divine spirit, will be sovereign and priest. The expansion of woman's inner life, which is the stronghold of that pure love which shall be the world's savior, is what she needs. The failure of both unspiritualized intellect and unreasoning affection is certain. In the rich fullness of the trained intuition and the enlightened spirit, will be found all potency. In conclusion, quoting again from Heber Newton:

The priest has had his day, but does not know it. He stands in the way of the Christ that is to be, as his Jewish ancestor stood in the way of Jesus. Is the reign of woman to perpetuate this danger? Surely not, since in winning her throne woman is to win her true self. The coming woman will disrobe her confessor, and will find her priest within her own soul. An emancipated and educated womanhood will pronounce the deliverance of ecclesiasticism.

To which may be added, that this deliverance has come more through the great spiritual movement than from all other causes put together.

"We Shall See"—Shall We?

Our esteemed Boston contemporary published the brief letter from Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, announcing the detection of Mrs. Wells "in what at present seems unmistakable fraud," and its editor was moved to comment in this fashion:

Notwithstanding the statements made in the above communication, one thing the *Banner* will stand by, namely, we know Mrs. Wells is a legitimate medium. While in New York recently we thoroughly tested her powers as an instrument of the Spirit-world, and received an abundance of evidence in proof of this assertion. This evidence we gave our readers several weeks ago, and we now state that we do not withdraw a single syllable of what we then published. If others have discovered fraud, that is their business, not ours.—*Nous verrons*.

It will be observed that our brother does not say Mrs. W. is a medium for materialization, but contents himself by declaring her a "legitimate medium," whatever that may be. Is it possible our French friend conceals his esoteric opinion, and that it can only be telepathically discerned? Does he mean that Mrs. Wells is a personating medium? May be that would be the English rendering of "legitimate medium." Our learned contemporary with no doubt charitably excuse our defective education and kindly volunteer further explanation.

Having reiterated his faith in the proofs offered him, with a considerable degree of robustness, our worthy brother seems thereby to have worked himself into hysteria. He says: "If others have discovered fraud, that is their business, not ours." Such an assertion might be the hysterical utterance of a perplexed and overwrought man, but is hardly in good form as the editorial opinion of a teacher and demonstrator of spiritual truths. As a disseminator of truth, a publisher of facts, it seems, in the Western way of viewing things, that the discovery of a deception and its rational treatment is a part of "our business." There is a steadily growing public sentiment that it is the business of public teachers, editors, law makers and government officials to discourage fraud and deception, to make cheating hazardous, to expose offenders, to compel restitution; that when this is not done an inference may be fairly drawn inculcating those teachers, editors, etc., as accessories, either before or after the fact. It is our conviction that in good time all teachers, editors and legislators who lack either the moral sense or the comprehension or the courage requisite for their respective vocations, will be relegated to the rear ranks of private life.

A French costume was once upon a time presented with a large and handsome parrot named Paul, of brilliant plumage but irascible temper. Coming to America the costume brought along his parrot who had learned to voice a number of expressive oaths and pat phrases. Settled in a large city, the costume found it advisable to isolate his bird, to screen him from the friction incident to a mercantile environment. So Paul and his cage found rest in a small dark room where the few rays of light only intensified the gloom. Here Paul was left to get on as best he could, seeing but few friends and only those who were known by his master to be agreeable to him. When these friends were admitted, Paul would chatter freely and always ended with the words, "*Nous verrons*," uttered in an impressive way, calculated to mystify listeners. Finally, want of exercise and light brought on deafness and blindness; then it was a sorrowful thing to see Paul pose with all his old dignity and cry out with impressive intonation, "*Nous verrons*," though the poor fellow could neither see nor hear. MORAL: This fable teaches the importance of avoiding dark rooms and French phrases.

The End of the World.

Henry Jones, an intelligent-looking negro, is creating intense excitement among the colored people of Clarendon County, S. C. He declares that he is a prophet of God ordained to reveal the future to the colored people. He tells wild stories about the near approach of the end of the world, which are believed by large numbers of his ignorant listeners. A famine in two years is predicted, when a dollar in gold will not be worth two quarts of corn. The present starving condition of many negroes makes them ready to believe such prophecies. Jones tells them that Jesus has ordered him to select twelve of the sisters of the church to be his disciples and follow him through the world. One woman has already joined him.

The Ross Materialization Fraud.

A Harvard Professor Gives his Experience in Seeking Knowledge of Materialization Through the "Mediumship" of Hannah V. Ross.—He Improves the Opportunity to Offer a Veteran Fraud Defender Some Common Sense Views on the Traditional Policy of the Boston Organ of Effeminate Vagabonds.

(Banner of Light, Feb. 10th.)

As my name has (very unwelcome to myself) been quoted in the newspapers as that of a witness to Mrs. Ross's mediumship, I feel it my duty to say just what my experience has been.

I visited her house three times, once alone at an ordinary seance, once at a private sitting arranged by Dr. A. B. Wallace, and once at a private sitting to which I was invited by Dr. J. R. Nichols. I had previously called at the house to ask Mrs. R. if she would not consent to give a seance out of her own house. She refused to do so at any price.

I examined walls and floors as carefully as the mere eye would permit, and could see no way of introducing confederates. The first sitting went by without my noticing any suspicious circumstances, so that I concluded that Mrs. Ross was better worth spending time upon than any of the other "materializers" whom I had visited.

At the second sitting the sliding doors, usually kept shut, were opened, and Dr. Wallace was allowed to sit just beyond them in the back room, from which the confederates, if such there were, would have to be introduced. So far so good. But when I asked permission to sit there with Dr. W. the permission was denied. The moment the seance began a white-robed spirit came out, and did an unusual thing, namely, drew Dr. Wallace out of his seat and into the front room, and spreading her drapery out so as to conceal the side of the doorway, and part of the cabinet, kept him there some little time. No one could see this manoeuvre without the suspicion being aroused that it was intended to conceal the passage of one or more confederates from the back room over the doorway and under the cabinet curtain, which hung loosely along side of the doorway. At the end of the seance the same performance was repeated with Dr. Wallace, who between whiles had been allowed to sit quietly in his place. The concealment of the side of the doorway was less perfect this time, and a lady who was one of the sitters tells me that whilst Wallace was up she distinctly saw the doorway eclipsed from view by the passage of the curtain, or some other dark body over it. During this sitting a female form came from the cabinet with her while drapery caught above her knees. Her legs from the knees down were clad in black trousers, like those in which a male spirit had the instant before appeared, and in which another male spirit appeared the instant after.

At the third sitting a form tall enough to be that of a child four or five years old appeared between the curtains of the cabinet and stood there, whilst the little girl of one of the sitters (kneeling on the floor, if I remember rightly), played with its left hand. I was allowed to approach, and the light was strong enough to see fairly well. The figure had an oval, delicate-featured face, looking as if it might belong to a girl of ten or twelve. The body was as unplayable a looking dummy as I ever saw, except from the neck of the real person who might have been kneeling on the floor. This and the fact that the hand with which the sitters' child played was in an impossible position, made me ask the supposed spirit child to give me its right hand. The request was boldly granted, to my surprise, and what seemed, both to my sight and touch, to be four adult finger tips, held together and surrounded by a sort of "mit" drawn down to the knuckles, was protruded and drawn across my two extended fingers. The child's hand felt, but slowly enough to give me confidence in my observation.

The facts I have underscored, added together, were sufficient to convince me personally that whether mediumship was or was not an element of Mrs. Ross's performance, roguery certainly was, and I resolved not to waste any more time upon performances given at her own house. Good carpentry can make a secret door in any wall.

I learn that now, many days after the capture of her confederates by Mr. Brame and his friends, she invites a more rigid scrutiny still of the cupboard and wall, and shows an affidavit from her landlord that the house is what it was before. I do not learn, however, that spirits still continue to emerge from the cabinet many at a time, with the sliding doors closed as they used to be before the capture of the confederates. I see why a secret opening through a wall may not be unmade in forty-eight hours by the same skill which made it. I wish to confine myself to facts as closely as possible, so I make little comment on your policy (a policy which would ruin any cause) of defending exposed frauds through thick and thin, so as to present a "solid front" (1) to the enemy. You ought, it seems to me, to consider the enemy of your first duty, to raise a fund for the lowering up of such impostors as that of the Ross materialization, by the criminal conviction and imprisonment of its members. Only then would your opinions about more genuine cases begin to deserve consideration from inexperienced inquirers like

Yours truly, WILLIAM JAMES.

18 Garden street, Cambridge, Feb. 10th, 1887.
Our veteran contemporary comments on Prof. James's letter in the following characteristic manner:

We earnestly hope Prof. A. B. Wallace will feel prompted to address a letter to our columns in reply to what Prof. James says regarding his part in the case reported Jan. 8th.

As regards the very gentlemanly criticism in which this Harvard Professor chooses to indulge (in his last paragraph) concerning the *Banner of Light* and its course generally, we have but this to say: His statement that the *Banner* has defended "exposed frauds through thick and thin" is not true. It is a principle of common law that an individual accused of wrong doing must be held innocent until legally proved guilty. The *Banner* has demanded only this for the Spiritualist mediums—in the face of a skeptical public, which seeks to reverse the maxim and throw the burden of proof on the medium—and on this line we shall continue to "present a solid front to the enemy," as long as the paper is issued. We have no favor to ask of Prof. James or his ilk, and feel that our course is founded in justice and truth.

It is quite safe to conclude that Prof. Wallace will be in no haste to place himself on record in this matter, certainly not in a way to conflict with Prof. James's statement of facts. The distinguished Englishman will be apt to return to his native land a sadder, and we hope a wiser man. His eminence in certain fields of science has given great weight to his testimony concerning spirit phenomena.

That he is in his simplicity unable to cope with the diabolical shrewdness of American exhibitors of bogus spiritual merchandise, is quite apparent. Great and learned man that he is, it were an easy matter for a Ross, a Wells, a Caffray, or a Crindle-Reynolds to bewilder him. We accord him masterly ability in his chosen field of science, but he is too old a man to master the psychological subtleties of American cabinet work. In the higher realms of spiritual science his abilities would find their untrammelled scope, but when he attempts to seek knowledge of spiritual matters in places that are dark and houses that are strange, and to hunt for materialized spirits with the aid of an adventuress who is guarded by a third husband armed with a club and revolver, when he pursues knowledge under these circumstances, he is not at his best.

We have a glimmering consciousness that our esteemed contemporary is displeased with the comments on his policy made by

Prof. James. Indeed, so excited is the venerable gentleman that he actually forgets his chronic fear of a libel suit and tells the Harvard professor that: "His statement that the *Banner* has defended 'exposed frauds through thick and thin, is not true.' That Professor James does tell the truth is clearly apparent to a large majority of Spiritualists and to all 'outsiders' who know of the *Banner's* policy. That old chestnut, 'innocent until legally proved guilty,' has been mouthed by our contemporary for a generation or two, but it fools nobody who uses a grain of common sense in these matters. In order that an exposed trickster shall be 'legally proved guilty' there must be a legal trial in some one of the various judicial tribunals of the country. In the nature of things this with rare exceptions is not possible, hence, according to the *Banner's* logic, all exposed frauds in the country are innocent lambs. In one or two instances where the trickster has pleaded guilty, the *Banner* has given currency and color to the monstrous falsehoods of the convicted, who as soon as clear of the officers of the law proceeded to manufacture plausible stories to break the force of the confession of guilt.

The key-note to the fatal error which renders the *Banner* a hindrance to rational Spiritualism, lies in the spirit which animates the declaration: "We shall continue to 'present a solid front to the enemy.'" A partisan who holds the success of an ism paramount to the elucidation of truth, who regards as enemies all who are not identified with his party, such a man and such a paper can never advance truth nor make any lasting dent upon the world, however much he or it may be worshiped by partisans, vagabonds and mercenary camp followers. That our venerable contemporary regards this policy as heaven-born, and that he is living up to his highest convictions of right, we cheerfully grant. We regret the sorrow and chagrin which overshadow him, but such is the law. If one cannot rise to the occasion, if he cannot keep abreast of the times, if he must still wander in company with the spirit of the Dark Ages, then must he suffer, and with him all who follow his footsteps into the moss-covered bogs of fanciful mystery.

Kansas in the Front.

The municipal woman suffrage bill, giving women a vote in all corporate town or city affairs, passed the Kansas Senate by 25 to 13, and the House passed it, February 20th, by 90 to 20, after which Governor Martin's signature made it a law of the good State of Kansas. In England women have voted for years in this way, and they vote in large numbers and with marked benefit to the cities of that land. Everywhere, indeed, woman-suffrage works well when tried. Did justice ever bring disaster?

Intuitively the great body of the Spiritualists favor the equal rights of woman, and surely they are largely indebted to her for spiritual gifts from their platforms.

The Michigan Legislature have been largely petitioned to take a like step with Kansas. It will be well for them, and for that good State, to do so. Is there less light in Michigan than in Kansas?

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. E. W. Wallis is now located at Mona Terrace, 16 George Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England.

We have received a package of seeds grown on the Moreton Farm, from Joseph Harris Seed Co., Rochester, New York, for which they will accept our thanks.

The next Class of the Emma Hopkins College of Christian Science, will begin lessons March 10th, 1887, at three P. M., at the College, 2210 Michigan Boulevard.

Neal Dow has prepared an article for the March number of the *Forum*, defending both the theory and practice of Prohibition, and insisting that in Maine prohibitory legislation is effective.

Wm. I. Gill, in his article in the JOURNAL of February 10th, was made to say "Adventist" by the printer, in the fourth line of his article. The word should be "Scientist," as follows: "In May, 1886, some two months after I had graduated from Mrs. Eddy's primary class I received an invitation to preach for two months for the 'Church of Christ' (Scientist)," etc.

A writer in the *Firefly*, a paper published at Lunenburg, Mass., says: "Of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL we cannot speak too highly. Ably and carefully edited, its columns are replete with truth and logic in generous doses. No Spiritualist family should be without it, and it cannot fail to prove both interesting and profitable to freethinkers in general."

Michael McCoy, a grocer of Louisville, Ky., has been excommunicated from St. Patrick's Catholic Church owing to his marriage with Miss Emma Long after having secured a divorce from his wife. Miss Long lived next door to the McCoy family, and Michael became infatuated with her, so much so that he is accused by his neighbors of having mistreated his wife in order to compel her to secure a legal separation from him. The night of his nuptials with Miss Long the neighbors and his former church associates surrounded the house and threatened him with violence until quelled by the police. In reading McCoy out of the church Father Lawler denounced him and the marriage, and declared that he would not tender the man his services though he were upon his dying bed. He also forbade any of the members of his church to speak to or in any way recognize McCoy.

A reporter of a paper published in Paris, who had a sitting with Dr. Slade, says: "Many curious and incomprehensible things were done, of which I need only mention one or two. The slade was once violently snatched from Slade's hand, went under the table, appeared like a flash at the further side and returned to Slade's hand. At one moment Mr. Slade said he saw some one behind my chair. Immediately afterwards the chair was violently seized and dragged almost from under me. There was no furniture that could possibly conceal any one, as I sat with my back to the bare wall of the room."

All articles intended for publication in the JOURNAL, should only be written on one side of the paper. Great care should be exercised in writing names. A communication before us from a prominent contributor, spells the name of an individual, to whom he refers, in two different ways. Many really valuable communications are rejected on account of the poor penmanship. Listen to a person who mumbles his words when talking so as to render his language unintelligible, and you feel undoubtedly just exactly as the person does who can not decipher the poor penmanship of another.

Andrew D. White, in his *Forum* article, gives this incident of Von Ranke, the historian, whose lectures he listened to: "He had a habit," he says, "of becoming so absorbed in his subject as to slip down in his chair, holding his finger up toward the ceiling, and then with his eyes fastened on the tip of it, go mumbling through a kind of rhapsody, which most of my German fellow-students confessed they could not understand. It was a comical sight—half a dozen students crowding around his desk listening to the professor as priests might listen to the sibil on her tripod, the other students being scattered through the room in various stages of discouragement."

Light of London, acknowledging the JOURNAL's notice of its management, says: "We are indebted to our friend the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for a very cordial and too flattering notice of *Light* under its new management. It will be our endeavor to deserve some of the good words that are prospectively accorded us. We especially desire to make *Light* acceptable to our American readers as the organ of English Spiritualism of that cultivated class which readers of the JOURNAL appreciate. We shall welcome expression of opinion from the States, and shall try to keep our English readers posted in American news so far as our limited space permits."

J. W. Sprott, a resident of Lucas county, Iowa, relates an incident illustrative of spirit power. It appears that Sam Guin, a resident of that State (Wayne co.), was badly afflicted with softening of the brain, and a council of physicians had decided that he could not recover. John H. Lowe about that time happened to call at the house, and while sitting in the room with the sick man, there appeared before him a venerable personage who said, "The patient will get well," and then vanished. The prediction showed that the spirit could see results better than the physicians, for the patient recovered.

In one of his lectures at Cincinnati, Ohio, J. Frank Baxter said: "I feel a terrible desire to reach a certain place. Oh, if the driver would only drive faster! This spirit comes to me. He was in the horse cars. The day was February 9, 1878. He lost consciousness and did not attempt to move or to speak. He says death to him is a stranger yet. He has no recollection of going out. His name is A. S. Platt. His relatives are scattered in various places, and a brother, A. C. Platt, lives in Sandusky City, Ohio." Mr. McCracken in the crowd, recognized the spirit as that belonging to a man who died in a Third Street car, and who formerly worked for Smith, the Main Street jeweler.

"A fiasco" is the mild term which the *Banner of Light* applies to the Ross exposure. The editor of the *Banner* has repeatedly endorsed Mrs. Ross, in private conversation, as the best medium for materialization in Boston. Since the exposure the *Banner* has steadily endeavored to begot the real issue and to break the evidence against her. It has virtually claimed that Mr. Brame and his party were conspirators. If the *Banner's* position is correct and Mrs. Ross is an honest, innocent woman, and no exposure was made, as it argues directly and indirectly then "fiasco" is a contemptible weak and cowardly characterization of a diabolically malignant and wanton conspiracy. Why don't the *Banner* say so? Why don't it preserve its consistency by raising a fund to indict Brame & Co. for assault and libel and lodge them all in the penitentiary? These men deserve the extreme limit of punishment the law will give, if the *Banner's* theory of the Ross's innocence is true.

Oliver Gilman Chase passed to the Spirit land at 8:30 o'clock, on Thursday morning, February 10th, from his home at Jamestown, N. Y. He was a man of deep impulses and strong and fearless convictions; the world oftentimes has branded him extreme and fanatic, but it never deterred him from defense with voice or pen of what he considered right. In home and domestic life a loving husband, a kind father and a steadfast friend—in business he never wrongly took advantage nor swerved from a promise made. In religion he has been a zealous Spiritualist for over thirty years, being thoroughly convinced of its truth, not only through reason of its theory, but to him was proof positive in its phenomena. He was one of the main instruments in starting the Canastota camp grounds, where thousands yearly of the growing faith congregate to lighten up the gloom of this by borrowed radiance from the world to come.

Price, \$1.50. Postage Free.

Dr. Snopce, one of the professors in the Protestant biblical faculty of Paris, in his book on "Palestine in the Time of Christ," gives the following picture of Christ as he was seen by his contemporaries: The sumptuous raiment and the fine linen of those who lived in kings' houses was wanting, so also was the long, flowing robe of the scribes and Pharisees. Upon the head of the Nazarene was a turban, like that worn by the national headgear, but unlike by rich and poor. Everyone wore a head covering. Painters make mistakes when they represent Christ bareheaded. His urban, in all probability was white, fastened under the chin by a cord, and falling at the sides over the shoulders and over the tunic. His hair under the urban was long, his beard uncut. His tunic or undergarment was seamless, and probably given him by one of those women who ministered to him of their substance. The tunic was white, the talit, or mantle, loose and flowing. It was not white, for it said it became white at the transfiguration. It was not red, for that was the military color. It may have been blue or white with brown stripes. At the four corners of this mantle he wore the cloths, rings of blue or white. He wore sandals on his feet, as we learn from John the Baptist; and when travelling from place to place he wore a girdle around his loins and carried a stick in his hand. His hair was dark, and his eyes were gray. At a little distance followed the women—Mary, the wife called Magdalene; Joanna, the wife of Chana, Herod's steward; Susanna, and many others.

Voltaire.
(Continued from First Page.)
was a hard working, sincere, and moral man.
The enemy of the religious fanaticism painted him in all the hideous colors of voluptuousness. He was as good as his times. The morality of the century of France then and the court also was degraded that nothing further was left for the imagination of vice to invent. If Voltaire was bad, pray what was France? We shall want a new name for the moral deformity of the court and aristocracy and the general fashionable life of the city of Paris. When measured by the common-place morality of his time, he is sans reproach. It is a fact that his benefactions to the poor were extensive. He would visit them when sick, and out of his purse he would help them to those comforts which their circumstances denied. He took great interest in industry, and tried to extend commerce and manufactures.
In 1778, he went to Paris to receive the congratulations of his literary admirers. His poetical faculties were getting dim with age. His career was drawing to its close. Paris loved him. Fashionable Paris, and Voltaire was a great dramatist. Irene was delighting the theatre-goer. The old man went to enjoy the aroma of popular applause. He was greatly excited. On the stage his bust was placed in a conspicuous position and crowned with the laurel bays by actresses of the most delicate beauty and fame. From the throats of the tumultuous audience arose a long and loud resounding cheer. The old man's heart was moved; his eyes shed tears; he went to his lodging feeling ill. Poor man, he took an overdose of morphine and came back to consciousness no more in this world. So died the greatest intellectual light which has dawned upon the hills of France. Christians invented all sorts of tales about his death bed: How he cried out unto God for pardon! These stories are all false. They were invented by the dogmatic imagination of priest and preachers eager to dim the great man's renown and lessen his influence in the world of thought. Pious lies cannot advance the cause of God. With the influence of a drug upon his brain he closed up a brilliant career, out of which has come new life for France. His thought heralded that revolution in public sentiment, which produced the revolution of blood. That event was the most important that happened in that age or century; and where shall we find its parallel, for the greatness of the issues, the principles involved, and the voluptuousness of the destructiveness which accompanied the progress of the revolution. The crisis of the delirium of slaughter that sent to the block the greatest heads of France, cannot be laid to the door of Voltaire. He had made a revolution possible. The destruction of the church and the overthrow of the aristocracy were the legitimate work and outcome of his philosophy.
The mind of Voltaire lives in heaven to-day. That which made him grand is making him grander still. Mind never dies. Conscious evolution is never extinct. As an inspiration of human progress he takes his place with those great minds in all ages which were distinguished for preeminent ability and logical capacity, sublime honesty of moral conviction, hostility to mental restraint and corrupt priestly authority. He had a rare combination of intellectual power that was equal to every emergency; cultivated with classic refinement and sensitive to the sublimity of nature, he was a poet of the truest type. As the age of diminishing intolerance goes by, we shall see better and clearer the true proportions of him and the real influence he had upon the world. He spoke out of that sublime power of natural inspiration from which all men speak who have important utterance. He is spirit now, beyond the crushing blows of tyrants and the devotional malignity of foes. In the groves of exalted learning beyond the pale of the stars, we shall see his face again. Even then he will be living on the frontier of intellectual thought, a philosophical vedette piercing with wondering mind the untrodden paths of thought and progress. Men will look for him in the ranks of the immortal, as Christians with holy devotional look for the glorious face of the redeemer of the world.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Work of the English Society for Psychological Research.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The English Psychological Society has created great expectancy in the minds of those who desire to have the occult phenomena of mind and spirit investigated in what they please to style the true scientific method. The Journal of this society has been exceedingly voluminous in reports of the various committees on Thought Reading, Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Haunted Houses, Apparitions, etc.; but the reader who patiently wades through the several volumes, expecting anything definite by way of theory or conclusion, or hopes to find new paths opened or new discoveries revealed, will be disappointed. Aside from Stainton Moses, Prof. Barrett and a few others, who are alive to the issues before them, but are hampered by their surroundings, the society is charming illustration of how not to do it. Spiritualists have hoped a great deal from this Psychological Association, which boasts of Lord Tenison, Gladstone, A. R. Wallace and Wm. Crookes, as honorary members; Balfour Stewart as president, and eleven eminent scientists as vice-presidents. How kindly they take to spiritual phenomena is shown by the distinction made by their most liberal committee, on the apparition of persons at the moment of death. A great many facts were gathered to prove such appearances; but when such apparitions were seen after the death of the individual, they were thrown out as belonging to another category.
The experiments in thought-reading are among the more voluminous made by the society, and are marked by a pedantic fuss and leather, which would be amusing, if not so childish as to create a feeling of pity.
As an example of this impractical fuss and feather, I take the report of the committee on "An Alleged Physical Phenomenon," which phenomenon was the once mysterious "manifestation" of a solid iron ring on the wrist of the medium, said to be too small to be taken off over the hand. Wm. Crookes, F. R. S., Victor Horsley, F. R. C. S., W. C. Roll, F. R. C. S., and A. T. Myers, M. D., were that committee. They say in the beginning of the report:
"We found a metal ring on his left forearm; and our inquiry was limited solely to the determination whether that ring could have come into the position it then held by known natural forces. The ring was of iron, solid, formed of a continuous bar, skillfully welded in one place, bearing

marks of a file, especially near the place of welding."
Now an ordinary observer, gifted with that good quality, common sense, and unskilled in the technical distinctions of science, would take hold of the ring, compress the hand and determine whether by fair degree of pressure it could or could not be removed; not so this committee. Common investigators have been content to tie or hold mediums; it will be remembered that Prof. Crookes secured his medium with a most elaborate electric coil, so elaborate that his experiments, though convincing to himself, have remained unsatisfactory to everybody else to this day. These four investigators did not try to take off the ring; they proceeded to measure, with metallic tape and copper wire. They observed that the hand had "loosely articulated" joints; that there were "no scars." Then they drew a line down the back of the hand at a "level of the lowest point of the styloid process of the radius," and another line at right angles "down the long axis of the third metacarpal bone to the center of the knuckle of the middle finger." Then they divide this line into eight equal parts and proceed to measure, setting down the results to the minutest fraction. They measured with the hand extended, and with the hand "troughed," (doubled up, we infer.) Then they subjected the three men to "etherization," to determine if their hands measured less or more under the influence of the anæsthetic, and found there was a very slight difference. Then they measured the ring and found that the greatest circumference of the hand exceeded that of the internal circumference of the ring by less than half an inch, and they wisely conclude: "As we do not consider these conditions to be those best adapted to reduce the circumference of the hand as much as possible, we cannot infer that it is impossible that the ring should have come into the position in which we found it by known natural forces," or, in plain English, the medium pushed his hand through it!
No Spiritualist can become acquainted with the work of this society, without feeling that Spiritualism can never be fathomed by its members. They are subjects of a "dominant idea," and that is the "potency of matter." They do not admit so much as is essential to have, a "working hypothesis," which is considered valuable in all other provinces of thought. They are studying psychology with the psyche omitted. As though the biologist, in the study of life, should confine himself to dead beings, and carefully avoid living ones, for fear he would be prejudiced and obliged to admit the existence of a vital principle, as though he should say: "Oh! there may be a life principle, but we must not admit it; we must not call it to our aid until we prove its existence, and to do this we must proceed just as though it did not exist. The true biologist introduces vital force from the start, and gathers his facts around it. The true psychologist brings psyche forward as his "working hypothesis," and gathers his facts around this cardinal force.

The Contents of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
We find, as ever, much in the JOURNAL of Feb. 19th to entertain and instruct us. The thoughtful reader can gather largely of good from the sermon of Rev. Reed Stuart, as printed on the first page, and the spiritually minded will be refreshed and strengthened by the editorial extracts from *Amiel's Journal*. The short quotation from *Light*, also found on the first page, while excellent in its drift and intention, seems to need qualification or explanation. To say that Spiritualism without its religious side is but a worthless "tinkling cymbal—a sound without sense," seems putting it too strong. The writer's meaning may not have been what the words imply.
To the correct thinker all scientific truth has a religious bearing, as explanatory of the facts of nature and as modifying our conceptions of man and his relation to deity, upon which his religious ideas are mainly predicated.
It has grown to be scientifically evident that man is a most important link in the universal unbroken chain of nature, and, therefore, even the scientific study of the facts which go to demonstrate the powers, possibilities and prospects of his continued existence, is no vain employment, and will yield no trifling addition to his possessions as a contemplative, reverential and religious being.
How much more practically beautiful and ennobling will religion become when, through the thorough scientific understanding of the facts of nature (his own whole nature included), man will be able to cast aside the lingering superstitions of the past, that arose through lack of knowledge, and to form a more rational conception of the Divine nature, and his own relation thereunto. Friend Harding's "Waking Dream," on the second page of the same paper is very apropos in this line of thought. J. G. J.

NEW PERPETUAL STORM KING FLOWERING FUCHSIA.
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VOL. XLII.

CHICAGO, MARCH 12, 1887.

No. 3

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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A REASONABLE RELIGION.

A Sermon by Rev. Reed Stuart at the Independent Congregational (Unitarian) Church, Detroit, Mich.

We cannot write the national history of the soul. It cannot be written. The wisest of mankind have attempted it, but they have failed. Witness the thousands of useless volumes of metaphysics in the libraries. The geologists can write a natural history of the earth, the botanists of the plants, and the astronomers make a map of the skies; but who can discover and interpret the laws of the soul, or give the rank and true position to each of the bright worlds that shine and sparkle in the mysterious inner sky? Chemistry, and the microscope have brought to light many secrets; but here is something which forever eludes detection, and refuses to be analyzed and dissected. It were as easy to define God as to define the soul.

Vain is the attempt, then, to give the rank which each power of the soul holds in the world, or glorify one state of the mind to the shame of another. One star differeth from another star in glory, it may be; but not one of them could be spared without damage to the universe. The splendid city of God, which the night reveals, would be marred if one of its palaces should be ruined. So it is impossible to draw comparisons between the divisions of the mind, and conclude that one is better, or more useful, or more beautiful, or more necessary than another. Intellect is beautiful; but so is hope beautiful. The search for truth is a noble engagement for the soul; but so is pity, flowing out in acts of mercy, a divine activity. The bud is good, and the leaf is good; and the fruit is good. So are instinct, and opinion, and knowledge, and will, and intuition all good. The soul rejoicing over a flower, or a sunset, or weeping over a wrong, or a sadness, is as true and as nobly occupied as a soul discovering a new law of the world, or meditating over the might and splendor of Godhead.

The soul cannot live without truth. The body does not crave air more than does the soul crave truth. It is the prime element of its existence. And yet, it is like the air in that it must be free and forever renewed. If confined, and used too often it becomes stale and corrupted, and poisons instead of nourishes life. How annoying a specialist may become,—who thinks that the regeneration of the world can be wrought by the adaptation of his particular and favorite plan! It is idealism in philosophy, it is evolution in science, it is free trade in political economy, it is an educational test of the ballot, it is woman's rights, or church extension, or orthodoxy, or liberalism, or co-operation, or masonry, or vegetable diet, that will surely bring the millennium. If we may put faith in the fervid claims of their admiring adherents. But it is seen that each one of these truths, when taken out of its proper relation, becomes a falsehood. Each driver of these chariots is a reckless Phanton; he drives too fast; he does not keep his proper curve, and does not gladden but scorches the earth.

But love, and imagination, and will, and reverence are capable of similar abuse. If love awakes from its orbit it does not bless but blazes life. Imagination, unchecked, becomes insanity. An untempered will becomes a despot. When reverence overflows its banks it turns into superstition. A mystic saw that "In heaven the cherubim know most; the seraphim love most." But every soul has its native cherubim and seraphim, who know and love; and it is better that they should keep within their boundaries and not interfere with each other.

In religion there is a place for faith and

love. But we wish to maintain there is an equal place for reason. Our life should not tarry forever at either extreme. Like a pendulum, we should be so delicately poised that we can freely swing from one wall of our enclosed existence to the other without being thought fickle, or a traitor to either reverence or reason;—or, like the tides, sweep with all our force toward one, without fear or regret, assured that soon we shall return and rise as high on the shores of the other beautiful continent; and the law of compensation cannot be slighted or annulled. As we have long since learned to trust the stars and the seasons in their methods, an equal trust should be reposed in the soul's ability to achieve a beautiful career. God has no quarrel with himself.

Whence came reason? If we only could have a solvent and satisfactory reply to that question. The philosophers who find sufficient answer to all the perplexing queries of life by interrogating the witnesses that the eye can see and the hand can touch, without hesitation, say it came from instinct. Press the inquiry a step further, and ask them whence came instinct? and, with equal promptness, they answer, from appetite. But as one follows them in their description of the likes and dislikes of the different forms of life, from the ascidian to the ape, and from the ape to the ancestral savage, and from the savage in the cave to the savant in the academy of science, the wonder still lurks if the whole story has been told, or whether there are some other witnesses who, if they had been called to the stand, might not have changed the finding and the verdict somewhat. Probably if we knew how God came to be we would better be able to tell the origin of reason, and trace its marvelous steps through time. There have been secret currents of being flowing through the ages, as invisible torrents of electricity stream through the ocean of light and air,—spiritual waves, finer than the philosopher can detect or measure with his most delicate instruments.

One thing is sure,—now it is day and awhile ago it was night. Gradually the light issued from the darkness. Had that never occurred but once, and there was no man living who was present when the amazing spectacle took place, we would all be in ignorance as to the method or cause of its occurrence. In such like ignorance are we as to the coming of reason. Long prior to the most ancient history of man, it had arrived. Whether it came as the day came,—first a faint promise, then a few scattered, widely divergent gleams of light, then a flush of flame, as of a purple beacon kindled over the horizon, then the majestic pageant of an upward wheeling world of fire which lavishly hurled its light over a whole zone of earth, cannot be known. Only we know it is here. God has a key to every door, and enters where and when He will. When He opened the door of the soul, and entered as reason or love, cannot be dated; only we know that there came a celestial day, long ago, when the bolt was slipped and entrance was made.

It being assumed that reason is a natural and necessary endowment of the soul, and as divine as love, the proposition should go without debate that it should be freely present in every department of human life and activity. The whole broad empire should willingly concede its right to assist in regulating and adjusting its affairs. Reason is no more of an intruder, in the province of man's religion, than it is in the province of his politics, or his agriculture. Wherever it bears the royal seal, it need not need to sue for the right of way. Barefoot, and in coarse garment Hildebrand compelled Henry IV. of Germany to stand for four days in the snow, without the gates of Canossa, seeking admittance; but no Pontiff can deny the right to this king to enter within the walls of religion. Unlike Henry, it comes to the gates of the church not to supplicate for mercy, but to demand justice.

And yet that scene in history has sought to repeat itself. In theory, religious people have opened the gates to reason, while, in fact, they have been closed. Long since it made its peaceful invasion of all other domains, and has gained a victory; but upon all sides the popular religion has presented a hostile front to its approaches.

There is nothing that the church actual so treas as common sense. For twenty-five years the pulpit, and the religious press of popular Christianity, has not ceased to lament or denounce the spread of rationalism in the land. The impression is made that if rationalism comes, religion must go—that to confess reason is to deny God. Without doubt there are mysteries in religion, as there are in our daily life which, up to date, have not been solved to the satisfaction of all. How people think, how one mind unconsciously influences, or reads the secrets of another mind, what is beauty? what is sex? what are sleep and death? are mysteries in that they are so deep that the plummet of our logic has not yet fully sounded them. But the mysteries of the prevailing type of religion, which have been so jealously guarded against the assaults of rationalism, are not the things which are too great for reason to solve, but the things that are opposed to reason. They are not natural, but artificial mysteries. Care has not been taken to make a distinction between that which is above common sense, and that which is simply contrary to common sense, between that which is mysterious and that which is only foolish. It is not the mysteries of religion that need tremble at the incursions of reason. It is only the frauds that are in real danger. Once, it must be confessed, there was some

excuse for religion to be partial and unreasonable. Other things were lacking in greatness as well as it, and it did not possess a monopoly of all the nonsense in the world. When the books of Moses were written their author or authors permitted many childish and absurd things to find a place within them. But these books do not contain any more or greater absurdities than other pages written in that far off time, outside of Palestine. They contain imperfect ideas as to the creation, and the shape of the earth; but they are as nearly correct as the ideas which the surrounding nations entertained upon the same subject. Their thought about God was often puerile, but so were their astronomy, and their geography, and their chemistry, and their agriculture equally childish. At the same time that they were thinking of God as a greater man, with all the passions of themselves, who was appeased when he was offended by the slaughter of birds and lambs, who made bargains with them in which he guarded his own interests with the shrewdness and thrift which was a characteristic of themselves, and while they were believing that the most awful of all mysteries was enclosed in a box which they carried from place to place with great ceremony,—during those same years they thought that the earth was a flat plain which the sky enclosed and covered like the roof of a tent, they thought that by journeying far enough the end of the world might be reached, they threshed grain by driving oxen over it, and used a crooked stick for a plow. If they thought of God as small, it was because they thought of the world as small. A small kingdom did not need a great king. One only a little larger than David or Solomon would be sufficient to govern an empire only a little greater than Judea.

Nor were the surrounding nations any wiser in their estimates of things. The Greeks were unreasonable in their religion; but no more so were they in this than in their measurement of earth and its forces. The priests were no more mistaken in their ideas about the gods than was Herodotus in his ideas about the source of the Nile and the causes of its annual overflow. We can easily excuse the priests for their views concerning heaven, when we hear of such men as Pindar and Piny believing that, far to the northward, lived a race of people who lived in perfect happiness. There was no sickness, no old age, no toil, no war, and no sorrow. These learned men placed this happy region, not in heaven, but on the earth. And yet they were as powerless, or as careless to verify their theory concerning these happy Hyperboreans as were the men of religion to establish their belief concerning Olympus and its gods and goddesses. The religion of those days showed its ignorance when it believed without evidence in the existence of demons and demigods, but not any more than did science show its ignorance, or disregard of facts when it accounted for the southward movement of the sun in the autumn by assuming the prevalence of a strong wind blowing from the north, or saying that insanity was caused by the changes of the moon. When all things else were unreasonable, it is not surprising that religion was.

But now great changes appear in almost all things. When we look at the present world, and note its completeness in so many departments, and compare it with what it once was, it is difficult to think that this is the same earth and the same humanity. Everywhere traces of wisdom are found which were absent from those old centuries. The absurd things in agriculture, in astronomy, in chemistry, have all been taken out. A supreme court has been in constant session, through all the long period, before which the beliefs and practices of man have been summoned for trial. This court is constantly examining witnesses, and passing verdicts from which there is no appeal.

It sent out experts, and they came back and testified that there is no such land as that of which Pindar wrote. Others were sent in a different direction, who returned and reported that they could find no "Fortunate Islands," or sea of perpetual calm. It summoned others who testified that, to the best of their knowledge and belief, the earth is not a plain, but a globe, and offered to verify their belief by experiment. Others came and declared that cruelty is not an assistant in education; others gave evidence that a despotism is not the best form of government; and still other witnesses were found to testify against slavery and witchcraft, and intemperance, and all the follies and vices of the race.

With everything else on trial before this court of reason, it is not strange that religion is at last summoned to appear. It would be strange if it were not summoned to give some account of itself. Our world could not move along with a reasonable chemistry, and a reasonable theory of medicine, with a reasonable government, and education, and astronomy, and still carry with it an unreasonable theology. And, as man has been compelled to part from the childish in every other department of life, he is now yielding the reluctant consent to give up his hold of the childish in his religious theories. With some wisdom in everything else, he is at last becoming ashamed to be foolish in his religion. Having given up his belief in witchcraft and slavery, and human sacrifices, he is beginning to think it cannot be wrong to distrust the infallibility of a book which recognizes the validity of such things. In everything else recognizing the reign of law, he is concluding that all the reported violations of order by which the sun was stopped in its course, or the sea was calmed in an instant,

or the dead were restored to life, must be mistakes. Having ceased to use the wooden plow of the Hebrews, he is rapidly losing faith in the partial and cruel God of the Hebrews. As he believes that no human judge has the right to punish the innocent for the guilty, distrust is becoming widespread of any theological theory which assumes that God has the right thus to do. Finding that everywhere else a man suffers for his own evil deeds, he is now surprised that he ever believed that he could suffer by proxy, and that his guilt could be transferred to another. Discovering that in no business affair is it ever so, many are questioning the correctness of theological arithmetic which, when dealing with the God head, declares that three times one make one. Thus, slowly but surely, common sense is invading our religion, and is driving out the nonsense which has so long claimed and occupied such a large portion of its noble territory.

Everywhere the lament is made by the churches over what is called the irreligion of the multitudes. But the question is worthy of serious consideration, on the part of these same churches, how much of this irreligion is due to some natural wickedness of the heart, and how much is due to the refusal of the religious teachers to be reasonable in their speech upon religious themes. So far removed are many of the statements of doctrine from common sense, or man's way of thinking about other things pertaining to life, that many have been compelled to hold themselves aloof from the places where such extravagant statements were made. Faith was not represented as a noble attitude of the soul in which it reposed in confidence on the bosom of a mighty, onswearing law which must end in the final well being of all things, but as belief in the difficult and improbable. It was thought to make a doctrine reasonable was to make it human; and such a concession to the natural heart must be avoided with all care. Faith was the power of belief in the incredible and absurd. As much stress was laid upon the stories of Moses, and Daniel, and Jonah as upon the Golden Rule. The one who doubted the divineness of these stories was a lost man, and incurred the hatred of God, quite as much as he who was living a wicked life; indeed he was more sure of hell than the prodigal man if only he believed right. There was much more hope for the wicked believer than for the just unbeliever.

There is too much of the unreason in religion yet; but there is not so much as there once was. The improbable doctrines still lie unrepented upon the statute books of the churches, but they no longer influence the lives of those who pretend to believe them. The doctrine that God will damn a man whose heart is good but whose belief is defective, the doctrine that Jesus was a sacrifice to satisfy the justice of God and draw His wrath away from the race, the doctrine that man was created to glorify God and that out of His sovereign good pleasure he chose to permit the vast majority of mankind to suffer in an endless hell, and many another equally unreasonable doctrine still find a place in the nominal beliefs of the church. But the church actual now is much more reasonable than these beliefs. The doctrines are slowly dying, not by legal enactment and public execution, but from emaciation and neglect. They are becoming obsolete; and it would be as difficult to find one who truly believes them as to find a man threshing his wheat with a flail, or cutting it with a sickle. The Calvinistic theory of God and man is as dead as the Ptolemaic theory of the sun and earth.

It is not claimed that reason has given the best form of religion possible. It has not completed its work any place yet. There are defects still lurking in our theories of government, and education, and the relation of money and toil. But, as reason leads the way in other things, it must lead the way in religion. Having done so much, it is expected to do more. Having cast out so many of the small and foolish things from religion, there will now be room for the great and wise things. Having turned the mind away from its care concerning the stories of a foreign people, it will now lead the way toward a noble faith. Not caring what became of the chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh, or of the rod of Aaron, how the city of Jericho was captured, whether the sun and moon halted in their course, man will have more time and a greater solicitude to lay the foundations of a true character, to establish his home in truth and honor, to worship the infinite power in greater earnestness and greater simplicity, to line his earthly pathway with good deeds, and still expect a heaven farther along in the way he is going.

Not it is expected that reason will solve all things and reduce them to terms of the intellect. Some things will forever lie beyond the mind's power to grasp them. The soul loves the great sweet mysteries of nature, and bows in reverence before the nameless Might which made and upholds the worlds. Reason does not ask permission to reduce the soul to a chemical process nor blot the hope of immortal life from the tremulous heart of mankind. It is for the broad natural affirmations of religion, but only to the small and unworthy things which have clustered so densely around religion. No; reason does not wish to take away any valid claim of the heart. It would only teach the soul to distinguish between what is true and what is false. Religion has no better friend than it. A reasonable Religion! Think of it for a moment in its magnificent form and rich drapery. Its foundation is not a few proof texts taken from a foreign scripture. It is

as broad and deep as the many sided experience of the race. Beneath it are the untainted instincts of childhood, the pure affection of motherhood, the dreams of the poets, the meditations of the philosopher, and the loves and aspirations of the saints of all ages. It assumes a God; but it assumes Him as much to satisfy the claims of the intellect, as the claims of the heart;—a God not of a local providence of earth, but of the universe; a Being without limitation, without personality; higher than the heights, deeper than the depths; filling the immensities of space with an awful majesty, and yet in every snowflake and flower, and the humblest can touch the hem of His flowing robe. It assumes a soul; but it assumes it as much in the name of science as in the name of poetry; a somewhat in the life of man which is not definable in terms of chemistry, which can think and hope; which can plan an earthly life, and can dream of a life to come. It assumes salvation; but it comes not as a reward for a certain form of belief, but is a natural result of right action. It gathers to itself all good, and truth, and beauty; and it would make man's march across the earth a type of his journey when the borders of earth are passing and fading in the distance,—here everywhere loyal to the high behests of Virtue.

As yet, this rational religion finds no church, or voice to become its perfect organ and herald. But we cannot yield the hope that it shall find them. Find them it certainly shall or will make them. Even as of old a Holy Spirit broods over the chaos, out of which the new heavens and the new earth emerge. As in the spring the south wind rushes into our fields and gardens when the sun has taken away the barriers of ice and snow, and woe upward the grass and flowers; so rushes the genial Spirit into old forms and awakens them to life. When this is done again on earth, as done it surely shall be, what marvelous things will appear! The quenched altar fires will blaze again. The churches will become plastic, and will expand to fit the enlarging host of the worshippers. Not then will they be resorts for those who are feeble-minded, no asylums in which the double-minded and the untruthful can skulk and seek protection from the light of truth. No, there shall be a place where the noble can be made nobler; where the strongest intellect can go for nourishment; where the fainting hearts of men and women can be cheered with a stronger hope, and where all of life's purest ideals can be kept aglow. The preacher of that religion shall be true men, first, and then preachers. They will see again the deep meaning of things like the birds and prophets of old. They will behold the sovereignty of the soul; their speech will be a true message from the Highest to the hearts of men, and the platform upon which they stand shall be a sacred place like the altars of a temple. They will not fear to go alone to receive their message; they will retire from the multitude and stand face to face with God; and when they return to their pulpits and declare what they have seen and heard, through their words those who hear will catch glimpses of the beauty and truth ineffable; and, looking up, they will see the ceiling of their church lifting away into lofty arches, until it takes the curve of the sky and nothing is between them and the heaven of heavens.

Not yet do we see this. But while we are waiting for the coming of that church and its herald, let us not lose heart that they still tarry. Take courage in the thought that they are coming. Make this church one light point to give promise that the sun has not forsaken the earth though dark the night may seem, and far off still lingers the day. It should become a standing recommendation of a genuine religion to the hearts of multitudes. It should see that, to the limit of its power and privilege, all those who have been repelled from religion by its narrowness, are invited back by its breadth; those who have been alienated by its superstition are constrained to return by its reason; those who have been driven back by its coldness, are drawn back by its warmth; and those who have been exiled by its cruelty in the past, are won back by its present love.

Meet we here in the name of a reasonable religion,—in the interest of love and of truth, of the heart and the intellect. Bring hither our best thought, and our deepest humility. Be brave to think, and to speak; but know also, that there must be times for silence and sacred meditation over that which is unutterable. Dare to be free in all our actions, nor care for the criticism or praise of man; yet forget not to yield to the gracious motions of the Spirit, nor to bend low before the tender mysteries of existence. Bring hither our confidence, our hope, our aspiration, and our music. Thus, meeting here within these walls, as souls that can both reason and adore, it will be to us all a sacred place. This church will maintain no purposeless, no strained existence; it will stand by its own firm right as a temple of God and Man; it will do its work without apology and without boast; and we, and many others, sharing its high intent shall be drawn by it toward the All Good, as the stars are drawn by the sun.

There is a law in California whereby the theft of an article worth over \$10 is treated as grand larceny. A prisoner was recently convicted of stealing a watch worth to be worth \$10.50, and was sentenced to ten years penal servitude. His friends claim to have proved that the watch only cost \$2, and are appealing against the verdict and sentence in consequence.

A FAMILY CIRCLE IN GERMANY.

BY DR. G. BLAUDE.

II.

At a sitting of April 19th, 1884, the medium Carl had the first appearance of a "spirit," which, although he is naturally pretty courageous, scared him vehemently. He observed, however, that he saw the same appearance when he closed his eyes. This occurrence called to his mind a "vision" which he had had some time ago, and which bore a striking resemblance to the present apparition. He described his former vision thus: In the University town, where he studied, he awoke some weeks ago in the night from sleep, when in the perfectly dark room he saw the form of a beautiful girl in a white, shining garment, lying on his sofa. The apparition looked friendly at him. Doubting whether he was awake or dreaming, he dipped his fingers into a glass of water on his night table and wetted his eyes. The form, however, remained and disappeared only later after he had become fully aware that he was not dreaming. He said he was now inclined to believe that even that vision had some objective reality, and he longed to know more about it. The "spirits" were consulted, and by table-tipping and the alphabet the medium was directed to write psychographically: "It was Clara of Munich. She died the same night. Her spirit is always near you. CARL." He then, deeply moved, told his parents and sister that in 1882, through the brother of Clara, he had made the acquaintance of that young lady. He had then seen her again in 1883, when she had become much taller and handsomer. He could never believe that this young, blooming and healthy person should have died. As the others remarked, that Clara's brother, his friend, would certainly have informed him of that sad event, Carl stated that he had neglected to leave his address in the University town with Lieutenant L. The circle, however, eager to follow up that matter, ascertained through the military directory the whereabouts of the young soldier and a non-committal letter was written to him by Carl. After some days of painful suspense the following answer from him was received:

"April 26th, 1884. I was very glad to receive at last a sign of your life. Your question, how we all are, I cannot answer as I am not at home. My dear sister died on February 8th of pneumonia. I would certainly have informed you of the sad event, but had no idea of your whereabouts. Clara was memorably composed, and commissioned me to send you with her last greetings a little bouquet of pressed flowers lying in her prayer book. In the general confusion I forgot this, however, and our uncle who, immediately after Clara's funeral, left for his sister at the Hague, looked after the flowers. He may be well return to Munich, and then I will send the flowers to you directly. Your friend, E. L. L."

On May 5th, the family circle by the table and the alphabet received this message: "Consider the following as a sign of our favor." And on the sheet of paper stuck to the board by direct writing: "This great favor was granted to you because you have always believed, and we have remained friendly to you."

Then by table-tipping the command was given to Carl to take hold of the writing-board, and they heard the sound of writing. After a few minutes the board was taken out of the medium's hands and dropped upon the table. When light was struck they found on the board a little bouquet of dry flowers, and on the paper stood these words: "From Clara to Carl; from the South." "Spirit" Clara affirmed that it was the same bouquet devoted to him on her death bed.

Eager to know the ways and means of this first "apport" they had experienced in their circle, they requested the spirits to explain it, but received in answer: "Do not ask how and why? Suffice it that we reward you in this way, and we will do it yet."

In the sitting of August 20th, 1884, the medium was directed to write psychographically: "Have a bracelet made of the small bunch of my hair, and have the fastening arranged so that you can use one half of it with a glass cover as a locket."

The command was given to Carl to hold the board, and after a few minutes, and the sign of "light," they found on the board a small tuft of golden-brown hair bound up with red silk and emitting the odor of violets. Carl recognized it as Clara's hair, and then came the psychographic communication:

"It is my intense wish that Carl should wear the bracelet as soon as possible. At your hair dresser's, Carl, you will learn the address of a skillful hair twister; let him do the job. The goldsmith's work, your dear father may have done where he likes."

These commissions were done as directed by Clara. Of a detailed description of the arrangement of the bracelet, which here follows in the report, we need only mention that on one side it had attached to it a locket, on which, on the inside of the bracelet a convulsion was designed to receive a piece of isinglass. This appendage became the occasion of another wonderful manifestation.

In the fall of 1884, Carl received from some other of the familiar spirits, the promise of a Christmas present; and on Dec. 25th he was, during a sitting, ordered to put his bracelet on the table, and after a few minutes light was wanted, they found in the small locket the bust portrait of a beautiful young woman with downcast eyes, and by alphabet came the message: "Never dare to remove the glass, lest the picture would be lost to you."

On the next day, however, the father of Carl, seduced by the desire to examine the picture under a good magnifying power, met with a mishap which threw the whole family into dismay and drew a volley of reproaches upon its head. Some untoward pressure on the frame of the isinglass made this spring open and drop to the floor. Rapidly springing down to pick it up he remarked yet a brownish coloring of the glass, but after a few seconds this, too, was gone as well as the picture, and the glass appeared clear and transparent. The spirit, however, proved merciful. While the family was sitting at the dining table they noticed raps on it, and by alphabet came the message: "The picture is not lost to you." On January 1, 1885, they were admonished to provide for a better closure of the bracelet, and on January 8th, they received the psychographic command: "Handle my picture with care, as every retelling after a guiltless loss requires more and more time."

Carl was directed to put the bracelet into the right hand of his sister, and while she held it they got the message: "Take what I give you from a loving heart." Light was struck, and the locket was seen to contain the same picture of "Fernanda," of which Carl is yet the happy possessor.

This "Fernanda," as the spirit called herself, had been, as she said, the wife of an English army surgeon, Dr. Brown, who fell in the war of the Crimea. She survived her husband six years and died in Hungary. Dr. Brown often gives useful medical advice to the family, and their spirits, like those of others, have been introduced into the family circle by Clara.

Besides the "apports" which play such an important part in this romantic narrative, we are told of quite a number of other articles brought by the spirits into that highly favored family circle, and of one quite as mysterious removal. In May, 1884, four fine pine twigs, one for each member, were brought; in June, a letter M. made of lilac blossoms, ascribed to a spirit Marie, who often gave poetical messages; in February, 1885, the initial of the family name, formed of red camellias and hyacinth blossoms, was laid on the séance table; in March, a blue silk ribbon from Fernanda; in April, a little tuft of black hair from the same, to be divided among the members; in October, a half-withered rosebud with leaves from a crown, which Clara's uncle a few days ago had deposited on her grave at the Hague; a red silk ribbon from a friend of the daughter who had died some weeks ago; in February, 1886, a little portrait (bust) of Dr. Brown engraved in steel for an ivory locket bequeathed by Fernanda to the mother of the family. On May 16, 1884, the latter expressed the wish to devote a rose to each of the spirits, Marie and Fernanda; the roses were laid on the table and the light extinguished, and after a few minutes, light being struck again, the roses had disappeared. Afterward, when the family was together around the dining table the thanks of the spirits were expressed by raps and the alphabet, and during a sitting in May, 1884, the medium clairvoyantly saw the two spirits ornamented with the roses.

Of serious philosophical communications, most of them in poetical form, the family circle received quite a good number. A few specimens of them are given in the report, which in a correct and finished form attest to the authorship of a highly educated mind, with lofty aspirations, liberal views and enlightened ideas about religion.

We have thought it worth while to take the pains of acquainting the English reading public with the remarkable story of this family circle in Germany, whose surprising success has been allowed to go into publicity. It is of great importance to know what is going on in Spiritualism in other parts of the world, and to compare it with the state of the cause in our own midst. We gain in this way a better view of the sameness and intrinsic coherence of our cause all over the globe, and a general survey of the whole plan and development of the spiritual movement, which cannot fail to confirm our conviction of its truth and its great destiny in the future. This successful family circle in Germany was, as it seems, entirely independent from American or Anglo-Saxon Spiritualism. It was induced by, and an outcome of, the study of Allan Kardec's works, and conducted on his principles and directions. But, nevertheless, the doings of this circle will be found in perfect harmony with our own theory and practice; the method of proceeding, the ways of conversing with the spirits, the means of receiving their messages, perfectly coincide with the usages of our own circles. Is not that a mighty proof of the unity of the spiritual movement now in progress and of its spontaneous origin in a supramundane sphere, whilst our enemies never get weary of calling it an invention of men, or an illusion of fools, or a fraud of impostors?

While no experienced Spiritualist will doubt the genuineness and truthfulness of these interesting pages from an unpretending family chronicle, our opponents will not fail to spot the whole as an invention, a mystification. But no sound man could entertain such a suspicion for more than a minute, for even the most superficial consideration of the circumstances show the absurdity of such an idea. Who, by all means, should be the mystifier and who the mystified? Should we believe (the existence of the circle being conceded) that a son would be able to mystify his father, mother and sister for years, by making them believe that facts which they all perceived with their senses, and which not the most skillful conjuror could dare to imitate under the same conditions, were brought about by his supernatural gift, while in fact they were tricks? In the family circle there was certainly no mystification. But could not the editor of the *Sphinx* be the mystifier or the mystified? Could not the whole narrative of the wonderful occurrences in the sanctum of a family be a fabrication, a hoax for the purpose of ridiculing *Sphinx* and Spiritualism? and could not the editor be the victim of a clever impostor? There is not the least ground, either for such an assumption. As we have mentioned above, the editor introduces the report with the assertion that he is personally acquainted with the father of the family, who is a well-known lawyer, whose credibility and "judgment is beyond doubt." What motive could such a man have for a mystification of this kind? But suppose the editor himself was the mystifier, he invented the whole story in the interest of causing a sensation for his young periodical. This assumption, too, falls easily to the ground. As the truth would come out sooner or later, the editor would have slapped his own face, committed a suicidal act the more so as the *Sphinx* is not an organ proper for phenomenal spiritism, but devoted to the examination and elucidation of the "mystic powers" of the living human subject. By publishing facts which exclude all other explanation but that of the existence of supramundane intelligences and actors outside of the mystical subject, the *Sphinx* would seem to have prejudiced its own tendency, for which, however, we express to its sincere thanks.

The Quakers—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I remember some time ago when in one of your journal moods, you called me a "recalcitrant Quaker." This means a "kicking back Quaker," and not proposing to abide under the injurious imputation, I move to show you that I am a "striking forward" member of the great brotherhood of man, once numbered with that very reputable "Society of Friends" called "Quakers," which was originated in Puritan days by one George Fox; and which some thirty-five years ago threw some of us over the pale, because we chose to exercise our liberty to investigate the truth of Spiritualism. Notwithstanding this kind (?) action of theirs, I will not allow "reprobates" of the "outer-world people," like yourself, to utter unrebuked, any sneers against them. Though "a peculiar people, zealous unto good works," and arising in peculiar times, they gave expression to several "testimonies" (as they called them) of a reformatory character against evils then existing, such as war, slavery, intemperance, etc., in protesting against which an advancing world has since followed their lead. They claimed originally the superior authority of the "Light within" (call it intuition, revelation, or what you will) to all written word or record of the past. But when attacked with the mad-dog cry of "infidelity" on account of this claim, and on account of their denial that the Bible could properly be called "the Word of God," Robert Barclay (their most learned and standard writer),

while he continued to hold to the efficacy of present revelation over the letter of the Bible, yet adroitly turned it under, by saying that "all revelation contrary to the Scriptures was unsound and spurious."

The Quakers made grand progressive steps towards liberty of conscience and the rights to individuality of thought; but as just mentioned, they lacked the courage to stand by their original convictions of the paramount value of present revelation and of the ever advancing discoveries of science, to all musty and uncertain historical records; and hence have they, along with other divisions of the Christian world, continued unto this day, in their search after truth, to carry in their hands a dark-lantern whose uncertain rays from narrow openings, have been continually directed upon these doubtful records, even after the glorious Sun of Truth has beamed in its effulgence upon them; thus striving to continually cramp and entangle the world's advancing thought in the craftily woven meshes of Error.

Since reading the three just critiques of Miss E. Stuart Phelps, which appeared in the *JOURNAL* of January 29th, it has dwelt with me much to remark further concerning her and her late prominent work, now on sale at the *JOURNAL* office, entitled "Beyond the Gates." The woman who has any realizing faith in the highly wrought pictures she has therein drawn of the loving justice and charity which prevails in the life beyond, should not have written in the manner she did under the heading of her query, "Can Spiritualism Spiritualize?" and thus thrown herself open to the scathing but just censures of your able correspondents.

What signifies it, if it were even true, that few Spiritualists, as she would imply, have succeeded in making a clutch or even in getting a grip on the slippery surface of cultivated thought, while we number amongst our earnest believers such names as William Lloyd Garrison, the clear-brained apostle of anti-slavery; Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, the hard-handed, able and honest statesman; Wendell Phillips, the silver-tongued orator, and a host of other earnest and cultured men and women, at home and abroad; not excluding that grand sample of American manhood (call him cultured or uncultured), our ever honored and martyred Abraham Lincoln? How dare she thus impudently slander the disciples of a cause so dear to the minds and hearts of thousands after setting forth in her aforesaid polished romance how they, the humble, the lowly and obscure that have lived a life of loving self-sacrifice, are honored in the life to come?

If she had a title of the spiritual culture, represented by her as prevailing in the heavenly home she could not have so indiscriminately misrepresented Spiritualism, unperceived, as it may still be, by choosing only its "oblique" and vulnerable side.

"Ignorance" is the most charitable imputation to make in reviewing her late article; but is it the true one? I fear not! and there are manifest grounds to fear and question whether the volume, "Beyond the Gates," is the writing of an earnest truth seeker, or whether it is a cunningly devised fable. In the line of much prevailing thought, calculated to add to her mere literary success; or to pander, perhaps, to the lingering superstitions of orthodoxy, by still teaching the idolatrous worship of the fabulous "only-begotten Son of God" under the seemingly modest name of "the Master," applied to him who is reputed to have said in answer to one who addressed him "good Master": "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God" (Mark 10-18).

After first reading a few years ago the volume of Miss Phelps herein alluded to, I closed it with emotions of mixed admiration and disgust, and could not get relieved from the latter without writing to her a few earnest and honest questions. To these she did not condescend a reply, and I am still left in doubt of the real status of the book, and its value as an instructor in this age which yet remains, with all its boasted enlightenment, more than half-shrouded in darkness.

I therefore now propose by your leave, Mr. Editor, to address in an early number of the *JOURNAL* an open and respectful letter to the lady, containing some important queries and perhaps somewhat of a critique upon her production.

Can Spiritualism Spiritualize?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the *Weekly Inter-Ocean* of Jan. 11th, appeared a two-column article by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, under the above title. As the *Inter-Ocean* admits the article, but does not permit an answer to the question through the same medium, I appeal to the *JOURNAL* for space to review some of the remarkable opinions advanced by this successful novelist. In beginning I recognize the fact that whatever Miss Phelps or I may think of Spiritualism, counts but little. We may succeed very slightly in modifying belief, as one water drop changes the colour of the ocean, but we cannot extirpate it. Spiritualism already has a most extensive literature, has founded a new philosophy of life (and death) for mankind, and is striding onward with an ever-increasing growth. In the last ten years there have been more books published on the subject than upon all the old theologies together. If it does not yet wear silk and have the rustle of freshly laundered garments that Miss Phelps is so anxious about, these will come in time, and let us hope not to the detriment or enervation of the body that they will invest.

In the outset Miss Phelps disclaims being herself a "Spiritualist." Yet throughout her entire article she shows a marked interest in the subject, gives much advice to Spiritualists, and grievously regrets that Spiritualism is not more "respectable." Why she should be so concerned about something she does not believe in, is one of those curious mental paradoxes that the psychical society might profitably investigate.

Miss Phelps says: "What, indeed, is it that you offer us? Simply the most stupendous thing in life. Which of us would not lay down life itself to know that we had spoken yesterday with the darling of our souls, dead, years ago?"

I would reply that a very large majority of people are not competent, either by want of integrity, natural bias of mind, or independence of action to become Spiritualists. To them Spiritualism is of no consequence whatever. It is not material if they believe in the immortality of the soul or not, and they do not care if it is immortal or not. Instead of "laying down life" they would not lay down a dollar to ascertain if their great-grandfather were in hades or happiness. This is so well understood that the most experienced Spiritualists never try to interest unbelievers who repudiate the subject; and they are quite aware that there are great numbers who, through educational influences have been brought to consider that Spiritualism is unfashionable or not *en vogue*. Scientific and the strictly material school, and all theologians have labored hard to

spread this view and make it socially hazardous for one to boldly announce that he believes in the immortality of the soul, and has faith that his friends after death have yet left sufficient of their affectional character to return, and do their best to open communication between the two worlds.

Miss Phelps writes: "Drift on as you may through whatever course of investigations, become a post graduate if you will in what you may be pleased to call the study of occult phenomena,—what after all and through all do you achieve? Are you a better man? Are you a wiser woman? Is life more lofty? Is death more dignified? Is your heart more pure? Is your struggle with sin more manly? What have you found? What have you learned?"

It would require a large volume to reply to all these short questions in detail. I would say briefly for those who stand on a different plane from Miss Phelps, that life is more lofty and we do feel much more comfortable. If to rob sorrow of its tears, the grave of its despair, and the future of its uncertainty, counts anything in life, we have made a considerable advancement. If to cease to be cowardly, oppressed by fear, and dominated over by misinformed and often crafty priests,—if to have liberty of thought and the aspiration of hope, mean anything, then we have made a great gain. If to be free, untrammelled, and restored to our natural responsibility has any significance we have been carried forward by what we have learned, and we refuse to be sneered out of these possessions by any sentimental pessimists.

Miss Phelps indicates that she has visited many mediums and has encountered some of "dubious respectability;" she mentions those residing in "dingy and tawdry districts" up flights of dubious stairs, at the foot of which a guest sensitive to the conveniences of life,—(elevators, I suppose), may well pause and ponder on the reputability of his (her) errand." Another matter that disgusts her is the twitching or hysterical jerking of mediums when they go under control. She thinks that is not nice and does not like it. Neither do the mediums. They would prefer escaping such spasmodic exhibitions. But if Miss Phelps can stand an electric shock without wincing she might perhaps discipline some of the mediums to be smooth and placid. She informs Spiritualists that the time has come, and that "they now have the best chance you ever had or the best you are likely to get, as there is a committee of learned men representing the American Psychical Research Society, Harvard College, Boston thoroughness, and what not of other wise and reputable things that no amount of newspaper wit can prevent us from respecting very much indeed," and that this august committee has called upon mediums to come forward, (pre-eminently at their own expense), and show what they can do. She says: "Come out into the upper air, step into the sunshine from your dens and your fens. Leave your alleys and your corridors, your hiding places and markets of truth, abandon your tricks and your cabins. Turn off your paid mediums who sell the pretensions they presume to possess for fifty-dollars per day. Make Spiritualism unmercenary, unworldly, honest, open, reverent."

Now, let us look into this charge of mercenary practice and subject it to the basis of common sense that the lady pleads so strenuously for. First, Mr. Editor, will you inform your readers who these lucky mediums are who are able to command fifty dollars a day. Not that I complain of it, for if they are meritorious they should have it. They should have it on the ground of custom, for Moody, the Evangelist, demands more than that; Sam Jones, counting his expenses, including comfortable living at the best hotels, receives more than that; the boy preacher Harrison,—who has sent several persons to the lunatic asylum,—having now a permanent victim in the New Jersey lunatic asylum, gets better pay. All the heavy preachers of the metropolitan pulpits receive most substantial mercenary perquisites. Tallage, who during the past year has dealt out more slush than I have ever heard from any medium, receives a fat and mercenary salary. Several years ago a book was written called "The Gates Ajar." Because of Spiritualism, it became popular and has run through several editions. It was written to make money, and it has yet to be shown that its authoress ever refused to receive her profits from her publishers. But for the ideas in it appropriated from the spiritual philosophy the unmercenary effort of the authoress would have failed.

Turning to the history of mediums, who ever heard of one that amassed a fortune? Which one has died rich? Which one of the genuine mediums has not again and again gratuitously spent his time in giving the messages of love to those heart-broken with sorrow! Oh! let us lay this charge of mercenary practice among mediums forever. Miss Phelps, after practicing on Spiritualism in literature and making it handsomely pay, should be the last person in America to prefer charges of mercenary practice among mediums.

C. H. MURRAY.

Denver, Col.

What of the Dead.

Abstract of a Lecture Delivered through Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, at the Grand Opera House Hall, New York City, to the First Society of Spiritualists, on Sunday Evening, February 6, 1887.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.) Caseless activity is the characteristic of the human mind. In science, art, mechanics and philosophy; in society, government and industry, this activity has been exerted upon the lines of progress and expansion from the first dawn of human reason down to the present time. The advances made over the barbaric past, as reflected in the civilization of to-day, abundantly testify to the vigor of this activity, as well as justify its existence and operation.

In one department, however, this activity is not generally commended; for frequently it is discovered that this particular department is reserved as holy ground, the peculiar possession of a special class. Intruders are warned off; reformers are mercilessly tabooed; for while discovery and progress, inquiry and investigation are proper and right, in all other departments wherein they are associated with man's spiritual nature and religious opinions, they somehow become all wrong! Probe, plumb, scale, weigh and measure all things pertaining to matter and man's mortal career; subject all speculations to the most rigid analysis; but keep your hands off the claims preferred on behalf of assumed divine revelation and its ecclesiastical custodians! Inquiry then becomes doubt; criticism, blasphemy; the soul's protests against inhuman creeds, infidelity! Oh! monstrous fatuity that blesses progress in things mortal and temporal, but denies it for things spiritual and eternal! Man's future life—if there be one—is of all things the

one most needful for the sacerdotal orders to be capable of demonstrating. To-day they are dumb thereon, so far as fact or evidence is concerned. Bereavement falls upon the heart and household. The pale knight mows down the loved one. Tears wash out the joyous hues of happiness, turning the rosy tints of life to the whitened frost of death. Then, born of anguish, doubt and fear, the cry, burdened with the misery of loss, rises from the sorrowing who remain,—What of the dead?

Philosopher, what of the dead? The answer is but meager. Speculation, hair-splitting subtleties, wire-drawn and conflicting bewilderments are plenty. If the scientist ventures a reply it is as likely as not the vapid spectre of a schoolman's fancy, summed up and sealed with at least the sad admission: "Philosophy can but speculate upon what it knows, with safety; beyond is the infinite perhaps." Mourning, doubters, believers, deniers, how like you this? Yet to this, in honesty, the philosopher, a subjectivist, must come at last.

Physicist, scientist, what of the dead? Your reply is: "On general principles, being dead they are out of court. Why so? Because there is in man no prophecy of a conscious life beyond his bodily existence. Consciousness is the sum total of organic coherence. Intelligence is the mechanical equivalent of cerebral action. Life and deeds are the expressed sum of the human machine's possibilities. This universe is eternal. Life is a constant interchange among its parts. There are psychic sciences, oh! physicist; facts of the present and the past; incidents of history, sacred and profane; hopes, intimations and experiences, and if you deride these, claiming that science has no time to waste over the superstitions of the past, you, too, must stand condemned as unable to answer the ever vital question. Scientific bigotry is an experience not quite unknown."

Religionist, what of the dead outside of your creeds, doctrines, traditions and testaments, new or old? Firmer ground is needed at this time. Rail not against those who cannot accept your foundations. Answer them, or confess you cannot! We make no war upon your convictions, but we ask you for your facts! Heaven, hell, God, angels and devils are differently understood to-day, in comparison with the past. Tell us what you know, and though it be but a tiny fact, or but one small evidence, it will bless your people infinitely more than has all your preachings these past centuries wherein you have taught,—not demonstrated—man's life hereafter. Silence, and silence is all!

Spiritualist, what of the dead? Nothing! Why? How so? The dead alone can answer! The dead alone can answer also. What of the dead? The Spiritualist can but repeat what the dead have told him!

Tell us then, you mighty army, how is it with you? The living host again enters into mortal life; dying has not so changed them that life, mind, love and memory, which form personality, identity, or individuality, have been lost. All these pertain to them, for they are those that lived on earth, and dying has but lifted them one stage upwards. Their life is a reality, as is their world. That world is a fulfillment of all that the Eternal promises his children, by the needs he plants within them. In it the wrongs of earth are righted; in it the wrongdoer certainly encounters every consequence of evil act that has not come to him while on earth. Retribution and compensation are its mighty laws, and purification and progression the ultimate results for one and all. Every unscarred account of mortal life must be met and settled there ere progress is possible. From this there is no escape. Conviction of wrong is hell enough. Consciousness of rectitude is surest heaven.

A Good Example.

The promptness with which the Chinese government has made reparation for injuries inflicted upon foreign missionaries by native violence rather puts to shame our own tardiness in making indemnity for the killing of Chinese by American mobs. But it appears that the Chinese government has gone beyond this, and has caused to be posted in the various provinces of the empire proclamations calling upon the people to live at peace with Christian missionaries and converts, and explaining that the Christian religion teaches men to do right, and therefore should be respected. It is said by those who know the Chinese best that they are not a people who persecute for opinion, and as evidence of this is cited the fact that for centuries persons professing four different forms of faith have lived side by side, and the teachers of each have lived in peace. The riots in Cochin China sprang from the fact that the population had grounds for looking on the missionaries as the precursors of war and foreign domination. The injuries to missionary property at Chung King were caused by the fact that the local authorities, in spite of warnings from the local authorities, insisted upon using a color in the decoration of their buildings which from time immemorial had been restricted to the sovereign alone. The proclamations now posted by authority of the Chinese government breathe a spirit of the utmost tolerance. They declare that the missionaries have the right to lease ground and houses and to travel about to preach, "their sole aim being the inculcation of the practice of virtue, and having no design of interfering with the business of the people." "Such of the subjects of China as wish to become converts may lawfully do so, and as long as they abstain from evil doing there is no law prescribing infliction upon or prohibition of their action." "The sole object of establishing chapels is to exhort men to do right; those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese, and both sides should therefore continue to live in peace, and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of strife between them." The government of the province of Kwangsi has even gone further and enjoined its subjects to live on peaceable terms with Christian converts, under penalty of severe punishment. It has also refused to allow them to exclude Christians from the literary examinations.—*Chicago Times*.

Misses Stella Hays and Irwin Laughlin are two wealthy little women of Pittsburgh. The former is fourteen years of age, and one of four heirs to \$5,000,000 left by her grandfather. Irwin Laughlin, ten years of age, is an orphan and sole heiress to many millions.

Ross R. Winnans, of Baltimore, is noted for his generosity to his tenants. He is now in Europe, and every two weeks sends home \$100 for the poor of his city. William Winnans, his grandfather, is the owner of vast estates in Scotland, and is noted for his tyranny and unpopularity.

W. Casper Stewart, an employe of a Pittsburgh firm of glass manufacturers, who traces his ancestry back to the Stuarts of Scotland and England, has heard that an estate of over \$50,000,000 is awaiting a branch of that family in Great Britain. So far twelve heirs have been discovered in America.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 29th Street, New York.)

JUST BEYOND.

When out of the body the soul is sent,
As a bird speeds forth from the opened tent,
As the smoke flies out when it finds a vent,
To lose itself in the spending—

Does it travel wide? does it travel far,
To find the place where all spirits are?
Does it measure long leagues from star to star,
And feel its travel unending?

And caught by each baffling, blowing wind,
Storm-tossed and beaten, before, behind,
Till the courage fails and the sight is blind,
Must it go in search of its heaven?

I do not think that it can be so,
For weary is life, as all men know,
And battling and struggling to and fro
Man goes from his birth to his even.

And surely this is enough to bear,
The long day's work in the sun's hot glare,
The doubt and the loss which breed despair,
The anguish of baffled hoping.

And when the end of it all has come,
And the soul has won the right to its home,
I do not believe it must wander and roam,
Through the infinite spaces groping.

No; wild may the storm be, and dark the day,
And the shuddering soul may clasp its clay,
Afraid to go and unwilling to stay;
But when it girds it for going,

With a rapture of sudden consciousness,
I think it awakes to a knowledge of this,
That heaven earth's closest neighbor is,
And only waits for our knowing;

That 'tis but a step from dark to day,
From the worn-out tent and the burial clay
To the rapture of youth renewed for aye,
And the smile of the saints uprising;

And that just where the soul, perplexed and awed,
Begins its journey, it meets the Lord,
And finds that heaven and the great reward,
Lay just outside of its prison!

—Susan Coolidge.

The only woman railroad official in this country is Miss Laura Braden, treasurer of the Washington and Waynesburg railroad, in Pennsylvania.

Queen Elizabeth of Romania, has brought out two novels—"Astra" and "Deux Mondes"—which she signs "Ditto" and "Item" in order to disguise her authorship.

In Topeka, Kansas, there are three women duly commissioned as notaries: Mrs. Thurston, in a bank; Miss Anna Smith, in the Capital office, and Miss Spencer, who is also deputy county clerk of Shawnee county.

Mrs. Rachel Frances, who died lately in Atlanta, Georgia, left about \$30,000, most of which she had made out of her dairy and truck farm. She was an excellent business woman.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kinser of Memphis, Tenn., has left a bequest of \$40,000 to the biblical department of Vanderbilt University.

Mrs. T. Nodder, Keokuk, Iowa, has one of the largest and finest grocery stores in the State, doing a business of \$80,000 a year. She has been established since 1860.

Miss Harriet Backer, artist painter, is the first woman elected member of an artistic jury, to officiate at the exhibition of pictures in Bergen, the second city of Norway.

Modjeska is said to be at work upon a Polish translation of Shakespeare, to which she will devote several years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, has presented Prof. Maria Mitchell with \$1,000 toward the endowment of the Observatory at Vassar College.

Miss Sarah W. Starkweather is serving her second term of three years as Borough Superintendent of Public Schools, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. During her first term, she was the only woman filling such a position in the State.

Madame Dieulafoy has been decorated at the Louvre in Paris, with the medal of the Legion of Honor, as a recognition of her services in placing in this museum Archaeological treasures accumulated by her in her five years' journeyings in Persia.

Mrs. Olive Fraser Ingalls of Glenora, N. Y., recently invented an apparatus for readily distilling water. It can be used on any stove and is called the "Household Distiller."

One of the most remarkable women of recent times is Madame Kowalewski, a young Russian lady of distinguished parentage, who has developed an amazing genius for mathematics, and been appointed professor at the University of Stockholm.

Miss Susannah Whitney, a New York school teacher, has just resigned after fifty years of service, forty-five of which were passed as the principal of public schools, and five in a single institution.

There are many persons in our great cities who devote their lives to rescuing those who have been led astray. Half the work they do, if done in season, might have prevented heart-breaks and ruin.

One fruitful source of evil is the inexperience of unprotected girls who come to great cities without friends, or seeking friends which they are unable to find, and finally fall into bad hands.

In connection with the New York Bible and Fruit Mission, a lady is employed whose business it is to look after young and unprotected girls arriving in New York, and see that they are duly cared for and protected.

It would be well for all young women going to New York to note the name of Miss Etta I. Clark, 416 East 25th street, New York, opposite Bellevue Hospital, and apply to her at the Bible and Fruit Mission for advice and aid in cases of need or necessity.

A woman having a good deal of medicinal power, living in a western State, wishing to take the JOURNAL, writes in this way to the editor: "I have no money, but I have some duck feathers, ducks, turkeys and chickens. My husband has given me all that I can get on the sale of these, above the market price in our town. Now, if you will please send me a copy of a daily paper, perhaps I shall get some way of shipping them to the city, and so make enough money to take the JOURNAL for one year."

The poor pathetic letter tells its own story. The thrifty wife never thought what a picture she was drawing of her own condition. It seemed a natural thing that she should have no share in the chickens and turkeys she had raised and fed or the feathers she had plucked. They were not hers; she never thought of using any portion to satisfy her own personal necessities. A pitiful dollar or two might be her own, could she sell the stuff she had raised and cared for "above the market price."

This is a volume in a paragraph. How many wives, too proud or too broken-spirited to speak of the sense of degradation which comes over them whenever they think of the years

they have worked in the home made habitable by their exertions, not even their best friends know. The domestic has wages that she can spend as she pleases. The wife often working harder than the domestic has,—what her husband chooses to give her while he lives, and when he passes on, the pitiful use of a third of what she helped to make and save.

On the other hand, the dolls of fashion and those who minister to man's passions, two classes nearly allied in their hold on the good things of life, and the misuse they make of them, are pampered and petted beyond any just desert. Spoiled themselves, they spoil, in turn, their associates. What wonder that they who "toll not neither do they spin," looking upon these sisters who toll and spin too hard and long, with such results as we have quoted, mentally determine to get the most and give the least out of life.

It all comes from the lack of justice toward woman, and that, in turn, comes out of a lack of comprehension of her nature. Power and the responsibility coming from its use is what she needs.

The Star of Bethlehem.

The New York Herald has recently devoted a considerable portion of its space to the so-called "Star of Bethlehem," and its descriptions have been copied into other papers far and wide. The special stimulus for the effort is the expectation by some people that the star which burst upon the vision of Tycho Brahe, Nov. 11, 1572, will re-appear in 1887, its period as a variable being assumed to be 315 years. The prediction is based upon the recorded occurrence of similar phenomena in the years 1264 and 945. As these three dates are separated by intervals of 308 and 319 years, and as three previous appearances at corresponding intervals would carry us back to the beginning of the Christian era, some would-be wise man has jumped to the conclusion that this star is the one which appeared at the birth of Christ. The hint has been so extensively accepted that a great many people are on the qui vive for a sight of the stranger and seem to await it with confidence that there can be no mistake in regard to it.

A little closer acquaintance with the facts will suffice to show that the whole thing is a blunder—at least in so far as identity may be claimed for the star seen by Tycho with that reported by Matthew to have gone before the wise men of the East in their search for the infant Savior. The language of the Gospel is that the star went till it "stood over where the young child was." That means that the star must have been very near the vertical when it passed the meridian above the pole, in which case its declination was not more than about 32 degrees north. The apparitions referred to as having occurred in subsequent years were visible in not far from 60 degrees of north declination and could never approach the point overhead at Bethlehem so nearly as the midsummer sun comes to our zenith. It is evident that such a star could not fulfill the conditions laid down in the Gospel, and a re-appearance in the latter part of the nineteenth century could not be properly regarded as forming a connecting link between us and the scenes enacted near Jerusalem 1,891 years ago.

There is really no proof of identity between the star seen by Tycho and those strangers which blazed out in earlier years. The positions of none of them except the last were noted precisely enough to enable the astronomer to draw a connecting line between them. But it is not beyond the range of possibility that a variable star should exist with such a long period, though it is difficult to do more than guess at the conditions that would cause a star to blaze up at such long intervals and die out to invisibility during the lapse of such enormous cycles. Several cases of variability within less time are known, the two most notable examples being Algol, which goes through all its changes in a few days, and Mira, which requires the largest part of a year for the details of its performance. But these and all the other known variables keep in the same point of the heavens as referred to the earth, while passing from dimness to effulgence, and back again to the phase of faintness of light. There is no reason to think that an object, variable or otherwise, can describe a journey extending over a twelfth part of the circumference of the sphere and return at the vast linear distance that separates us from the nearest fixed star. Such an idea involves what may be called a mathematical absurdity, which must be accepted by those who expect to see the Star of Bethlehem shine out in the constellation of Cassiopeia, which is where Tycho saw his marvel.—Chicago Tribune.

Senator Stanford's Son.

The New York Telegram publishes a story from Washington to the effect that the spirit of Leonard Stanford, son of the millionaire California Senator, has appeared three times to his father, and a similar number to his mother.

"It is reported," the dispatch says, "that the spirit of the departed son has given his parents a great deal of advice about the disposition of the vast property of his father."

The story goes that the spirit urged the Senator to take a certain proportion of his property and devote it to the establishment of a great university upon the Pacific Slope. The directions given upon these separate occasions have been most faithfully carried out. It is said that the Senator is daily awaiting another visitation, and that his entire estate will be disposed of according to the light which he receives from the other world. The Senator confided his experiences to a minister of the gospel, the pastor of one of the most fashionable churches. After listening to the story the clergyman became convinced that the Senator had actually been the object of a supernatural visitation and is satisfied of the truthfulness of the occurrence.

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A bull pup owned by William Turk, of Round-out, killed four large barn rats and mercifully spared a fifth. The rats were caught in a wire trap and put into a room where there was no loophole to escape. The dog was placed among them. It looked at the rats a moment and then "went for" the common enemy. Quickly it shook the lives out of four of the rodents, but the fifth one it refused to touch. The reason for this was that the rat crawled humbly toward the dog, and in a supplicating manner raised its paws and begged for its life. The bull pup took compassion on its cringing foe and refused to touch it when urged to do so. Mr. Turk says the dog has a heart in it as big as an ox.—Kingsport Freeman.

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THE DREAMER'S TEACHER ONEIROCRITICA.
By James Monroe. Peoria, Ill.: J. W. Frank & Sons.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, 1 year, \$2.50.
" " 6 months, \$1.25.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. SPECIMEN COPY FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by United States Postal Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CHECKS ON LOCAL BANKS.

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 30 cents per Apage line. Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 12, 1887.

The New Theology Movement.

Not at Andover but at Jamestown, N. Y., in the Chautauque region. Last summer a convention was held in that locality, of clergymen and others, mostly of former orthodox affiliations, who wished a broader outlook and more unity of spirit than the sects can give. Dr. Thomas, of this city, had some part in the matter. Out of that grew *The New Theology Herald*, a bi-weekly magazine, with J. G. Townsend, a former Methodist preacher, and Solon Lauer, a graduate of Meadville Unitarian Seminary, as editors. A convention for next season is in prospect, where those from far and near can congregate, take counsel and renew their spiritual strength. This movement is like the Andover hew theology, only it is considerably further along the line,—more distant from the old theology.

All such advances are significant and welcome. They are signs that the ice is breaking up. They reach toward the higher aspects of Spiritualism.

Mr. Lauer has sent out a leaflet of four pages, "What do we stand for?"—a good title. There is a refreshing frankness, a manly directness in saying that a man really stands for something in these days when we have so much agnostic indefiniteness, that what an uncertain Wisconsin editor called "a favorable allusion to the probability" of things, is about all that some free thinkers venture on in religion or in spiritual realities. Mr. Lauer does not stand as a dogmatist, but as one with faith, reason, conviction and courage, upholding the highest truth he knows, ready for more, and standing fast by certain primal ideas. His mood is good, his aims high; with no "inflexible creed" he has "vital beliefs and a purpose." He says:

"We stand, first of all, for real religious life. The religion that does not produce that, is fatally deficient. We stand for free and fearless thought. Man's mind is not to be a stagnant pool, but a spring bubbling over with the waters of living thought. We have certain great convictions born of this freedom of thought. We believe in God. We deny that every star is a freebooter of the skies, accountable to no authority. A spirit permeates all forms of life, the unseen cause of visible results, the infinite source of being. We believe in revelation. The spirit of God, moving suns and planets, unfolding countless forms of life, unfolds itself also in the soul of man, writing words of truth on the heart.

This is all large-souled and natural, and stated in the best light of liberal theology which hardly reaches into the thought of the new spiritual dispensation. That thought shows how all lower forms of matter or types of life reach up toward man; how all divine ideas are in his spirit, which mirrors the universe, and in its tranquil and receptive state is open to all truth.

He believes in Christ, not as anomalous or miraculous, but as "the human vessel filled to overflowing with the Divine Spirit."

Prayer is "communion with the Divine," and "is not to take the place of labor, or to annul the action of God's law." This is far above the old idea, yet as a means also of reaching our friends over on "the other side," as we reach friends here when we need them, prayer has still more significance and naturalness to the Spiritualist.

Repentance as sorrow for sin; the new birth as the unfolding of the higher nature; forgiveness and atonement, or reconciliation, are treated reasonably and earnestly.

Of immortality he says:

"The hand of death is... the hand of a guiding angel, to lead the soul out of darkness into light. Death is change, not destruction. The soul is a part of the Divine Life and cannot die. Resurrection is of the soul, not of the body. It does not mean the miraculous mending of the vase of clay. It is the arising, not of the body but of the soul. Heaven and hell are conditions before and after death.... We believe in human progress, now and forever. Mortality is ours, the universe is our school and God is our friend and teacher. The vision of man returns like a winged bird from its flight into the future of the race, but it brings to us the clearest truth of faith and trust.

With a study of clairvoyance and spiritual ownership, such as all new theology advocates

need to better meet and solve the questions of to-day, this earnest and large-hearted writer would learn that what is called death is the release of the spiritual body from its home of clay, the resurrection of the liberated celestial form as well as of the undying soul which buoy it up and animates it, and which it is to serve in the great hereafter. There are no disembodied spirits. If there were our identity would be in peril, our personality might be lost. It is this perishable body serving the soul in the lower conditions of earthly life, and the incorruptible spiritual body, which death does not touch but only releases, but which has its resurrection with the resurrection of the soul at the last hour of life here, and which serves the spirit as its finer body in the higher life. Thus are we built to last. Our personality must endure.

In no carping spirit are these suggestions made. Mr. Lauer says that his brief statement is imperfect, and invites comment which is fairly given.

The breadth and earnest manliness and fraternal spirit of this leaflet are surely hopeful and commendable. It is a voice, not "as of one crying in a wilderness," but like the exchequer of a hopeful pilgrim climbing toward the clear air on the mountain top.

Sam Jones in Boston.

Rev. S. L. Gracey, D. D., a Methodist divine, writes our neighbor of the *Advocate* that Jones and Small "have captured Boston," and are having large hearing. It is not well to think lightly of the plain talk of plain men. Better a true heart and false grammar than a false heart with true grammar; but "poor white" slang, brimstone theology, and swaggering manners and language are not means of grace.

Here is a sample of Sam Jones, as given by this correspondent:

A certain Mr. Herford, who is the popular pastor of one of our Unitarian churches, took occasion to refer sneeringly to Mr. Jones' statement that he "accepted the whole Bible from lid to lid, Jonah, the whale, and all," and then exalted reason and common-sense as the only standard to be used in determining what parts of the Bible should be accepted, and what rejected. Mr. Jones yesterday returned the compliment, thus: "I understand it is the quintessence of the declaration of ignorance in Boston for a man to say that he believes the Bible from lid to lid. Well, then, I'm a happy fool from head to foot. One of your brainy men has actually jumped on us little swamp Georgians because we believe the Bible. My! Down in Georgia during the war there was a poor old woman who had a little scraggy dog, with his teeth all gone. John's army was retreating, and the loved John's army; and so she sat all day and held the dog in her arms to keep him from biting John's army. This is just like these little fellows, holding infidelity, with its teeth all gone, from biting the great army of God's church. I hope you will not allow me to get bitten while I'm in Boston." We think that will be enough to stop the snarl of the little curs all about Boston.

If this dogmatic style of illustration may be kept up, it might be said that some dogs bark loudest when behind a fence, or on top of a flight of steps, with danger far off.

Sam Jones would make poor work in a fair debate on the Bible question with Brooke Herford, or any other intelligent man. Theodore Parker used "reason and common-sense" in accepting or rejecting Scripture. What a contrast between him and this swaggering story teller!

It sometimes happens, unfortunately, that a Spiritualist, or other liberal speaker, lacks moral weight as well as good language, but when a Methodist doctor of divinity writes in this style of praise of Sam Jones, and the *Christian Advocate* here in Chicago publishes his epistle, it really seems as though they were even deeper in the mud than we are, which is very unfortunate—for them.

Has the spiritual life of orthodox clergymen got down to the Jones level? Must they call in such help to recruit their members? Here is what the *Boston Evening Gazette* says. Must the clergy learn of the editors of popular newspapers? Surely this editor could teach this Methodist clergyman. This is the *Gazette* verdict, far the best of the two:

Samuel Jones is a cheap and comic version of the Rev. Joseph Cook, with a vulgar coarseness and an obtuseness of intellect wholly his own. In common with his popular prototype, he is windy, illogical, and intolerant. The manner in which he deals with things sacred is offensive to every refined and intelligent sentiment. His assumed positive knowledge of the Creator and the hereafter, and the blasphemous ignorance made bold by encouragement. We are willing to concede the sincerity of Mr. Jones' motives and the reality of his religious fervor, but things sacred cannot be treated respectfully from a comic standpoint, and earnest religious sentiment side by side with funny anecdote and low wit is out of place to say the least. A cheap method of winning a cheap laugh is not a method by which a dignified knowledge of the higher life may be inculcated. Buffoonery is objectionable under any circumstances, but when it is brought to bear upon the subject of religion, it becomes unutterably offensive.

Curious Incidents.

Death or some terrible affliction is often caused under peculiar circumstances. One man dies while blaspheming God; another while preaching in the pulpit; another while cursing because it rained. A strange case was that of Patrick Grogan, of New Orleans. He proceeded to the confessional, where he knelt in prayer to await his turn to confess to Father Alexis. Another penitent was there before him, and when the latter came out from the confessional-box he saw Grogan kneeling and motionless. His features were pallid and, although his lips were moving, his body appeared to be rigid. Father Alexis immediately stepped forth and said: "My good man, you are a Catholic, I presume?" The pressure of the already cold hand was the only response the holy father received. He then ordered the ambulance to be sent for and bestowed absolution on the dying man. He was carried to a pew and laid on the bench, and a few minutes afterwards died.

Another peculiar case occurred lately at Wilkesbarre, Pa. Henry Edwards, aged twenty, joined the Salvation Army there last Christmas. He foretook his old companions

in sin, and said he was going to lead a new life. For a while he was one of the most earnest workers in the army, and secured many recruits from the society he formerly moved in. He went so far as to visit the mines and implore the young men to join the army of the Lord. He continued his good work until quite lately, when he fell from grace and returned to his sinful ways. One Sunday evening he visited the Salvation Army barracks and scoffed and laughed at the exercises. All of a sudden he put his hands over his eyes and cried out, "My God, what is the matter? I cannot see." Edwards was taken to his home by two friends. He was totally blind.

"The Religious World"

Is the title of a new department in the pages of *The Interior*. "To inform our readers of religious movements and the trend of religious thought the world over," is their statement of its object, and they promise a correspondence from all lands to that end. The object is good, and the effort significant. It tells of a growing desire to look over the whole field fairly, and get the truth as to all doctrines and their growth and power, or decay and weakness. Possibly *The Interior* may not reach entire impartiality. It may not give full and clear reports of what Spiritualism is, and is doing, but they will reach toward broader views, and none of us are perfect in clear sight.

The department certainly opens well. Report is made of the marked progress of Mohammedanism in Central Africa, and its benefits to the natives are freely acknowledged, with a hope that "it may be the vanguard of a true Christian civilization."

In this country it is said that "Judaism is permeated and honeycombed with a bold and negativizing Rationalism," reaching toward "Unitarianism of the most advanced type," and accepting "only the moral laws of Moses;" and that the more orthodox Jews in New York have lately established a theological seminary with the watchword, "For the Law and the Testimony," to counteract this new departure.

In Holland an earnest discussion is growing up in the universities and among the clergy, between the old faith and Unitarianism and Materialism. Prof. Doedes of Utrecht, is quoted as saying: "It is a question whether 'the fool' is not right, after all, when he says: There is no God." Scripture infallibility is doubted and defended earnestly.

The Interior concludes wisely that all should know what is going on touching these questions. Perhaps they may not share our feeling that free thought is better than a creedal fetter. Free thought is not without its perils, but they are far less than those of ecclesiastical bondage. In due time a wave of spiritual life and light may sweep over Holland, saving it from skepticism as to the truths of the spirit. Meanwhile, there and the wide world over, let truth and error meet fairly and freely, and let all bigotry die.

The Great Preacher Passed to Spirit-Life.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was early on last Saturday morning attacked with vomiting, and then fell into an unconscious condition. As we go to press on Tuesday morning, dispatches from New York state as follows: Mr. Beecher yet breathes, but that is all. There was no perceptible change in his condition from hour to hour, between morning and noon and noon and night, yet it could be seen that he was sinking, growing slowly weaker, with a steady drain upon his vitality. How long he may last is beyond foresight. Another suffusion in the brain would result fatally, no doubt, at once. The best hope, should no such symptom intervene, does not look ahead beyond the middle of the week. Last night wore away slowly and very wearily in the Beecher household. All through the night the unconscious patient lay upon his bed breathing heavily, alive only by reason of involuntary muscular motions which he exercised without knowing it. The trained nurse who has been with him since the nature of his illness, was defined sat at the bedside, ever alert to catch the faintest symptoms of a change. It was not until the arrival of Dr. Searle, who was on hand about 5:30 o'clock, that it became plain that Mr. Beecher was less able to withstand the drain than he had been when the physician left him a few hours before. The change could not be definitely stated, except that the patient's temperature had slightly risen, that the pulse was less vigorous and possibly a trifle more rapid, and that the breathing, while hardly more labored than it had been, was not as forceful.

Since the above was put in type, a dispatch from New York states that Mr. Beecher passed away at 9 A. M., Tuesday, March 8th.

Edward Kuehl, sixty years old, was found lying dead in a bed at No. 319 South Tenth street, Omaha, Nebraska, March 2nd. The deceased was a well known and eccentric character about Omaha. He was a shoemaker by trade but made most of his money by telling fortunes. His business card read as follows: "Edward Kuehl, the oracle of Omaha, better known as the old shoemaker of No. 319 South Tenth street, Omaha, Neb., master of palmistry and conditionalism, will, with the aid of each one's guardian spirit, obtain for any one a view in the past and present, and, on certain conditions, in the future." The will directs that John Baumer take charge of the remains and see that his body is cremated and all his expenses and debts paid, and then that the residue be offered to the Franciscan sisters.

The Spirit of a Departed Physician Carresses His Fiancee.

A curious incident, illustrative of spirit power, is published in the *Boston Globe*. It appears from the account given that Luther J. Martin entered Yale College in 1880, coming from his home in Massachusetts. He graduated with honors four years later. While at college he became acquainted with a young lady who stood high in New London society, and when he left to enter the Long Island College he was engaged to be married to her. During his two years' course in medicine he became a general favorite with his classmates, and found time to frequently visit New London. He graduated high in his class at the last examination, and on June 21st he was appointed to the staff of the Long Island cottage hospital. As soon as he received his appointment he wrote to his fiancée, telling her of his good fortune. He received her congratulations immediately and again wrote. This was the last letter she was destined to receive from him. He was taken seriously ill with inflammation of the stomach on June 27th, and died eight days later, at 3:30 o'clock in the morning, without having been able to notify the young lady or any of his friends of his condition.

Shortly before 4 o'clock on the morning of Dr. Martin's death, the young lady, according to her statement, was awakened by the feeling that some one was in her room. Looking toward the foot of the bed, she saw the form of Dr. Martin cross the room, and taking position facing her, smiling pleasantly. He appeared just as in life. He was fine looking, about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches tall, and wore a slight moustache. He appeared very pale, but as he never had much color in his face his appearance did not startle her. So realistic was the scene that she attempted to speak, but could not. After hesitating a few moments at the foot of the bed the form advanced to the head of the bed, and placing a hand caressingly on the young lady's shoulder, gazed tenderly in her face. Then the form suddenly disappeared. When the lady appeared at the breakfast table she told her experience and tearfully asserted that something terrible had happened to her betrothed. A few minutes after a telegram was received announcing the doctor's death. On comparing the time of his demise and that of the young lady's vision it was found that the latter occurred about ten minutes later.

Remarkable Coincidence.

A remarkable coincidence happened on the morning of February 16th—says the *Washington, D. C., Republican*—at the death of Miss A. L. Duffy, a daughter of Capt. O. E. Duffy, the patent attorney, which occurred at 201 D Street. "Miss Duffy had lain in a dying condition for several hours, being surrounded by the members of her immediate family. The stillness of death reigned over the house as her last moments were drawing to a close. She was conscious to the end, and talked calmly with those about her until a moment or two before her decease. The nearest watcher had scarcely made the announcement that she was dead when a servant from below entered the room in answer to the summons of the call bell. No one had rung, and the peculiarity of the circumstance was in the fact that all of the six bells placed in the dining-room, and communicating with the different rooms of the house, had rung violently at the instant when the death took place. The bells, with one exception, had not rung since Mr. Duffy moved to his present home, the wires connecting them being broken." "The affair," adds the *Republican*, "created a feeling of awe over the household, as no explanation of the mystery has been made. Among those inclined to be superstitious the peal of the bells was a welcome to the soul of the departed one, and this belief is strengthened, as Miss Duffy was widely known for her sweetness of character, her good works, and her religious tendencies, she being a strict Catholic, and a member of St. Patrick's Church."

A Blind Critic of Pictures.

It appears from the *Detroit Tribune* that that city boasts of a blind art connoisseur named Coy, who is also a good patron of art. Whenever and wherever there are good paintings to be seen he can always be found. Meeting him at one of the galleries a few days ago, a reporter found him seated in front of a small Hart, which had just been received and at which he was looking intently, seeming to enjoy it with the rest of the company.

"Here's a new Hart," said he as the reporter advanced to shake hands. "Good, isn't it? He paints stronger than he did. Don't you think so?"

The reporter wonderingly assented. "The distance here is good," he continued, "and the water particularly so. The picture is small but treated with feeling. Hart's pictures are all alike—two cows, a red one or a white or two of a color, a bit of water, and foliage."

"Yes," said a lady of the party. "We call his white cows 'Sunday' cows and the red ones every day cows."

"Well," said Mr. Coy with considerable pleasantness, "these are not his Sunday cows, evidently!"

Neither were they, for they were bright red. The *Tribune* reporter asks: "How in the world could a blind man tell a brindle cow from a white one in a picture? Is there a sixth sense?"

Lyman C. Howe is engaged to speak at the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, Aug. 21st and 24th.

GENERAL ITEMS.

G. H. Brooks is engaged to speak in Denver, Col., during the month of March. His address is 1713 Larimer Street.

At Cleveland, O., the Rev. Rollo Ogden, pastor of a fashionable church, has resigned because he "could no longer assent to the doctrinal standard of the Presbyterian Church."

Wm. Mason, of Fond du Lac, Wis., was in the city last week, and reports favorable results with the zithern, with which he has been experimenting. Tunes are played on it by the spirits in broad daylight.

Mrs. Emma Harding-Britten writes as follows from Manchester, England: "Our cause here is flourishing nobly in the North of England, the special scene of my labor. I have been quite out of health for the whole of this bitter winter. I have never ceased nor broken one engagement. Twice every week, sometimes four times, and always twice every Sunday I speak to immense audiences."

Some years ago, W. D. Howells of Boston, wrote a shallow story, "The Undiscovered Country," the main aim of which was to caricature Spiritualism. He has won some repute as a novelist, but it seems to be on the wane. He is brilliant and gossipy, but lacks really fine taste, and to a greater degree lacks power and moral earnestness. The *St. James Gazette*, high authority in England, scores him severely. Howells calls the pathos of Dickens "false and strained," his humor "largely horse-play," which the *Gazette* thinks absurd—an opinion in which many will agree. Not one person of heart and culture, ever laughed or shed tears over the weak pages of Howells, to a score who have been moved to laughter or tears by reading Dickens' stories. In this day, the man or woman capable of attempting a caricature of Spiritualism, will make such a blunder that he may beg for banishment to some undiscovered country where the criticisms on his weak folly could not find him. Howells is passing down and out, let a man of more insight and soul take his place.

A dispatch from St. Louis, Mo., states that the wake of Charles Murphy, a river man, held on the night of March 1st, was the occasion of a most ghastly exhibition of humor on the part of his friends. Murphy died in a hospital and the wake occurred in a lively stable. The mourners were chiefly river men, and the only consolation their grief would brook was a continual sousing in beer. About three o'clock in the morning the mourners dwindled down to a half dozen and they became festive. There were five other coffins in the stable, and they were placed on the floor and each man stretched himself in a coffin. As there were not enough coffins to go around, the corpse was dumped out and placed in a sitting position in one corner of the room with a pitcher of beer near the hand. The live man then took possession of the coffin. All fell asleep and were discovered a few hours later by a horror-stricken employe, who was under the impression that the stable had been converted into a morgue.

Lyman C. Howe writes from Kansas City, speaking encouragingly of the cause there. Alluding to the laying of the corner stone to the new Unitarian church, and the depositing of relics therein, Mr. Howe says: "If some transcripts of independent state writing, together with a succinct history of the same could be thus preserved, it might be valuable history in the year 2000, especially if some of the sneers, frowns, and mental grimaces could be photographed in a durable way and left to adorn the future cabinet of curiosities. Dr. Collier is liberal and radical in his way, but not a free man. He is dealing with a mixed people, and though many of his supporters are Spiritualists, he has not the independent courage to read to his congregation an announcement of our spiritual meetings here. But, while some Spiritualists may censure this attitude, a generous view of the situation, should remind us that 'circumstances alter cases.' Though I count our society as good as his in every sense of the word, and I freely and gladly notice his meetings and encourage our people to hear him, yet I realize that a part of his congregation, on whom he depends for support and on whose co-operation the new church may largely depend, have not had the liberalizing and spiritualizing help of our philosophy, and are narrow towards us, though broad towards orthodoxy and the devil. As we are on the tableland of religious liberty and light, we can afford to smile down on them while they frown upon us."

The *Christian Union* says that "In the past thirty-five years Great Britain has lost by emigration nearly seven million of population—an enormous drain, and one which probably has never been equalled in the history of civilized nations. In spite of this tremendous leakage of population, there has been a steady increase, and during the last ten years the population has run up from 32,900,000 to 35,700,000; the population has increased at the rate of twelve per cent. wealth at the rate of twenty-two per cent. trade at the rate of twenty-nine per cent. commerce at the rate of sixty-seven per cent., and instruction at the rate of sixty-eight per cent. The number of paupers has fallen from forty-eight per thousand to twenty-seven, a very striking and hopeful decrease, due probably in large measure to better methods of charitable work, both public and private; the consumption of alcohol has fallen from 2.33 gallons per inhabitant to 1.79; there are only two depressing facts among these very striking statistics: there is a marked decrease in the birth rate, and a marked increase in the insanity list."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Isaac W. Bangs, a prominent Spiritualist of this city, passed to spirit-life at his residence, 305 South Morgan St., Feb. 24th, leaving a devoted wife and one son to mourn his loss. Mr. Bangs came from Lowell, Mass., to this city twenty-two years ago, and since then he has been very active as a business man, his sterling integrity and purity of character being acknowledged by all who knew him, or who had any business transactions with him. On account of his broad and sympathetic nature, and innate desire to see all mankind eventually happy, at an early day he naturally drifted towards Spiritualism, and became one of its most ardent and staunch advocates. After many years connection with the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) of this city. Fully realizing that Spiritualism is true, and that his dear ones on the other shore would give him a cordial and affectionate greeting, death to him had no terrors. The night before he passed away, he saw his mother and sister, now in spirit-life, and beckoned them to come and take him to their supernal home. He passed away serene and happy. In his 68th year, and now realizing the grandeur of the celestial realms, he can fully appreciate the beauty of that philosophy and religion which he sustained so nobly while on earth.

Rev. W. H. Thomas officiated at the funeral, which was held at the family residence, Feb. 25th. He referred in a very beautiful manner to Mr. Bangs' belief in Spiritualism, and of the visions that he experienced and voices that he heard just before his departure.

March 4th, Homer Bronson Abbott of Englewood, Ill., passed to spirit-life. The deceased had been gradually sinking since last September, at which time, while in the performance of his duties as Health Officer of the Town of Lake, he was brutally assaulted by one Hugh Chittick, the injuries then received resulting fatally.

Mr. Abbott had seen many of the vicissitudes of life, but in the darkest hour of adversity never lost faith or courage. Ever willing to share his last dollar with the needy and afflicted, he was his own worst enemy as the world would consider. He has reaped his reward and passed on; in his 69th year, to an inheritance which no riches could ever buy.

During the last few years Mr. Abbott was deeply interested in the spiritual philosophy, and the tokens he received from those gone before were among his most treasured possessions. He was ready, and even anxious that the end should come, saying that his friends were preparing to receive him, and that God's grace was all-sufficient for him. He will ever live in the memory of those who remain behind as a most affectionate husband, father, brother and friend, loved and respected by all who knew him.

The Social Drift has been changed to magazine form, and will henceforth be published monthly at Mquegon, Mich.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Experiences in the Eddy Camp of Christian Scientists Continued.

W. I. GILL, A. M.

No. 2. The types made me say in my former article on Camp Eddy, "Her look and conversation inspired courage." Here look should be book, which is more constant than her look, but often less impressive. She has been very handsome; and her coal-black eyes can glow very brilliantly with amiable love, or glower like a storm cloud with terrific passion, which is anything but encouraging to any one who is its unfavorable object.

The first time I ever heard of Mrs. Eddy, or of "Christian Science," was in 1884 when I was pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Haverhill street, Lawrence, Mass. I heard of it through some members of my congregation who were adherents of the new theory. Its claim of universal dominion directly through mind without the use of sensible means, I considered as extravagant, and gave some expression to this effect in the pulpit as well as in private conversation.

Its apparent errors would naturally be the first thing to come to me from common report. The first of such reports was that these people are really atheists. They deny the existence of a personal Deity. I enquired, and found this true.

But these people were not atheists. They attended church and talked about God as the great Reality, and as in some sense the One only Reality. They are, then, pantheists, I concluded, and this was confirmed from a partial reading of certain books much admired among them. Their pantheism, however, seemed to be of a supernatural rank, a sort of blind and inarticulate Hegelianism.

The next thought and question was whether the theory excluded consciousness from its Deity; or does it affirm his existence and nature as a self-conscious Being of Infinite Perfection? I suspected the latter to be the fact, and on inquiry I found they all unequivocally affirmed it. They were, therefore, so far all good theists. I subsequently put the same question to Mrs. Eddy, and she gave the same reply with amplification. I found she meant by person some organic form and that this is all she meant to deny in denying the divine personality; and she was unaware that educated theological thought has never attributed any such personality to God. The very formula of the doctrine of the Trinity shows that, and it is implied in all the discussions of the subject. Nothing but extreme unacquaintance in this region could attribute any such meaning to theological thought.

As I had always been a thorough-paced idealist, since my college days, I was well pleased to see that this new religion denied the existence of matter and affirmed the sole existence of spirit. This induced me to enter on an earnest study of it. As it was held by several in my congregation, and as it was "much spoken against," I felt I ought to understand it; and this I determined on, and I set to work accordingly.

In March, 1885, I went through a three weeks' course of study under Mrs. Eddy at her house, called the "Metaphysical College

of Massachusetts," of which she is the sole instructor, regulator and authority. The lady's book left me in doubt as to what was the great undertone of her thought, character and object, and this I wanted to find out by a personal study with her.

The result was on the whole favorable, with the construction which I put upon some of her statements, a construction which I conceived as necessary to invest them with any rational meaning. I knew that she was incompetent to attach my meanings to her words then; but I saw she was smart, and hoped that she could gradually by private conversation be led to comprehend and adopt them, and thus by such help and afterthought, make her system more consistent and impregnable. I thought if this could be achieved, her theory would be better entitled to rank as a "science." Indeed I believed, that, if thus allowed to interpret her, I could command for "Christian Science" the respect and credence of the intellectual world, and which had so far, and justly, repudiated it with scorn.

But here was the great uncertainty. Would she have the lofty cunning, if not sagacity, amounting to wisdom, to allow any man of philosophical training in sympathy with her alleged main object to show her how she might gain credit for a theory she never conceived, but which becomes hers in public esteem in consequence of the thought being attached to her verbiage? As this verbiage had already become associated with Christianity and with idealism; and as I thence conceived that with proper interpretation and construction it was calculated to be of immense service to mankind, I was quite willing to render this service, though from the nature of the case I could receive no distinct recognition of it; as it must be all attributed to the verbal formulator, whose formulae were the subject of study and exposition. I hoped that this service would be accepted on the tacit assumption that the meanings suggested were justly attributed to the author of the book in question. On this hope I resolved at length to co-operate. But I, of course, kept all this mental process to myself. I could not be sure but Mrs. Eddy had herself in some points dimly and distantly approached to those very ideas, and the supposition of this I felt bound to cherish as a tribute to her.

I fully explained my feelings and plans to my editorial predecessor, Rev. J. H. Wiggin, who approved of it as feasible. He thought I was probably just the man to achieve so desirable a task. He compared the lady and the writer to Queen Elizabeth and Burleigh; and gave her the antithetical credit of being able to see her great opportunity, and to improve it so as to add a new chapter to her reign. I was, therefore, very hopeful and conscious of a high and generous purpose and aim.

With this explanation of my mental state, my friends will not wonder that for a season I was united with this intellectual Circle. She was never able to number me among her swine. She never in any degree changed my thought. She only furnished a channel along which I hoped to see it run and work with facility and power, and for the public good. Of this she gradually became conscious, and said I was "not converted," and that I was only putting forth my own views in her name. Against this, all her infinite egotism rose in rebellion. She, therefore, began to insist steadily and persistently in our private talks, that I must understand her to mean by her words what was revolting to my understanding. I replied that I had all along construed her rationally; and I could not change my course except so far as she disavowed all rational meaning; and that so far I must decline to accept her teaching. Still, all this might have been long postponed, had I not presumed to be an independent author. As it was the crisis could not be delayed, as I could not consent to be the mere repeater of a very silly jargon, much less be the high priest at a shrine where she was the God.

The Brahmo Somaj.

Unity gets: Brahmo Mohini Chatterjee, the Hindu gentleman who in this country and who is a member of the Brahmo Somaj as well as of the Theosophical Society, has given expression to some thoughts well worthy the attention of those who believe in the brotherhood of man and the essential identity of all the different phases of real religion. In a communication to the New York Tribune he says:

"I am a member of the Theosophical Society, but I do not like to call myself a Theosophist, because that seems to imply the possession of absolute knowledge of the truth, whereas I am merely a seeker."

"Where I have been asked if I desire to convert Europe to Buddhism or Brahminism I have always said: 'No; what I desire is to convert Christendom to Christianity.'"

"Do not imagine that I regard Christianity as in any sense entitled to exclusive preference? I reverence it, because I hold that there is but one eternal verity, and that all religions are expressions of it."

"Christianity is at one with the vedantic sacred canons in teaching that 'the kingdom of heaven is within you.' The conquest which every human being is born to essay is not the conquest of external circumstances or of his fellow-men. It is comprised in the old Greek axiom, 'know thyself.'"

"I am taught by the masters whose humble disciple I am that the progress of the race is ever upward and onward."

"When I add that the universal religion requires from no Christian the rejection of any gospel teaching, but only the renunciation of those parasitic accretions which have deformed and overlaid the doctrine of the founder, you may conclude that my outlook is not so fantastic and extravagant as without this explanation it might appear."

"The great spiritual movement of the future will be one aiming at the abandonment of all sectarian distinctions, the elimination of spurious embroideries from all creeds, and the union of all who are not atrophied by materialism, in the worship of one God, of whose essence is all humanity, and the glory of whose divinity may be shared by the humblest son of Adam who has learned to walk by the new light."

Here is another plea for the relinquishment of the superficial and the recognition of the real, and Unitarians can certainly understand the message. All such sentiments are helping to swell the tide of influence that shall yet bear humanity into a clearer apprehension of the divine oneness of all life.

General News.

ont the West, killed himself with a razor at the residence of his father at Indianapolis. He had long suffered from insomnia.—The Milwaukee newspapers have filled their columns with independent men, and now positively refuse to re-employ the strikers.—At Aurora, Illinois, was held the triple funeral of J. D. Dunning and his wife and daughter, all of whom died on Thursday from natural causes.—The democratic members of the interstate commerce commission are likely to be W. R. Morrison of Illinois, Grant of Colorado, and Bragg of Alabama.—The Minnesota and Northwestern road has withdrawn from the freight pool on account of dissatisfaction with the percentages awarded it.

The peculiar purifying and building up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla make it the very best medicine to take at this season.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co. in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Presbyterian, June 19, 1885.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a timely remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Business Notices.

SKALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FILM, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Chicago Meetings.

The South Side League of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon, 1:30 sharp, at Martin's Hall, N. W. cor. 22nd street and 11th Avenue.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 4:45 P. M.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, N. Y. Dr. Stryker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carr, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; Dr. George H. Perine, Secretary; F. H. Maynard, Treasurer.

Grand Opera House, 33rd Street and 8th Avenue. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Conference every Sunday at 2 P. M. Admission free to each meeting.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall, corner Fulton Street and Bedford Ave. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Monday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carr, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; Dr. George H. Perine, Secretary; F. H. Maynard, Treasurer.

Michigan Spiritualists Ass'n.

ANNUAL MEETING. The State Association will hold its Annual Meeting (adjourned from Feb. 25th) at Grand Rapids, March 25th, 26th and 27th. On the closing day (Sunday) the 28th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated. Good speakers and mediums, reduced hotel rates, and plans for a good evening of Spiritualism and free inquiries for truth from far and near.

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PSYCHICAL AND PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES.

THE

Watseka Wonder!

A NARRATIVE OF ASTUNTING PHENOMENA OCCURRING IN THE CASE OF

MARY LURANCY VENNUM.

BY

Dr. E. W. Stevens.

This well attended account of spirit presence created a widespread sensation when first published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Over fifty thousand copies were circulated, including the Journal's publication and the pamphlet edition, but the demand still continues. To those familiar with the marvelous story, it is

NO WONDER

the interest continues, for in it on indubitable testimony may be learned how

A Young Girl was Saved from the Mad House.

by the direct assistance of Spirit, though the intelligent influence of Spiritualism, and after months of almost continuous spirit control and medical treatment by Dr. Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending in some respect all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common consent came to be known as

THE WATSEKA WONDER.

Were it not that the history of the case is so well known by those familiar with the facts of Spiritualism as a skillfully prepared work of fiction. As a

MISSIONARY DOCUMENT

for general distribution, it is UNPARALLELED; and for this purpose should be distributed industriously, generously, persistently, far and near.

The present issue is a superior edition from new stereotype plates, printed on a fine quality of type and protected by a "silk" paper cover of the newest pattern.

The publisher has taken advantage of this opportunity for new plates, and with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, incorporated with the case of Lurancy Venum, one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1860, entitled

MARY REYNOLDS,

A CASE OF

Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. Stevens makes reference to it in his latest work, standard work. The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Venum, but is nevertheless a valuable addition. The two narratives make

SIXTY PAGE PAMPHLET.

Dr. Stevens spent his life in healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and teaching the spiritual philosophy. He was a noble man, and the world is better for his life in it. He passed to spirit-life in 1885, leaving a devoted wife and family in a cramped financial condition. Mrs. Stevens was a faithful, untiring assistant to her husband and now in her old age is cheerful, self-reliant, and happy in her knowledge of her husband's good work and of the certainty that she will again join him. She is spirit-to the spiritual sympathy of all who love good deeds and are interested in Spiritualism. Without consultation with her, the publisher feels that the present should be considered a

MEMORIAL EDITION.

and that she should receive from it substantial tokens of the respect in which her husband is held, and of the good will of the public to one who made it possible for her husband to follow the guidance of the Spirit world. The publisher therefore proposes and hereby binds himself to

Pay Over to Mrs. O. A. Stevens One-

Third of the Net Receipts

Voices from the People.

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTSFor the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Welcome Them.

BY JULIA GRAY BURNETT.

In the silence, sad and lonely,
Of the solemn midnight hour,
As the bells, the voices only,
Sounded from some lofty tower,
Did you ever waken—hear
Of the footsteps soft and light,
Of the angels who are guarding,
While you slumber through the night?

Did you ever while in dreamland,
Think you saw the loved and lost?
Heard their voices, touched the soft hand,
Clasped in yours when "tempest-tossed"?
Did you think it only dreaming,
Just a passing fancy sweet?
But a vision with no meaning,
Come and gone so swift—so fleet?

Come from dreamland, look and listen,
In the darkness of the night,
See those white robes softly gleaming,
As they come, our loved ones bright.
Hear their music, and their voices,
From the bright celestial choir,
Let it softly, gently soothe you,
Angel fingers touch the lyre.

Welcome, then, the loved who guide us
Through life's rough and stormy way;
Bid them linger close beside us,
Till the night is place to day.
Till we feel our footsteps sinking,
And we drop life's dust and clay,
Till beyond new beauty drinking,
All shall be one blooming May.

In the silence, sad and lonely,
Of the solemn midnight hour,
Are the bells, the voices only,
Sounding from that lofty tower?
Oh! the music and the singing
Of those loved ones here to-night,
Thrills and fills my very being
With untold, unknown delight!

Anti-Tobacco Law in Michigan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If I am not mistaken a majority of the readers of the JOURNAL will be pleased to learn that a bill has been introduced into the legislature of Michigan, which proposes to punish by fine or imprisonment any one who sells tobacco to a minor under 16 years of age. It seems to me that, as all persons under 21 are infants in the eyes of the law, it ought not to be confined to minors under 16; a boy of 20 is as much a minor as one of 16, and is quite as likely to contract bad habits. It, however, is a move in the right direction. There is little doubt that the bill will become law, and it is expected that it will be rigidly enforced if it does. Let the JOURNAL readers call the attention of their representatives to this matter; other States may be induced to imitate the Michigan law.

Your contributor is not puritanical, but can afford to permit people to mind their own business until they tread on other people's corns. But the adult tobacco eater, as well as the minor, who has no regard for the feelings of others, should be held amenable to law for the inconvenience he occasions. His tobacco chewing is a concern of his own, and it is his business to decide whether it is right or wrong for him; with that question I have nothing to do; but when he permits this habit to so nullify every sense of decency as to make a public conveyance so filthy as to disgust ordinary people, then he becomes a public nuisance and should be prosecuted as such. Travelers on the cars have often been surprised that the railroad companies have not attended to this matter. They go to great expense in building and ornamenting their cars; many of them vie with palaces for artistic beauty, and it is too bad that decent passengers in them are frequently disgusted with the puddles of filth which foam and sink at their very feet.

It is proposed to stop, in a measure, this tendency of American men to degenerate to a condition of which their fathers would be ashamed, and to nip the evil in the bud by preventing boys and children from buying tobacco. Not long since I was accosted by a middle-aged man of about six or seven years, who, with the effrontery acquired by habit, said, "Say, mister, will you gim me a chew?" Parties to whom I spoke of it, told me there were boys in that town who had used tobacco almost from their cradles. If full-grown men desire to chew or smoke, can't they enter into their closets, and when they have shut the door close and cheer to their heart's content; but for children and boys to do so upon the public streets, actually, out-Herod's Herod. Only contemplate the picture of George Washington chopping down the cherry tree with a quid in his cheek!

If I smoke I should keep my smoke aside to myself, and not set other people coughing with it, but myself smoking has become almost intolerable. The hoodlums can't mix their mortar without a pipe in his jaw; the drummer can't drum up customers without distorting his features in the effort to hold a cigar in his mouth while cracking up the quality of his goods; and I have seen the store-keeper attending to lady customers with the weed between his lips; an insult which might provoke brothers or husbands to horseplay the ignorant across his own counter.

So vulgar has the habit of street-smoking become that it has been abandoned by men of refinement pretty generally; but the street cigar is the glory of small boys and "loudly" dressed men who belong to that fraternity which "a certain class." By all means, let the law be invoked in every State of the Union, and let "Young America," at least, be taught decency and a reasonable respect for other people's rights.

THOS. HARDING.

Sturgis, Mich.

A Test Illuminated.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have taken the JOURNAL only six months, yet am so well pleased with it, that I feel as if I cannot afford to be without it.

There are a few Spiritualists in this community, but no organized society. The first unaccountable mystery I ever witnessed was when I was in the army, in 1862. While in camp for the night near Little Washington, Va., as I felt very much fatigued after the days march I spread my blanket and lay down in my tent to rest just after dark. I was alone; my tent mates at the time were seated around a camp fire some ten rods distant. It was very dark and the little camp fire was so small, and so far off that no light from it could reach my tent. As I lay on my back, taking my rest in total darkness, my tent was suddenly illuminated as light as day on the inside, while outside was total darkness. The suddenness of the light caused me to glance around, and I saw a hand and arm moving around. This apparition lasted but a few seconds, and all was dark again. I laid still, wondering when the tent was illuminated again, and the hand as before moved over back in my tent; then darkness again prevailed. I witnessed this three times in about the same number of minutes, when I jumped up and walked down to the fire. I found my captain then with the boys. I told them what had happened at my tent. The captain and my comrades immediately arose and went with me back to my tent, and remained inside nearly a half hour, but saw nothing more than light.

Twice since the war I have seen the hand in my room after retiring to bed and my lamp burning. I have never been able to learn why that hand appears to me. I have never had an opportunity of attending a séance. I have experienced other phenomena, equally as mysterious as the incident I have just related. One time I saw a man in the road coming toward me, who disappeared in an instant, and I saw no more of him. These things, and more that I have not told, I have seen, and I am convinced that they are from an invisible source, and are not material of this world.

Richland City, Wis. ALFRED BUCKWITH.

As the western clouds are tinged with gold even after the sun is lost, so does the memory of a kind act bring a smile to the face when his author may be forgotten.

DEWITCHED OR WHAT?

Views for and Against.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A very clever story—that which appeared in your last number—called "Dewitched or what?" Does it pretend to be true? Very curiously I do not find the name of the author, "J. C. Hoffman, M. D.," included in the list of physicians of all schools throughout the United States, as given in "Folk's Medical Directory." There are 80,000 names, but no J. C. Hoffman. Where is he? When and where did he graduate? Yours truly,
January 15, 1887.

STATEMENT BY DR. HOFFMAN.

JEFFERSON, Wis.
As to my identity, I am a son of Ex-Gov. Francis A. Hoffman, of Chicago, Ill. Corporation counsel, F. A. Hoffman, Jr., is a brother of mine. I am a graduate in medicine, surgery, etc., of Rush Medical College, Chicago, and of two medical colleges in Europe. If "Inquirer" will look up the Medical Register of Chicago's regular physicians, 1874, he will find me set down as a graduate in medicine of Rush, Chicago; of Wuerzburg, Bavaria, and of Vienna, Austria. I practiced nine years in Illinois, but devoted my sole time to the study of the Optum Habit and its treatment, since 1878; residing here from Chicago, in 1883, still engaged in my chosen specialty. Leaving Chicago caused my name to be omitted in city directories, and thus also from the general directories, copied from local ones.

J. C. HOFFMAN.

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.
Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN—Dear Sir: Long a student of the occult in nature, I am prepared for almost anything in the way of the mysterious, but your story rather taxes the credulity of ordinary mortals. I don't know what I know, or whether I know anything or not. Do you? Is this thing in earnest? If so, can you give me the name of the woman and her locality? The phenomena of nature are infinite, and her possibilities likewise. Yours truly,
GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

Dr. Hoffman replied to Mr. Shufeldt, assuring him of his perfect good faith in making the statement in the narrative, to which Mr. S. replied as follows:

Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN—My Dear Sir: I have your letter. You shall have the consolation and satisfaction of knowing that the partially sane man who believes you. I only did not know whether you made the statement as a fact or not. Now that you say that you so made it, I accept your word. The phenomena of nature are infinite. The man who says he does not believe, simply when he does not know, is an idiot. No man knows the possibilities. I attended a private social circle on Sunday evening; the medium was conducted by a man of superior intelligence, whom I know to be reliable. I repeated the substance of your story. This man said it was not only possible, but was probably true. I know your father very well, and he will probably remember me. Yours truly,
GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

Another Eastern correspondent writes: "Your high-toned and ethical JOURNAL was badly smirched by the publication of Dr. Hoffman's Theosophical extravaganza."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A few thoughts regarding Dr. Hoffman's narrative in the JOURNAL of the 15th January, recounting an adventure with a "witch."

One of your correspondents writing from California, referring to this strange story, says: "It is somewhat draped in mystery; but as investigators of spiritual science we should coolly examine, and, while another is thus attempting a scientific analysis of the alleged facts, to my mind, the suggestions of the California writer are judicious; but the work of the Iowa correspondent seems quite in advance of the demands of the occasion; for, before an explanation can be reasonably the happening of the events themselves ought to be duly authenticated, which latter condition can not be logically predicated of Dr. Hoffman's story. Statements of extraordinary occurrences demand an extraordinary volume of evidence to support them. The writer of this does not intend to question the truthfulness of the author of the account referred to; that is not necessarily involved here. But a reading of this article, which it is to be presumed was written for a beneficial purpose, will show that there is next to nothing stated which tends to give it any better claim to confidence than the ordinary 'cock-and-bull' story of Cotton Mather's time. In other words, we have no guaranty of its verity given us other than the bare word of the writer. Now, while Dr. Hoffman may be and presumably is, a quite truthful and candid gentleman, one of excellent judgment and observant faculties, the great reading, wide-awake public remains skeptical upon the subjects of the spiritual and occult, and he should not be surprised by the suggestion that the article entitled, 'Dewitched or What?' exhibits such inherent weakness in the very statement, as to render it valueless for any purpose.

The article intimates that the story in question still lives. If so, her fortune is surely as good as made, if the doctor will only point her out to the Psychical societies. Doubtless the Seybert commission would be only too glad to pay liberally for the opportunity of testing her powers.

Unfortunately the doctor has concealed these very essential facts, the name of the woman, and that of every person who had any connection with the transactions. It is of no use to the enquiring public to be informed that she and they lived "within thirty miles of Chicago," and that their names are "Mr. and Mrs. F.," "Mr. and Mrs. G.," and so forth. One might, indeed, succeed in getting a glimpse of the members of the woman's household, if only by the name of the "North Division Justice," who rendered judgment for the doctor's service in restoring the fractured leg; but now, too, we are estopped from pushing our investigations.

All these difficulties are true, which have been felled by the raconteur, Dr. Hoffman himself, across the lines of our advance into the domain which we would fain explore.

If a story is worthy of telling, it is also worthy of being provided with its credentials. The glory of Spiritualism, it is claimed, is that its affirmations are demonstrable and certain; and whenever any of its supporters has anything to offer for its advancement, surely it is not too much to expect that he will so offer it as to invite and not repel investigation.

Dr. Hoffman, therefore, supply the missing links above indicated?
W. S. DAVIDSON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.
J. C. HOFFMAN—Sir: I have just read your statement published in RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of No. 21, vol. 41, to which you invite readers of it to advise you as to their opinion regarding its peculiarities. My opinion is you have missed your calling, and should at once place yourself on exhibition at a Bowery Dime Museum as the biggest fool in the United States. That's my opinion of you and your bot. Yours truly, JOHN D. WARREN.

No. 41 West 31st street.

Although Dr. Hoffman's story is calculated to tax the credulity of most people, yet a careful analysis of the incidents will show that only an unusual increase or expansion of forces already recognized by students of the occult, is necessary to make them all possible and probable. Establish the phenomenal fact that a piano or heavy dining table has been moved by an unseen and intelligent force, acquiring its power to manifest by the aid of a mediocrity mortal; believe this, and how can one limit that force; why cannot a span of ponies, buggy and occupants be carried across a stream? Who thus believing dare venture to say where that outfit must be set down, whether on the other side of the creek or the other side of the continent? Mesmerism, telepathy and spirit interference are the fields drawn from by Dr. Hoffman, and it is not easy to fix their boundaries. We don't accept the story, but a plausible and forcible argument can be made in its support.

The managers of the New York Catholic protolory are about to build an infirmary with an extension and a separate ward for contagious diseases in Westchester County. The building, when completed, will cost \$250,000. During the past year the boys in the protolory made \$5,000 of profits, stockpiling 14,578 pairs of shoes, and set 150,000 pairs of type a day.

The Terrible Risk of It.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Amid the extraordinary assemblage of good things presented in the JOURNAL of Feb. 12th, I was especially attracted by the truthful, beautifully expressed remarks of Rev. M. J. Savage, under the head of "The Religious Education of Children." No child can safely be "permitted to grow up untaught." He will grow up with good to good or ill, largely in accordance with the good or ill training received; and, assuredly when we take into consideration the presentment of Mr. Savage, "that the child is born with the summed-up and inherited results of the tendencies of all the past," and that the child inherits the special good and ill qualities of its parent, requiring but slight bias to determine in which direction its feet shall tread, the need of constant watchfulness and careful direction in the right path, that inherited faults may be overcome, is doubly apparent.

But it is not alone that parents abstain from giving religious training to their children. There are those who extend this liberality in deference to their children's judgment as a guide when arrived at years of discretion, by leaving it to their offering to decide on the path of conduct they will choose, almost from the start. Alas! what a huge gauge of moral independence, they will say: "Oh! let the boys enjoy themselves while they can. The hard duties of life will come soon enough, when they will have arrived at the intelligence required to show them what is needed for their best welfare." And from this the boys are permitted the freedom of the streets in the evening, and on Sunday to roam in the woods and fields with such companions as they may choose to pick up, thereby acquiring loose habits of thought and conduct, and inevitable tendency to idle loafing. Such boys, as soon as they go out to work, are certain to assume the independent freedom of full-fledged manhood, and, having money to spend, develop into nightly saloon loungers, dance-hall frequenters and Sunday beer-house habitués. There is no need to say that these habits, the downward trend of their every association is demoralizing, and all their tendencies as far as possible freed either physical or moral good.

Many a father's heart is called on to ache at sight of this sad culmination to the mistaken unchecked liberty he has granted to his children. Even in ways it seems almost impossible to guard against, the utmost vigilance of parents is required. He leads his children into the way of right and save them from harm. Let me cite an example that came under my own knowledge not long ago.

In a large manufacturing establishment, where are employed more than a thousand men, a young boy of fourteen was admitted to one of the shops as an apprentice. He had one of the most charming countenances I ever saw. His cheeks were ruddy with health, and innocence was notably expressed in his clear eyes, and the earnestness of his fair face. I was instantly attracted to him; and soon learned that he had been brought up in a truly Christian home, surrounded by every influence and example of good that his pious father and mother could secure to him. And, as nearly as can be attained to this poor humanity of ours, the boy was a pure flower, with scarcely an idea of immoral deed. His father having died, he had been suddenly called on to aid his mother in their support by learning a trade.

Alas! for the terrible thing of it. The chief men in this shop were of the most vicious character; saloon tipplers, with not a thought above the level of the gutter; their words were interlarded with oaths and still fouler expressions, coupled to constant mockery of everything that is sacred and good. Quickly discerning the young boy's mental ability, they sought to turn him away from his noble path, and to lead him into the ways of sin. They tried to seduce him by the offer of a few dollars, and to force his acceptance of pipe and beer, they took fiendish delight in shocking his sense of refinement by the most outrageous cursings and ribald allusions to the sacred religion he had been taught to revere.

Now this strange thing occurred—how, or by what process I cannot tell, except it grew out of a series of circumstances I had been unable to fathom. When the boy came each morning, he seemed as one clothed in radiant white. Face, hands, garments, all were pure from speck or blemish. But with the first oath or foul expression that fell on his ears it was as if a spasm of black mud had been cast on him, smearing the white garments with unseemly stains; and I saw that these black stains came from the foul-lipped mouths that uttered the words of sin. Oh! how his cheeks, which were the flowers of the men who thus deliberately tarnished the childish purity of this widowed mother's son! They looked like very lost souls of darkness, horrible beyond the power of words to depict. They were black from head to foot, and as the foul expressions poured in a constant stream from their lips, they not only spotted all about them, but actually became infected by the accumulated mass of the foul words and filthy deeds.

My heart ached for the boy. Before night his white garments would become so blotched as to almost hide their purity, and his spirit stung to the quick by the sneering sneers against his anxious endeavors to keep apart from their evil contamination. To my intense relief I saw this: That on each renewed appearance in the morning, the boy was again pure and white, no matter how much blackness on the evening before. The good mother's pattering influence and sweet admonitions to good removed the foul blot from her dear boy, and thus saved him from the terrible destruction of soul that must otherwise have been accomplished.

Hence could be seen the supreme importance of home surroundings in the line of Good. If the home atmosphere there be pure and sweet, and the mother's influence be strong, the child will resist the onslaughts of evil, the future may be safely depended on.

Teach the child in his early years the "way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Cleveland, Ohio.

Curious Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I will give an incident that, to me, was quite startling; it occurred sometime since in a family who are friends of mine. The father and husband was an officer in the army and served during the rebellion. While in the service his only child, an infant, died. About the time of his death the sorrowing mother became disordered, and she was lying at the point of death, and she might expect his remains at any time. The mother and wife was grief-stricken, and felt utterly incapable of going through the ordeal of two funerals, and so expressed herself to her friends; and they concluded to keep the little one's remains until the father's arrival. They placed the casket upon ice, and waited in mortal suspense. No matter how much the Western States, more than fifty miles from railroad or telegraph line. Communication with them was tedious and uncertain—they had only to wait.

They looked often to see if there was any change in the little form. After several days and no tidings from the husband and father, they looked upon the little one's face, and behold, on its forehead was the word "life," and it was clearly visible. When told that appearance? The reply was: "The captain is living." We held a family council, and concluded to have the funeral, and awaited developments. Captain P. is still living, strictly orthodox, and decidedly opposed to Spiritualism. I can vouch for the truthfulness of this occurrence. I was told there was no chance for deception, and have been assured by physicians that indications like these could not be made by human hands upon a corpse and remain.

A. SUBSCRIBER.

An Apparition.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My first experience with a young man I was eight years old. One night while sleeping with father, I was suddenly awakened. I turned my face towards father, as I slept in the back part of the bed. He was sound asleep. I saw a woman standing at the foot of the bed, apparently looking at father. I said nothing, but watched her until I got afraid. I then shut my eyes so I wouldn't see her any more, and she disappeared. I was quite sure. As though the night was quite dark, I could see her plainly. In the morning I told mother what I had seen, and described the apparition so correctly that she recognized it as Aunt Cash, father's sister, and that she was living. I never saw Aunt Cash—not even as much as a picture of her, we were living so far apart. Two weeks brought the sad news of her death.

A. J. M.

Mrs. C. LAWRENCE.

Hoffman—Burr.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Overstated "Everything in science prevailing throughout a certain period, contains actual scientific truth, though frequently much obscured." As mesmerism has retained a hold upon the minds of many of the most scientific men living, I think it fair to say that it contains some actual scientific truth. In the days of such writers as Kirleg Colquhoun, Reichenbach and Mesmer, ignorance of the subject was more pardonable than it should be to-day; but what are we to say of the advanced knowledge of the JOURNAL's correspondent, Mr. Burr, on this intricate topic? It becomes extremely difficult to determine which story is surrounded with the greater shade of mystery—that of Mr. Burr, or that of Dr. Hoffman. I finally decide (as to mystery) in favor of Mr. Burr.

A fond father once narrated to his son the story of Jonah and the whale; then of the flood; as he finished the latter the rational youth exclaimed, "There, now I don't believe that story about the fish either." After reading of the inanimate matter being greatly influenced by the powerful mind of Mr. B., some thought arises about the first part of his narrative; but I see I am digressing; back to the subject again.

His first two paragraphs are foreign to the subject and might be passed. I will notice, however, that as to the German, if he was deeply mesmerized that would of itself present an entire explanation of the phenomena so far as he was concerned. The absorption in the King Paraphrase, it cannot be admitted in evidence because it does not appear from the account that there was any mighty 'medium' or 'psychic' by his side, nor does it appear that there was any psychic at all.

It does not sufficiently appear that such an event ever happened.

3. Because if it ever did happen then it must have been a prophecy, as intended. The explanation of the incident of a timepiece of the Car and cabinet must be ruled out as wholly irrelevant and immaterial. If the old woman killed the pigs by will-power (or if Jack's bean-pole did reach the moon) then the will of a mesmerist can produce an effect upon a dumb animal which will become permanent and proceed after the operator has departed. This would be absurd. The initial dynamism of mesmerism lies in the mind of the subject. The pigs could not understand the curse. (Probably the pigs froze.)

The story of your correspondent that he produced an effect measured by 600 pounds on an inanimate object, is at war with all theory and precedent. From the most ancient accounts of mesmerism among the Chinese down to the present day, experiments of hypnotism among our scientists, no case of mind controlling matter can be demonstrated. But to make it apply here we must believe that an old woman has the complex power of mesmerizing both men and animals, and that without contact! She fastens the horse by her power, and she learns what people say by that power! She follows the doctor with her power, loses control over him or releases it, and then while he and his wife are conversing, suddenly she exercises the power. She is a contributor of the doctor, while about the same time, out of her sight, she is carrying two or three thousand pounds over a valley and then induces the man to shoot the doctor! Mr. Burr thinks we ought not to accept the supernatural (whatever that may be) before exhausting the natural; yet he has utterly failed to show us a single law by which any of these phenomena have been produced. He resorts to the ridiculous and absurd to explain a result comparatively well understood. The effect on the focus spoken of is not a very great mystery, but think of that family coming home, "so charged with wretched magnetism" as to affect the soil—this borders on the ridiculous and supernatural at the same time. Somewhere in the good book, there is something about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel! Think of it, brother.

Concordia, Kans. B. H. ANDERSON.

BISHOP FINDS MISS LEE'S RING.

He Started Broadway a Little and Made the Committee Hurry.

The spectacle of Washington Irving Bishop, the mind-reader, with a big black silk cap pulled down over his head and shoulders, dashing down Broadway, New York City, and dragging three men after him, was a sight to be remembered. Bishop, with a long wire fastened to his waist, and a long stick in his hand, was seen by a crowd of people who were gathered to watch the new mind-reading called "Past Journeys Retained," which was a feature of his entertainment last night. While Mrs. Bishop was identifying little Abe Hummel's sister as the person whose name had been written and sealed up in an envelope by Manager Donnelly of the Bijou, actor Max Freeman, of the Grand Opera House, and Musical Conductor Jesse Williams took a diamond ring from Amy Lee, the actress, sealed it in an envelope and hid the envelope in the letter box of the Sturtevant House office. They went from the theater to the hotel by a roundabout course, up Thirtieth street to Fifth avenue, to twenty-ninth street, to the ladies' entrance of the hotel, and thence through the corridor to the office. They brought back an envelope containing a description of the route they had taken.

The committee's wrists were fastened together with the wire, and Mr. Bishop, after blindfolding himself and pulling the black cap over his head, dashed out of the theater and down Broadway as straight as a die. He hesitated an instant at the Twenty-ninth street corner, and then went through the ladies' entrance of the hotel like a shot and bounded over the desk's counter. The committee had had to follow his lead. Mr. Bishop still blindfolded, thrust his hands into letter box 553 and took out the envelope containing the ring.

On a challenge from Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Bishop afterward, in two trials lasting twenty-five minutes, wrote out correctly the eight figures, 40223334, with Broker Henriques, Prof. Timmermans, and Mr. Klegay acting as a committee to see that he did it without collusion. He got six of the figures right on the first trial.

By the terms of the challenge the bank note went to the Actors' Fund, together with one that Mr. Bishop added from his own pocket. Quite as noticeable as anything on the stage was the fact that five ladies sat in the parquet without their bonnets.

Manifestations at a Private Circle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I will give a brief history of what is weekly transpiring at a small private circle in this city, where I am permitted to attend. Dr. Schermerhorn, a graduate of the medical department of our State University, is the medium, and a very remarkable one. His grandfather, an old settler, died in this city last week at the age of 83. He died Thursday morning, Feb. 17th, and that same evening at his bedside, the doctor's mother, I think it was, spoke audibly and told the doctor she had seen his grandfather. On being asked where he was, the cry came so loud that all in the circle could hear: "He has not left his home." He died of apoplexy. At this sitting my son Wendell, who died in this city of consumption in July, 1884, came and patted my head. He then opened and shut the door near me, and then caught me by one shoulder and shook me to let me know he was growing stronger. When I asked him if we should have a circle at home, he laughed so loud that "all could hear, and said, 'Yes.'"

"My brother Charles, who was killed in Boston at the Lowell depot, last July, by being struck by a backing engine, comes to me at every seance. The evening I asked him if he knew of a very important event which was soon to transpire in his family, which he had left behind. 'I knew it before you did,' came in a voice so loud as to elicit comment from the members present. I asked him if he had seen his sister Laura lately. 'I live with her,' came quickly in response.

He came to me that night stroked my hair and caressed her father tenderly. My brother told me he was studying this subject. He had been publishing and purchasing agent for the American Board of Foreign Missions for 20 years, and also deacon of the Shawmut Avenue Church, for that length of time. Rev. Dr. Bacon, its pastor, in an article in the September issue of the JOURNAL, said: 'I have seen him,' says of him: 'He came into relations, not only with business men all kinds of business at home, but with nearly every country and people.' He was strongly opposed to the Spiritual philosophy. He said to me lately in an independent voice, 'I find it true.' I believe that when an opportunity offers, that he will do good service in the Spiritual cause.

At the same time that my friends were talking to me, the spirit friends of Mrs. Schermerhorn were talking with them, in loosest of a kind, I could distinctly hear them. The doctor is controlled by a physician who died a few years ago. He examines diseases, and will probably greatly assist him in treating difficult cases. There were only five in this circle; no money is paid and no object for deception. Grand Rapids, Mich. WARREN HUTCHINS.

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New York Spiritual Conference.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Grand Opera House has lately derived a rechristening as the Uproar House. This afternoon (Feb. 27th) the meeting was opened with speculations on re-baptism or pre-existence. Prof. Carpenter, strong in body, voice and will, preferred facts, and narrated two very impressive and convincing examples of spirit identity.

Judge Dailey ably supported the scientific methods of investigation. Mr. W. R. Tice indignantly repelled Judge Cross's reflective letter in the Banner of Light, and offered one thousand dollars to Mrs. Wells, if she will use a cabinet of certain construction, and produce a genuine spirit form or form, before a committee of four, two Spiritualists, himself and another, they to select fifth in case of success. (The money is to Mrs. Wells; if a failure to some deserving charity; the offer to remain open, with the chairman, until April 6th. (Applause.)

A resolution was offered thanking Mr. Tice, in the name of all honest mediums and Spiritualists, for his valuable services in detection of fraud. Adopted by a large rising vote. Chairman for next month, J. F. Solips. J. F. S.

She Prayed It.

An acquaintance told me of a church trial he attended when a boy, which furnishes an excellent illustration of woman's wit.

A member of the church had been accused of immorality. One of the sisters was in possession of facts which proved his guilt, but when she was called upon for her testimony the guilty man's lawyer objected on the ground that the church was to be women to speak. The point was sustained by the chairman, and the erring brother looked triumphant. The good sister arose.

"Do the rules of this church forbid women to pray?" She inquired meekly.

"Certainly not," was the chairman's answer. "Very well then was the response; 'brothers and sisters, let us pray.' The meeting then adjourned in prayer her testimony was conclusively and fervently that the man's sin was clearly shown, and the council rendered judgment accordingly.—Ida Huston Cole.

A Vote of Thanks to W. R. Tice.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At a regular meeting of the New York Spiritual Conference, held in the Grand Opera House Hall, Sunday, Feb. 27th, 1887, the following resolution was passed "by a large majority."

WHEREAS, Mr. William R. Tice, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has earned the gratitude of all true mediums, and of the friends of modern Spiritualism generally, by the brave and efficient manner in which he has exposed the tricks of pretended mediums; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the New York Spiritual Conference, tender him a vote of thanks in token of our appreciation of his services.
P. E. FARNSWORTH, Sec'y.

Margaret L. Wood writes: I once thought you were too severe on the frailties and imperfections of certain mediums. You are not. I know a gentleman who had a private sitting with a public medium whose control made her use language which no lady ought to utter even in the presence of her own sex. Such mediums are a curse to the cause. Why do they have such controls? Simply because their own depraved, mercenary minds attract them. To the pure all things are pure and pure, cultivate the gifts of the spirit, and desire the help of the pure and good influences of the higher spheres. Spiritualism would soon become the harbinger of the new heaven and new earth.

W. N. Davidson writes: The JOURNAL continues to improve with age. I deem it the most powerful of existing agents in counteracting the effects wrought by the swarms of adventurers pretending to be mediums, and by mediumistic persons who simulate powers not in their possession. As earnest Spiritualists, I can only regret that the JOURNAL in the general course of the paper for any change would necessarily be in a wrong direction.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up.

We learn

Only Thirteen Years Left.
The Rev. Dr. Baxter's Prophecy of the Coming Millennium.

Only thirteen years is the limited time which the wicked persons of this generation are given to enjoy the fruits of this earth by the Rev. Michael Baxter, editor of the London Christian Herald.

Yestoday he "preached" at Middle Union, and about 200 people gathered there to hear him. The ordinary pictorial decorations of the stage were hung high, colored and awful representations of the horrors that are so soon to make things unpleasant on this earth.

Mr. Baxter's prophecies of what will happen during the thirteen years left were unpleasant. Daniel, he said, had prophesied that at the beginning of the millennium there should be only ten kingdoms in Europe. Now there are twenty-three.

Within two years France would extend its possessions to the Rhine. All other European kingdoms would engage in war. England would lose Ireland and all her colonies. Then the natives would rise up and massacre every foreigner who remained. Ireland would at last be free to enjoy her freedom for only a few short years.

A Kangaroo's Love.

When the congress of kangaroos at the Ninth and Arch Museum were recently shipped from Australia to this city by way of Liverpool, they were separated in the latter city, part of them being placed on the Assyrian Monarch and the rest on the Persian Monarch, not being enough room on either ship for the fifteen cages.

Hersford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. J. L. Pratt, Greenfield, Ill., says: "It is all that it claims to be—invaluable as a tonic in any case where an acid tone is indicated."

Cataract, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes.

A course of public lectures is being delivered under the auspices of the Church Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Deaf, in the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune For You.

All is now; capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Wherever you live you should at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, earning there by from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily, from the first start. Some have made over \$50 in a day. The best chance ever known by working people. Now is the time—delay not.

The English Catholic directory states that there are now 2,200,000 Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland. The Catholic population of Scotland alone is 350,000, there being 220,000 Catholics in the archdiocese of Glasgow. The Catholic population of England is over 1,500,000. The Catholic population of the British empire is more than 10,000,000. The total number of Roman Catholic bishops in the world is 1,187.

If success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat troubles. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

Scrofulous

Humors are caused by a vitiated condition of the blood which carries disease to every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and invigorates the blood, and eradicates all traces of the scrofulous taint from the system.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alternative, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded.

For years my daughter was troubled with Scrofulous Humors, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. She took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was

Cured

Since then, whenever she feels debilitated, she resorts to this medicine, and always with most satisfactory results.—Geo. W. Fullerton, 32 W. Third St., Lowell, Mass.

I was very much afflicted, about a year ago, with Scrofulous Sores on my face and body. I tried several remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since using this medicine the sores have all disappeared, and I feel, to-day, like a new man. I am thoroughly restored to health and strength.—Taylor James, Versailles, Ind.

The many remarkable cures which have been effected by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sarsaparilla, furnish convincing evidence of its wonderful medicinal powers.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Affections

Of the Eyes, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, indicate the presence of Scrofula in the system, and suggest the use of a powerful blood purifier. For this purpose Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always proved itself unequalled.

I was always afflicted with a Scrofulous Humor, and have been a great sufferer. Lately my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have relieved my lungs, and improved my health generally.—Lucia Case, 360 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

I was severely troubled, for a number of years, with affection of the Stomach, and with Weak and Sore Eyes—the result of inherited Scrofula.

By Taking

a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla my eyes and stomach have ceased to trouble me, and my health has been restored.—E. C. Richmond, East Saugus, Mass.

Three years ago I was greatly troubled with my Liver and Kidneys, and with severe pains in my back. Until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla I obtained no relief. This medicine has helped me wonderfully. I attribute my improvement entirely to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and gratefully recommend it to all who are troubled as I have been.—Mrs. Celia Nichols, 8 Albion St., Boston, Mass.

The healing, purifying, and vitalizing effects obtained by using Ayer's Sar-

aparilla

are speedy and permanent. It is the most economical blood purifier in the world.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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We have made arrangements with one of the largest importers of Violins in the United States, who have an immense stock they must turn into cash. They have allowed us to offer them at an extraordinary price, and we mention no names in the transaction. We wish to dispose of the entire stock as soon as possible, and offer you

A COMPLETE OUTFIT (such as is usually sold for \$12.00)

FOR \$3.

The outfit consists of one Italian

VIOLIN (in box), BOW & TEACHER.

This TEACHER is a level in itself, containing many beautiful

music and teaches one to play with great ease and rapidity.

This is a bona fide bargain, and we mean business. Prices given here have no equal in the city.

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has its source in the Poppy, but the beautiful flower here shown is not to be feared. The seed can be had post-paid together with our 1887 Catalogue, 14 pages, all on receipt of 10 Cts.

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INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.

is a revised and enlarged edition of the book entitled "The Mother and Her Child," by Mrs. P. H. Shaw, M. D., of the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia. It contains the most

Life in the Spirit-World and the Preparation for it.

BY THOMAS HARDING.

Whatever that is which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts; it is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must necessarily be eternal.—Cicero.

The tidal wave of deeper souls into our midst being rolls.

London.

The glory of the celestial is one.

The glory of the terrestrial is another.—Paul.

Until the mind is fitted to receive the absolute it must be content with the relative, and tropes, figures, allegories and objects must be the mediums through which we become enlightened on questions outside the range of our intellectual capacity; thus, for instance, the school teacher asks her little pupil, "How many are 3 and 2?" He cannot answer; the teacher says, "If you had 3 sticks of candy and I gave you 2 more, how many would you then have?" He will at once answer "5." Now, however highly intellectual we may be, we may be but children spiritually. The glory of intellectuality is one; the glory of spirituality is another, and that which is hidden from view must be simplified by illustration in the field of the perceptible, before we can form any estimate of what it is like.

Sometimes our materialistic friends find fault because allegories are resorted to, to illustrate and teach spiritual truth; but the spiritual teacher is dealing with a question which cannot be comprehended on the face. Individual soul experiences, and soul-conditions and sensations, cannot be perfectly imparted or transferred to another's understanding; those who are cognizant of them (in order to approximate them, and bring them partially within another's comprehension) must illustrate by figures taken from the circle of his present knowledge. Language under any circumstances, is a very imperfect science; it does not always correctly convey thought even on matters of every-day life and experience; and many have been the quarrels, national and individual, in consequence of misunderstandings which have grown out of the imperfection of language. On spiritual questions the material scientist is too "exact"; he cannot treat true spiritual or moral subjects as he would physical objects which can be weighed and measured by material agent and appliances. Further, if we convey our idea through the medium of words, the end of language is attained, whether our style be elegant or inelegant. In matters which relate to the highest welfare of mankind our aim should be to be plain and practical: Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody are secondary considerations, and whatever the cavalier may say to the contrary, a phrase whose meaning is universally understood is the most useful where perspicuity is of the highest importance. Let me illustrate; a house keeper enquires of her assistant, "Biddy, is the kettle boiling?" Now, if Biddy happened to be an "exact scientist," she might reply, "No, Madame, the kettle is not boiling, but the water in the kettle is." Biddy in such a case would be discharged on the spot for impertinence, and justly, because she perfectly understood what was intended by the terms employed. In this manner the "exact scientist" may be too "exact" and defeat his purpose.

With a view to the elucidation of my method, it may be well to remark that (in my own mind) I reduce Spiritualism to three distinct provinces, and speak of it, impliedly under the following headings, which, as far as my present knowledge and aspect of the question reach, cover the entire field of Spiritualism, whether ancient or modern, religious or scientific, sensational or philosophical, physical or mental.

The first includes all phenomena which come within the range of our outward senses, and reaches all the way from the simple rap to the full-form materialization. All these I place under the head of "Spiritualism common," or what is commonly called "Spiritualism." Every occurrence of this kind may be successfully explained and the circumstances detailed by or through oral or written language. If, for instance, we behold a spirit, we can describe her or him; we can give a full and lucid detail of all the circumstances under which the phenomenon occurred (as far as they have come within the range of physical sense). We can satisfactorily explain where, when and within what environment we saw, heard or felt. All this comes within the range of direct language to explain, as perfectly as language can explain any ordinary occurrence. This is what is commonly called "Spiritualism"; it is a sort of border-land between the two positive and absolute conditions, or the actual physical life and the actual soul life. But these phenomena compose but the vestibule of the temple; they are but the preface to the work to which they are introductory; but the guide-board pointing out the road we are to travel, or the finger beckoning us onward and forward.

The second department is that of inspiration, including all mental experiences of a more than ordinary character, and which are occasioned by external influences, whether proceeding from individual spirits, or undefined laws, principles or things, including all occult and mysterious agencies. These I may designate as "Spiritualism Mental, or Intermediate;" and although they may not be fully capable of elucidation by language, yet we may approximate them by making comparisons between them and other mental experiences, and thus bring them in a measure within range of another's intellectual capacity through the medium of words. Suppose for example, we directly communicate with a present visible spirit and that, for the time, we are divested of corporeal dullness to the degree that (without asking any questions) we can unmistakably perceive the mental condition of the spirit present, and converse by mental impression,—understand his character and, in fact, know him as clearly as one unembodied spirit knows another; that is to say, comprehend him as he comprehends himself; it will be at once seen how difficult it would be to describe the situation, sensations and experiences which occur at such a time. Indeed, such an experience cannot be conveyed by language, gesture, facial expression or any external agency; to another party who has never had a similar experience. If we attempt to approach it at all with any hope of even partially imparting the knowledge, we can only do so by drawing an imperfect parallel or verbal figure of something with which the other party is familiar and saying, "It is something like that." All these mental enlightenments, (what occur outside our own normal condition or those which arise from study and calculation), I place under the general head of "Spiritualism Mental," which as I have said, is intermediate between the physical and the spiritual proper.

But, thirdly, there is a class of experiences and developments still higher and more important, because immediately connected

with the spirit-sphere to which we belong, and elevated above and beyond all those which are in any way blended with the physical (for although we may be yet encased in a material body—like a jewel in a casket, we may be as distinct from our encasement as the jewel is from the casket). This is a refinement and elevation of spirit, so to speak, which is accomplished through the cleansing and refining process of intense mental experiences and various tribulations of soul. All processes occurring in this department and all the soul growth and refinement pertaining thereto I designate, "Spiritualism Proper," because they have a direct relation to the Spirit-world proper, so called, being unmixed, so to speak, with the physical. It is a condition of perfection in degree. All such experiences, seemingly isolated, cause what is called growth of soul toward that condition where, in it becomes associated and blended with, as well as under the direct protection of, the true spirit, universal and supreme.

In the former provinces (one and two) of Spiritualism, the individual was palpably associated with others, and the subject's knowledge depended upon such palpable association; but in this the spirit within is the actor; and all knowledge of spiritual things and the spirit's independence of the external are facts, which well up from the depths of the soul. This association with the divine is not a society matter, but an individual matter; companionship or even familiarity with the thoughts of the best thinkers, or even a knowledge of the general bearings of profound spiritual questions, do not assist; it is purely a condition reached through personal exercises; it is "the spirit which quickeneth," and, as far as perceptible, all exercises and experiences in this division of Spiritualism arise from within ourselves.

The other branches may be indefinitely subdivided, but they are all inferior, and tributary to this, the comparatively supreme condition of the human soul, in which it is superior to, and independent of, ordinary earth life circumstances and even intermediate association. Now, if Spiritualism in the secondary division mentioned is incapable of elucidation, how infinitely more so are these exercises and the so-called sacred books of the world, which (in pointed sentences and profound illustrations have endeavored to convey them) are, as might be expected, the subjects of levity to parties who are ignorant. In this department of experimental knowledge, the moral status of an individual who has attained to that high condition, which I am endeavoring to portray is, perhaps, best illustrated by the figure of a man walking on the sea; the vast depth of waters and the waves which would engulf other men are under his feet.

These three divisions which, for convenience, I make of the great subject, answer well to the three characteristic divisions of human life. (1) The infant lives in peace in the Eden of a mother's love, but soon the suggestions of personal ambition are listened to; (2) he is driven forth from the abode of infant bliss, by the restless spirit within him, and he wanders through the mazes of selfish desire, until at length finding that "All is but vanity and vexation of spirit," (3) he returns in his old age to conscious dependence, not upon a sainted mother only, but upon the universal spirit of unity and contentment. It is thus that the lessons of earth life are learned and made profitable, until at length we become fitted for the invitation, "Come up higher," and we shall "go out no more forever."

I am conscious of the many great difficulties which environ the entire subject, including the understanding of the immediate source and ultimate bearings on our lives of spiritual exercises; and also of the almost insurmountable obstacles which intrude when we try to impart a sublime idea or detail a profound experience to another; and without aid from their source I should despair of success; but that wisdom and power which calls them forth and applies them to the completion of our characters, I have good reason to believe will not desert me in the hour of need, nor fail to awaken a correct understanding of the terms I may employ in those who read. In this faithful mood writing, reading and understanding become comparatively easy.

The subject with which we are dealing is all-important; the possibilities of great good or great evil to the world through Spiritualism are immense, and small considerations should not be permitted to intrude. In the hour of public danger we care little for red tape, and when the tornado is desolating our homes, our thoughts are not upon our geraniums. The present world is hungering and thirsting for the truth about the future; it craves little for poetic figures, but it calls for substantial information; the hungry man needs good bread more than strawberries and cream; let none of us try to cheat him with sugar plums at a high price, but give him good bread, pay or no pay! That man, woman or spirit, who has been prepared for the work, and desires to confer a substantial good upon others, reflects the light of heaven and drinks in the inspiration of his "God." However likely such a one differs from the modern lady author who, in the plenitude of her good nature, condescends to give instruction to those better posted than herself.

But we have all a great deal to learn, and sometimes those who think they "know it all" are the most in need of instruction. The materialist says, "Of what value to me is the knowledge of the future? If it exists, it exists for me as well as for you; if it does I shall be so much ahead, and just as well off there as you who have been bothering your heads about it. Let me enjoy myself here; the future will take care of itself." But let me ask him: "Is the penniless stranger cast ashore on a strange land, likely to fare as well there as the thoughtful emigrant who lands amidst his acquaintances, who speaks the country's language, possesses a good outfit suitable to the climate and a purse of the current coin?" Nay! Let us while we can lay in a stock of knowledge which will stand our need when the hour of transition comes, for (all things considered) "death" is a serious change and demands a serious preparation.

Sturgis, Mich.

"The Kingdom Within."

Many years ago, in a sermon preached in the then Warren St. Church, on occasion of the General Convention, the preacher, noted for use of uncanonical words, flashed upon his hearers some such phrase as "the subjectivity of the kingdom of heaven." We are not sure that we give the exact words; we certainly give the equivalents; and we are infallibly touching the word "subjectivity." At this date usage has made the word somewhat familiar. Its occurrence in the course of a sermon would be strongly suggestive of pedantry, but it would not startle as being particularly odd. On the occasion to which we refer we know that with many the word occasioned some disgust; we infer that it was unsavory to all. Then very few knew what

the preacher meant by it. It was a boulder needlessly dropped into a stream, not helping but arresting the flow. It is always a sign that good sense is lacking when a preacher, or lecturer, or writer obtrudes a word the meaning of which he is certain will not be at all apparent to the persons to whom the technicality is addressed. The first Ballou never used, Spurgeon and Beecher never use, a term certain to puzzle the hearer—certain to retard, it may be to thwart the practical end for which the sermon should always be given.

But some equivalent for this subjectivity has always been a need in popular Christian instruction. It happens to say in one word, what Christ and the Apostles, in all their utterances simple and practical, habitually say in phrases. "The Kingdom of God is within you," is precisely what the preacher referred to meant. "Is within you," is a phrase; "subjectivity" is a word. When without the manner of oddity—always and justly offensive—we can convey a thought by a word rather than a phrase, the law of economy dictates what should be our selection. To translate the beautiful passage, "For behold the Kingdom of God is within you," into "Behold the Kingdom of God is subjective," would be an example of the adage, "It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." But in the discussion of eternal themes, every age needs a special phraseology. It would be a point gained in the work of sound doctrine, in that of emancipating souls from antique error, if a modern word exactly and inclusively expressive of the vital truth, can be made familiar. Those who have put into speculative and theological literature the words "subjective" and "objective" have had this wise end in view. When without circumlocution, without description, without the cumbersome of even a phrase, a practical truth can be expressed by a single word, an important result has been gained. "Vicariousness" in theology is intrinsically just as objectionable as the word subjectivity; but centuries have made the one familiar, and hence popular, while in the lack of general use the other is pedantic and often repulsive.

If, however, we were under contract to put the distinctive and distinguishing quality of the New Testament gospel in a word exactly filling the measure—saying everything and omitting nothing—we doubt if the Unbridged can furnish a better one than the word which moved the derision of a large auditory about thirty years ago. If we are right in our apprehension of the subject, the root and substance of what is erroneous in Calvinistic Orthodoxy is in making heaven and hell "objective." Is there occasion for the translation, which however in the multiplication of words is cumbersome and relatively weak: "In its making heaven and hell places where people go, in which the happiness or woe comes not from themselves so much as from the things which surround them and act upon them?" The "devil," the "fire and brimstone," the "wrath of God" flashing upon wicked souls—these are not in and of the soul; they are external to it; they approach it from without; they are in substance apart from it. Of course the pain is in the soul, but in the old theology its cause is not "within it"—the cause is without—it is "objective."

For many decades Universalists and Unitarians have concentrated upon the point, as interpretative of all other points, that not alone the soul's woes or bliss, but also the immediate and efficient causes thereof, are in the wicked or the righteous soul: in the word that once moved derision, which is hard to make popular, but for which it is difficult to find a substitute—are subjective. We have named the Calvinistic Orthodoxy. We do this to distinguish it from the New. The central principle of the New is its discovery at the eleventh hour of the subjectivity of heaven and hell—a truth now commonplace in the Universalist and Unitarian thought.—Christian Leader.

The Shadows on the Wall.

While on my way west from Chicago a few weeks ago, I made the acquaintance of a very pleasant old gentleman, whose conversation sparkled with brilliant sallies of wit, and who seemed far younger in spirit than any youth upon the train.

As the day closed drearily in, with fitful bursts of rain, the conversation began to drag, and at last our little party lapsed into silence.

The brakeman came in, lit the lamps, and I took a newspaper from my valise to pass the time.

"Bosh!" I said, throwing it down, after reading a few minutes.

"What's bosh?" inquired the cheery old gentleman, lighting his pipe and settling himself back comfortably in his seat.

"O, simply a fool ghost story I was reading. I don't see why papers print such fal-

"Don't believe in ghosts, eh?"

"I certainly don't—do you?"

"N-o-o. That is to say, I don't know. I'm no Spiritualist, yet."

He came to a pause, patted the ashes in his pipe to prevent them from running over, looked out of the car-window at the dull, lowering sky—at the vast vague sweep of the prairie—at the little farm sheds rushing past our vision—at the whole dim, uncertain picture over which a black, tempestuous night was rolling in.

"It's this way," continued the old gentleman, after a few puffs at his pipe. "It's this way with me. I always believed that the mysterious happenings of which we so frequently hear were mere optical illusions, or freaks of fancy, or fragments of a fevered brain—always believed this way until the summer of 1883, when I was suddenly and strangely led to question the infallibility of my conclusions in the premises. Since then I have been all at sea, and I really don't know what I believe, as far as the supernatural is concerned."

"See a ghost?"

"No—not precisely a ghost. I'll tell you how it was."

He hesitated.

"It always makes me feel queer when I allude to it—feel as though I had left some duty undone in connection with it—as though I ought to have seen that the law avenged the."

But let me tell the story from the beginning. It's brief.

"I resided in Southern Ohio in 1883, and my business frequently called me to the pleasant little town of Batavia, not far from Cincinnati."

"One afternoon I was sitting in my room at the hotel in that place when I received a note from a friend living three or four miles in the country, inviting me to call and see him. I ordered out my horse and buggy at once, and started for his house. It was a large rambling residence, built at different periods, old-fashioned, the most of it, but handsome withal, and surrounded by a beautiful sweep of grassy grounds, and shaded by splendid oaks."

"My host met me on the veranda, and ushered me into the library where we proceeded to discuss the business to which he had referred in his message. It was nearly night when I was ready to start home, and the wild, torn, skurrying clouds, the sharp flashes of lightning and the low, fierce mutterings of thunder told that we were on the verge of a storm."

"My host prevailed upon me to stay until morning."

"At 11 o'clock he showed me up to my room—a bright, artistic apartment, with handsome furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac and flowers. A ruddy fire danced and sparkled and crackled on the hearth, and everything was comfort incarnate."

"The wall was unpapered, and the side of the room—furthest from the bed was unbroken by door or window. I was indisposed to sleep, and lay facing the bare, blank wall, and watching the play of the fire-light upon its snowy surface."

"Suddenly I saw a sight that made the blood turn cold in my very heart—I saw the shadow of a man upon the wall!"

"From where I was reclining I could see the fire burning brightly on the hearth, a few feet beyond the foot of my bed—could see that nobody was standing between its light and the wall upon which the phantom figure was distinctly defined."

"I started up and leaned upon my elbow—every nerve tingling with excitement."

"Were you afraid?" I inquired.

"Well no. It wasn't exactly what you'd call fear, but I had a feeling as if there were somebody in the room besides myself, and that sort of unnerved me, you know. As I was saying however, I started up in bed, and as I did so, the shadow of a woman appeared upon the wall and confronted the man. She lifted her hands, clasping them in the attitude of prayer. Her body swayed to and fro, and finally she hid her face in her palms. The man, meanwhile, had been standing straight and motionless, with his arms folded on his breast."

"The woman lifted her head."

"Her companion walked off a few feet, returned and resumed his former position."

"The fire flashed up more brightly than before—the shadows became darker, more distinct."

"The woman letting one arm drop raised the other in a defiant manner, and then turned away, as if to leave."

"Quick as thought her companion drew a revolver, and—"

"Well, I felt like crying out for help. 'He will kill her,' I thought to myself. The whole thing seems real—seemed as though the shadows on the wall had suddenly transformed themselves to real, live beings of flesh and blood."

"The man drew a revolver, as I said—the woman fell—the vision vanished."

"Is that all?"

"No, not quite all. A husband had murdered his wife in that very room, as I heard for the first time on the following day. You may say what you please of the supernatural, but you can never convince me that those shadows on the wall can be explained by any known or unknown law of nature."

"The old gentleman put up his pipe, turned a seat over and spread himself out for a nap, leaving me to discuss his story with my traveling companions and digest it as best I could.—Will Hubbard-Kernan in the Chicago Journal."

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A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold, for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal benefits.

GREEN H. BAUM,
U. S. Com'r Internal Rev.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1884.

Dear Sir—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters. His is a wonderful case. He is known in Rochester, N. Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York; in fact all over the country, as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his card would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your bitters.

J. A. W.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years ago our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by Hop Bitters, that we had pooled at two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters.—The Parents—Good Templars."

Milton, Del., Feb. 10, 1885.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters.

Respectfully,
REV. MRS. J. H. KELLOGG.

Schroton, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1884.

I am the pastor of the Baptist church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefited and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommended them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. H. WARREN.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insalable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady; and he has remained a steady and sober man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it.—From a leading N. Y. Official, Chicago, Ill."



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PROSPECTUS.

THE OPEN COURT:

Radical Liberal Journal,

Published in Chicago by The Open Court Publishing Co.

F. UNDERWOOD (formerly Editor of The Index), and

SARA A. UNDERWOOD, Editors.

THE OPEN COURT, continuing the work of The Index, in presenting religious thought upon a rational, scientific basis, will encourage freedom of thought, untrammelled by the authority of any alleged revelation or traditional belief; afford an opportunity in its columns for the independent discussion, by able thinkers, of all those great, vital, religious, social and philosophical problems the solution of which is now demanded by the practical needs of the hour with an urgency hitherto unknown; treat all such questions according to the scientific method, and in the light of the latest knowledge and the best thought of the day; will advocate the complete secularization of the State, entire freedom of religion and expression of opinion; will help to hasten the abolition of slavery, racial prejudice, religious intolerance, and humanitarianism for reformers; will emphasize the supreme importance of practical morality in all the relations of life, and of making the well-being of the individual, and of society, the aim of all earnest thinking and reformatory effort.

While the critical work which is still needed in this transitional period will not be neglected, the most prominent will be given to the great issues of the present, and to the side of radical liberal thought. Subjects of practical interest will have preference over questions of pure speculation, although the latter, with their fascinations, will not be wholly ignored.

This Open Court, while giving a fair hearing to representatives of the various schools and phases of thought, will be thoroughly independent editorially, asserting its own convictions with frankness and vigor, and will endeavor to keep the banner of truth and reason waving above the distractions, party contentions, theological controversies and social and political issues of the hour, to subvert all opinions to the crucial test of reason, and to recall men from their aberrations to the broadest and best sense, and to merit the patronage of that large class of intelligent thinkers whose the cause of the churches and the mere authority of names can no longer satisfy.

Among the writers already engaged to contribute to the columns of THE OPEN COURT are those here given:

James Payson,	Montrose D. Conway,
Geo. Jacob Holbrook,	Wm. H. Salter,
Prof. May Houghton,	John C. Chadwick,

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
DEVOTED TO
ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLII.

CHICAGO, MARCH 19, 1887.

No. 4

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Late Magazines for March Received. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.—Natural Law in the Spiritual World. State Legislation Against Mediumship. The Wells Exposure. Senator Castle for Lieutenant Governor.

FIFTH PAGE.—General Items. Reception to the Editor in Brooklyn, N. Y. Southwestern Michigan Spiritualists. The New Theology. Chicago Societies. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.—The Death of Part. The Statement of the Bible Criticized. Letter from Gen. E. F. Bullard. Gems of Thought in the Journal. Uncle Abe Sees a Ghost. A Sinking Ship. The Death of Beecher. How the Blind Dream. Have Animals Souls? A Spirit Returns to a Minister's Family. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

SEVENTH PAGE.—I Wish So Glad I Wish Here. Styles in Coffee. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—E. J. Faith Healing. The Watsons Wonder. Notes from New York. General News. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

DANGER AHEAD.

The Journal's Prediction that Laws Inimical to the Practice of Mediumship would be Proposed, is Verified.—Such a Bill now Before the Legislature of Pennsylvania.—Comments of a New Jersey Paper.—Reply by a Prominent Citizen and Former Legislator of Delaware.

A few days ago, at Burlington, New Jersey, an old man was stricken with paralysis, and is now in a dying condition. He is of good Quaker descent, and at one time was a man of far more than average intelligence, and a useful citizen. A few years ago he became interested in Spiritualism and spent his time and his money in "investigations." He became the dupe of so-called mediums in Philadelphia who robbed him of his money and his wife. He became an object of derision, and at last broke down in health and in spirits. He is only one of the many victims of the "mediums" who scour the country and prey upon the skeptical and the weak-minded; but still the ranks of the poor deluded mortals, who call up deceased relatives and friends in the dark and imagine that they see their faces, keep filled up. Some practical legislator in the Pennsylvania General Assembly, evidently with the Burlington man in his mind, has had a bill favorably reported upon by the Judiciary General Committee, which provides as follows:

If any person or persons in this State shall hold themselves out to any person or to the public or shall pretend that he, she or they is or are mediums by or through whom communications or messages are or can be received from the spirit of any deceased person or to or for any living person for hire or gain, and shall communicate, deliver, deliver or give or cause to be communicated, delivered or given any such pretended communication or message to or for any living person, he, she, or they shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and punishable by fine and imprisonment of not less than \$10 or more than \$100, and not less than fifteen days or more than two years.

This proposed act commends itself to the approval of all honest people. It is through the shrewd tricks and legerdemain of unscrupulous men and women that the force of "spiritual manifestations" is repeated day after day at the expense of the ignorant and gullible. The methods employed at spiritualistic seances have been exposed time and time again without entirely driving the sharpers out of the business. With such a law in force as the one quoted it is hardly likely that the Katie King swindle or any imitations will be allowed to exist again in Philadelphia.—*Morning News, Wilmington, Del., March 4.*

(Copy of letter addressed to the editor of "The Morning News," of Wilmington, Del.)

SIR.—I do not admire the tone of your editorial to-day (March 4th), introduced by reference to the "Old Man at Burlington." It might be construed as insulting to Spiritualists, who may now be considered a religious society counting millions, and who number amongst their adherents, as large a proportion of intelligent, cultured and scientific persons as any other society you can name; and who are as able to logically maintain their rights of conscience in the cultivation of their religious belief as any other.

We have known of the "Old Man" you speak of, for years, and have lamented his credulous weakness in allowing himself to be made the victim of fraudulent tricksters; of whom there are unfortunately too many in the ranks of every religious people.

Is it your object to insinuate, that more weak-minded persons are injured by the belief of Spiritualists than by those of other religious organizations? If so, allow me to assure you that statistics show the contrary. Not very many months ago the same insinuations having been put forth in a Western State, the statistics were procured from a number of asylums for the insane, and it was made clear by the compiler, that religious monomaniacs were fewer, in proportion to numbers, amongst Spiritualists than amongst the revivalist churches of orthodox creeds. Owing to the healthful rational belief of Spiritualists, it needs must be so.

You had, perhaps, therefore, better not be too free in flattering the "practical legislator of Pennsylvania," until you are sure there is not, behind the movement, some orthodox church influence, that deprecates the inroads this enlightened faith is making amongst the sticklers for iron-clad dogma. The better class of Spiritualists are striving to abate all fraudulent nuisances that take on their name; but still, if Pennsylvania prefers to pass a law against, and strictly confined to, fraudulent practices, all good citizens may approve. But let her beware of trampling upon the consciences of her people by daring to insinuate in her legislation that genuine mediums are not and cannot be received from the spirit spheres, and that they may not lawfully, and in a healthful manner, be entertained and enjoyed to the bettering of mankind.

The draft of the law which you say has been introduced, reads to me as double-faced, and liable to be abused.

That trustworthy communion has been held between the two conditions of life during the whole history of man upon this planet, and has been made the basis of religious thought throughout this whole historic time, I hold to be a demonstrated fact, and I see no difference, as far as the "lure of gain" goes, between the genuine medium receiving compensation for his or her time and strength, than for the preacher to receive his salary for promulgating and illustrating the spiritual revelations of former times, deduced from sources no more pure and reliable than those to be attained to at the present.

Did room permit, and would you publish, I could relate a historical incident, showing how it fared some years ago, with one of our sister States, who undertook by legislative enactment, to banish from her borders, the ministrations of the angel world through chosen mediums.

Pennsylvania had better, perhaps, confine herself to eradicating the far greater evils of intemperance, fraud, and political corruption of every kind now prevailing, than by any enactments carelessly made, to cramp the inflowings of a truth calculated to bless and to save. You find it in the 1st Epistle of John: "Beloved believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." Would you have the old Quaker commonwealth to legislate against this counsel? It is in history and can be proven that the royal specimen of American manhood, Abraham Lincoln, was while on earth a Spiritualist, and that he issued the Emancipation Proclamation, incited thereto and counselled therein by patriots in the higher life, through one of the genuine seers, belonging to that medium class which you indiscriminately affect to slander and despise. Alexander II. of Russia, is currently, and I presume authentically, reported, freed more than twenty millions of serfs by instruction of his father, Nicholas I., who appeared to him after death and so ordered. In 1861, this same Alexander II. wrote a letter of friendly sympathy with the United States in the early days of the great struggle. Who knows, or rather is it not probable, that this letter of sympathy, when sympathy was so much needed, was further fruit ripened from the kindly impulses ever flowing from the spirit spheres? Let all legislators beware what they do, lest they be found fighting against the law of the Infinite God. A SUBSCRIBER.

The Prophecy of Emma Hardinge at Montgomery, Alabama, Made in 1860.

(From the History of American Spiritualism.)

In passing through the capital city, Montgomery, a detention occurred of some hours. Mrs. Hardinge and some friends travelling in her company, were induced to while away the tedious time, by visiting the State House. The Legislature was not sitting that day, and one of the party (a Spiritualist) remarked that they were even then standing in the very chamber from which the recent obnoxious enactment against their faith had issued. The day was warm, soft and clear. The sweet southern breeze stirred a few solitary pines that waved on Capitol Hill, and the scene from the windows of the Legislative Hall was pleasant, tranquil, and suggestive of calm but sluggish peace.

At that period—January, 1860—not an ominous murmur, nor the faintest whisper ereb, that the war spirit was abroad, and the legions of death and ruin were lighting their brands and sharpening their swords to be drenched in the life blood of millions, had made itself heard in the land. The long cherished purpose of hate and fratricidal struggle were all shrouded in the depths of profound secrecy, and the whole Southern country might have been represented in the scene of stillness and tranquillity that lay outstretched before the eyes of the watchers, who stood in the State House of the capital city of Alabama, on that pleasant January afternoon. There were present six persons besides the author, namely: Mr. and Mrs. Adams, of Tloga County, Pa.; Mr.

Waters and her son; a Scotch lady and gentleman from Aberdeen; Mr. Halford of New York City, and Mr. James of Philadelphia. All but the mother and son from Scotland were acquainted with the author, and more or less sympathetic with her belief; all are now living and willing to testify to what follows.

Suddenly Mrs. Hardinge became entranced, when the whole scene lying outstretched before her eyes, appeared to become filled with long lines of glittering horse and foot soldiers, who in martial pomp and military discipline, filed, rank after rank, and regiment after regiment, through the streets of Montgomery, and then passed off into distance, and were lost to view.

Meantime the crash of military music seemed to thrill through the clairvoyant's ears, at first merely marking the tramp of the vast bodies of infantry with a joyous rhythm, but anon as it died off in their receding march, wild, agonizing shrieks mingled with its tones, and the thundering roll of the drums seemed to be muffled by deep, low, but heart-rending groans, as of human sufferers in their last mortal agony. At length all was still again, the last gleam of the muskets flashed in the sunlight and melted away in the dim horizon; the last echo of the strangely mingled music and agony ceased; and then, over the whole radiant landscape, there stole an advancing army of clouds, like a march of tall grey columns, reaching from earth to the skies, and filling the air with such a dense and hideous gloom, that the whole scene became swallowed up in the thick, serried folds of mist.

In the midst of these cloudy legions, the eye of the seer could discern innumerable forms, who seemed to shiver and bend, as if in the whirl of a hidden tempest, and flitted restlessly hither and thither, aimless, and hopeless, apparently driven by some invisible power from nothing to nowhere. And these mystic shadows, flitting about in the thick greyneess, were unbodied souls; not like visitants from the bright "summer land," nor yet beings resembling the dark, undeveloped "dwellers on the threshold," whom earthly crimes held bound near their former homes, but they seemed as if they were misty emanations of unripe human bodies, scarcely conscious of their state, yet living, actual individualities, once resident in mortal tenements, but torn from their sheltering envelope too soon, or too suddenly to have acquired the strength and consistency of a fresh existence; and yet the numbers of these restless phantoms were legion, and their multitude seemed to be ever increasing; when lo! this weird phantasmagoria, too, passed away, but not before the seeress had, with entranced lips described to the listeners every feature of the scene she had witnessed.

Then the influence seemed to deepen upon her, and she pronounced words which the young Scotchman, Mr. Waters, a phonographic writer, transcribed upon the spot to the following effect:

"Woe, woe to thee, Alabama! Fair land of rest, thy peace shall depart, thy glory be shorn, and the proud bigots, tyrants, and cowards, who have driven God's angels back from thy cities, even in this chamber, have sealed thy doom, and their own together."

"Woe to thee, Alabama! Ere five drear years have fled, thou shalt sit as a widow, desolate."

"The staff from thy husband's hand shall be broken, the crown plucked from his head, the sceptre rent from his grasp."

"Thy sons shall be slain, thy legislators mocked and bound with the chains thou hast fastened on others."

"The blind ones, who have proscribed the spirits of love and comfort from ministry in thy homes, shall be spirits themselves, and ere those five years be passed, more spirits than bodies shall wander in the streets of Alabama, homeless, restless, and unripe; torn from their earthly tenements, and unfit for their heavenly ones, until thy grass-grown streets and thy moss-covered dwellings, shall be the haunts of legions of unbodied souls, whom thy crimes shall have violently thrust into eternity."

When this involuntary prophecy of evil import was read by the young scribe to the disenthralled medium, her own horror and regret at its utterance, far exceeded that of any of her agnostic listeners, not one of whom, any more than herself, attached to it any other meaning than an impression produced by temporary excitement and the sphere of the earthly legislative chamber.

How deeply significant this fearful prophecy became during the ensuing five years, all who were witnesses to its utterance, and many others, to whom it was communicated in that same year, can bear witness.

Swept into the red gulf of all consuming war, many of the unhappy gentlemen who had legislated against "the spirits in Alabama," became, during the ensuing five years, spirits themselves, and have doubtless realized the inestimable privileges which the communion they so rashly denounced on earth was calculated to afford to the inhabitants of the spheres.

In other respects, the fatal prophecy has been too literally fulfilled.

Many a regiment of brave men have marched out of the city streets of Alabama, only to return as unbodied souls, and to behold the streets grass-grown and deserted, and the thresholds which their mortal feet might never again cross, overspread by the moss of corruption and decay.

Alabama has truly "sat as a widow, desolate."

late." Her strength has been shorn, her beauty gone. No State has sent forth a greater number of brave and devoted victims to the war than Alabama; no Southern State has suffered more fearfully. May God and kind angels lift the war curse from her widowed head!

The following extract from a letter, written by Mr. Adams, one of the witnesses of the above scene, to the author in 1861 from New York, during a temporary sojourn there, will carry its own comment on the fulfilment of the fatal prophecy:

"Now that my two boys are in daily danger of themselves becoming 'unbodied spirits,' Emma, I continually revert to that terrible prophecy of yours, uttered in the Assembly Chamber at Montgomery. Heaven knows I was then so little prepared to expect war, or any reasonable fulfilment of the doom, that I could only look to see some great pestilence, fire, or other sweeping calamity falling on poor Alabama."

"Last night, when I read in the *Herald* of the sweeping extermination that had visited those two fine Alabama regiments, I could not help going to Mrs. Adams' desk, where she keeps the copy that young Waters made us, of your prophecy, and reading it aloud to the whole company."

"Our friend J. B., who was present, insisted upon seeing the date, and when he saw that it was January, 1860, they were all fairly agast, and said, if ever there was genuine prophecy it was contained in that paper."

WHAT WAS IT?

BY FLORENCE ALLEN.

Not long ago while glancing over the morning paper I met an item which both surprised and disappointed me, and the substance of the item was this:

The Commission which was appointed some time since for the purpose of investigating the various phases and phenomena of that singular something which is known in these days as Spiritualism, and giving to the world an intelligent explanation, or, at least, an effort in that direction, was a failure.

The paper stated that "having been unable to learn anything of authentic manifestations in England," or words to that effect, "the Commission, had sailed for India to investigate the mysteries of that mystical land," as though, indeed, there were not mysteries enough around us everywhere which these learned gentlemen (who it seems to me think more of foreign travel than of the object in view), would confer a great favor on humanity at large by investigating and exploring—if explanation be possible.

To tell the truth I was personally interested in the labors of this same effective and earnest Commission, for I hoped they would, by their elucidations of kindred occurrences which might come under their notice, settle and clear away a certain mystery which has troubled my thoughts and puzzled me for years, and that mystery—a mystery still—I will share with whoever happens to read this article.

But before I proceed further, it will be necessary for me to explain myself a little in order that my story may receive the attention and consideration that it should. In the first place I will pledge myself to exaggerate and diminish nothing in my narration, and who ever reads this may be certain that it is simply and solely a recital of actual experiences and not a story written solely to interest and amuse the reader as so many stories of the kind are. I shall, indeed, use fictitious names, for obvious reasons, but that will be the extent of my deviations from the exact truth.

In the next place I wish it distinctly understood that I am not, and never was a Spiritualist. Neither am I either a weak, nervous or superstitious person. On the contrary I am more than usually strong-willed, and, as the phrase is, "strong minded." I am hard to impose upon, slow to commit myself in any way, and in no way cowardly or credulous. Up to the time my story opens I had experienced, as most of us have, more than one trifling "mystery" which remained a "mystery" only until I had time to investigate it thoroughly, but at last I met with one which remains a "mystery" still, although I stood in its shadow for nine months for the very purpose of unraveling it, and have since dwelt on it more than I would care to confess.

It is nearly eight years now since I went to housekeeping in the pleasant little Southern city where my early married life was spent. My husband had gone into business there directly after his marriage and we were both entire strangers in the place. Hotel life was unsatisfactory to both of us and as soon as possible my husband began searching for a suitable home, where we could build our nest to suit ourselves, and one day he came to the hotel radiant. He had found a pretty little cottage in the edge of the town, just at a convenient distance from his factory, which was vacant and represented by its owner, a wealthy physician of the place, to be all that was pleasant and desirable.

Straightway he took me up to see it, and I fell in love with it at once. There was a two-story kitchen, a large back garden around which was a solid eight feet fence, a pretty little flower-garden in front, a front and back porch with seats and a flight of six steps to the ground, five convenient airy and cheerful-looking rooms, and all for a rent which seemed merely nominal.

We decided at once to take it, and drove

around to the doctor's to secure it and then went back to the hotel to dinner jubilant.

For the next few days I was so busy buying furniture and getting ready to occupy my new home that I paid little attention to anything else, and so I went to my new abode unprejudiced and wholly ignorant of any cloud on my prospects. Had I been less self-absorbed and less a stranger there would have been plenty to have enlightened and warned me, but I went, as it was, as unconscious of possible evil as a baby.

I wondered a little, I remember, that I found so much difficulty, notwithstanding the good wages which we were willing to pay, in securing desirable servants, but thought this due to their disinclination to work for Northern people who, they say, are "too partier," but, at last, success crowned my efforts and I congratulated myself on the acquisition of a tall, handsome negress, with Caucasian features, the carriage of an empress and a manner which was dignity itself. She graciously condescended to serve me together with her young daughter, but she made one odd proviso: Like the majority of servants in the place she wished to sleep in her own home, and she moreover wished it distinctly understood that in no case would she remain with me after seven o'clock at night. "If you un's is late ter dinner," she said, "I'll clear up in de morning, but fo' de Lor' I isn't able to stay any later, Missy," and to this I readily agreed.

"I took only a short time to 'settle' as in our new home, and a prettier and cozier little place it would be hard to imagine. I had my piano and my sewing machine, and nothing to do but direct the simple machinery of my small household, and as my girl-life had been as gray and loveless as my married life was the contrary, I felt that I was the happiest little woman in the world, and was in no frame of mind to cherish gloomy fancies or morbid impressions.

I noticed even at the first, however, how oddly the passers in the street looked at me as I sat at my window or busied myself about the door, but decided it was because I was a new comer and a "Yankee," and put it out of my mind. My Esther and her daughter Alice proved to be treasures in their way, and three or four days passed in blissful peace and happiness, but one morning something strange happened.

Although it was in the early fall the night had been warm and breathless and I waked just as the dawn was breaking, as thirsty as a traveler in the Sahara, and my husband, finding that there was no potable water in the house, took the can from the hall, and went to the street pump which was just opposite our house, while I lay wide-awake waiting his return.

Our night lamp was burning dimly and a gray light was just touching our curtains. Every object in the room was distinctly visible and I was as free from nerves and notions as any one could be when suddenly, right at the foot of the bed, across the boards, came a sound which I knew well, as I had been Southern bred almost from infancy, though Northern born, and that was the sound of a negro whip, brought down upon the floor with a force which made it sound almost like an explosion.

I was too much surprised to be frightened, and springing up without a moment's hesitation leaned over the foot-board to see what had caused the noise. There was nothing whatever to be seen. The night lamp burned steadily and every inch of the floor was visible, and there was absolutely nothing there. I laid back on the pillow again, wondering a little nervously about the odd occurrence and feeling glad that I could hear my husband's returning footsteps, when just as he opened the front door the noise came again, so loudly that he heard it and came rushing in alarmed, thinking that the ceiling had fallen. Together we hunted over the room from one end to the other, then went upstairs and peered into every nook and corner searching for some explanation of the affair. There was none to be found. Everything was quiet and orderly, nothing was broken or disturbed in any way and we went back to our own room thoroughly mystified.

"There must be some natural explanation," said my husband stoutly—he is a clear-headed Scotchman who prides himself deservedly on his general ability to "see through things," but the "natural explanation" did not readily present itself, and we concluded to say nothing about the affair to any one.

The next day passed quietly. I had some pleasant callers and thought very little about my fright of the morning, but that night at dinner another odd thing occurred. I was very fond of cheese and my husband, in fact, took the largest piece on the plate and laid it beside mine. I looked up to expostulate laughingly, and then looked down again. The cheese was gone! No one was in the room save we two, and before our very eyes that large piece of cheese had vanished! We were, at first, incredulous, then, as our close search over table cloths and carpets proved vain, we were obliged to be convinced—it had vanished completely and instantly, but how we neither of us knew.

Of course this was too absurd a thing to be frightened at, but still it was not exactly a comfortable thing to happen. That evening, however, as we sat before the pleasant fire in our sitting-room something really startling occurred, for, from the dining-room, clearly and distinctly came across the hall the sound of my sewing-machine running at full speed. We were alone in the house, the outer doors both locked, and yet some one was in the dining-room in the dark sewing at a railroad rate of speed. There was no one there

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

THE DEBATE ON SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The debate on Spiritualism at Billings, Mo., between J. Clegg Wright and Elder Ackers, of the Christian Church of that place, came off on February 22nd, 23rd and 24th. Great interest was taken in the event, many persons coming long distances to attend. Dr. Bailey, of Golden City, was present and manifested great interest. He is a good medium. Mr. Wright, on Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock, delivered a lecture on the science of spiritual phenomena. The hall was filled, and Elder Ackers sat upon the platform. The lecturer exhibited ability and a fine mastery of the facts and laws of mediumship, which drew from Elder Ackers the remark that he had to meet the best man the Spiritualists had to put upon the debating platform in America. The debate occupied four sessions, of two hours each, thus distributed: Tuesday evening, from 7 to 9 o'clock; Wednesday morning, from 10 to 12 o'clock; evening, from 7 to 9 o'clock, and Thursday morning, from 10 to 12 o'clock. Dr. Appleby, of Billings, acted as Mr. Ackers' moderator, and Dr. Hovey, of Springfield, in the same capacity for Mr. Wright. Prof. McHenry filled the position of umpire. The hall was crowded each time, many of the stores closing during the hours of the debate.

The following propositions were debated: 1. That modern Spiritualism is supported and endorsed in the Bible. Mr. Wright affirmed; Elder Ackers denied.

2. That modern Spiritualism is anti-scriptural and atheistical and immoral in its tendency.

Elder Ackers affirmed; Mr. Wright denied. The time was occupied in half-hour speeches alternately. Mr. Wright opened the debate on the affirmative of the first proposition. He said that it became his duty to open the debate, and he asked for a fair and candid hearing. He had no personalities to use against his worthy opponent. Abuse is not argument. Modern Spiritualism is a science. Its facts are the facts of nature, like the facts of any other science. The experimental side of the subject could not be debated. These facts demonstrate this first, that there is an incorporeal substance, which he would call animal magnetism; this incorporeal substance is a medium upon which the thought takes form and is transmitted to the brain and nervous system, which brought matter as a tangible body into contact with the soul, another mode of absolute independent and uncreated substance called spirit. Under certain conditions mind, through animal magnetism can act upon inert matter and move it intelligently. The spiritual phenomena occur frequently and are capable of scientific demonstration and analysis.

Mr. Wright briefly explained the psychological side of Spiritualism, and spoke of the correspondence and harmony between the brain organization and the mental capacity, showing that abnormal mental power, such as mesmerism, somnambulism and spiritual trance, are conditions of nervous and cerebral action, induced by the direct employment of an independent outside intelligent power called spirit. He admitted he could not define spirit as he could, define a table; but he knows more about spirit as an entity than Tyndall does about the luminiferous ether. Philosophically he defined modern Spiritualism to mean that consciousness will continue after death; that personal characteristics are carried into spirit-life; that the law of heredity does not cease with the death of the body; that the moral condition of the spirit is the same on entering spirit-life as when it left this life; that progress being the result of experience, progress is the nature of spirit-life. Spiritualism, ethically considered, bases morality upon the constitution of man and circumstances. He defined the Bible to be a book which was written in different ages by different men, and contained history, true and false; views of men and the universe held by people living before the dawn of the scientific age. Its spiritual conceptions are crude and superstitious, just such as an early race must have. These crude views and ignorant speculations must not bind the mind in more learned and cultured times. All supernaturalism and miracles must be taken from the Bible. This must be the law of our interpretation. With this rule of interpretation in our hand, how does the Bible square with modern Spiritualism? We answer, perfectly! The Bible, as one central purpose, illustrates the action of the divine spirit in the affairs of this world. That is the great thought in the religious mind. It must be first of all a spiritual book. The purpose of the Bible and that of modern Spiritualism are the same. Primarily they aim at the same end. The Bible tells of spirits or angels returning and talking with men. In the days of old the return of a spirit was a common event, which hardly provoked wonder, certainly not disbelief. Samuel came to Saul through the mediumship of the woman of Endor. Moses and Elias came to Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. Jesus read the mind of the Samaritan woman at the well, and healed all manner of diseases by animal magnetism as spiritual healers do now. Therefore modern Spiritualism is endorsed and supported by the Bible.

Mr. Ackers entered into the debate in no scientific manner, but purely as a Bible question. He was there to stand for the Bible, the book of all books, the word of God. You see, said he, my worthy opponent has made an attack upon it. He calls it the work of men, but we say that the Scriptures are the word of God. Our worthy opponent says that a miracle did not happen in the past, does not happen now, and cannot happen in the future. Think of that! Spiritualism denies the resurrection of Jesus Christ, therefore it is not endorsed by the Bible. My friend tramples upon the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Think of it! My friends, stick to your religion. My worthy opponent says that he cannot define spirit; that all we can know are phenomena. He calls phenomena appearances. All that we, therefore, know is appearances. The universe is but an appearance. Mr. Ackers did not refer to the return of Samuel, the transfiguration, nor the speaking with tongues at the feast of Pentecost. He was silent upon all the direct issues raised by Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright proved his proposition.

On the second proposition, Mr. Ackers said Spiritualism is atheistical in its tendency. Mr. Wright defined atheism to be non-theism. Mr. Ackers objected. He called all atheists who denied the God of the Bible. Mr. Wright said that to some philosophers the word was distasteful and abusive. He only knew one avowed atheist and that was Charles Bradlaugh, England, but he would not say that there was no God, but that he does not know of one. Spiritualism recognizes the spiritual power in nature, the inscrutable energy we call divine. Personality cannot be ascribed to that which cannot be known. Personally implies that we know it in its parts. Mr. Ackers quoted Andrew Jackson Davis to show that Spiritualists are free-lovers. Mr. Wright denied that Andrew Jackson Davis

was the authority for modern Spiritualism, but the passages read by Mr. Ackers, the best things he has said during the debate, and did not teach what the Reverend gentleman meant by free love. The doctrine of celestial marriage is not free love. Mr. Wright did not believe souls were married before the soul was born. The soul is an evolution from corporeal and incorporeal substance, and had not a previous existence before birth of the body. Soul grows with the body. Spiritualism has no authorities to speak for it as the Pope speaks for the church of Rome. Every spiritual platform is free. Every person is responsible for his own utterances. That principle is just and moral, and contemplates a high public freedom and aim.

Mr. Wright denied the Bible, as it is, to be a moral book. As Mr. Ackers had introduced free love, and, cruelly, charged it upon all Spiritualists, he alleged it was untrue that Spiritualists were all free lovers, but that free love is taught in the Bible. Polygamy is a one-sided system of free love. David and Solomon were choice and very accomplished free lovers in the sense in which Mr. Ackers uses the phrase. Love is not free. No love is free. Man loves according to the spiritual and organic conditions of his nature. He loves when the objective harmonizes with the subjective states of his nature. For men to do wrong in the matter of love is proved by the race. Bad men follow their evil passions. Sensitive men fall into attractions, and ministers have been known to kiss delicate deaconesses in the vestry. It is the state of human nature. No man is better than his organization and his circumstances will permit.

Mr. Ackers strongly protested against Mr. Wright introducing the subject of Bible polygamy. His moderator also protested. Mr. Wright in a long speech justified its introduction and discussion, remarking that we can feel the blows we get, but not the blows we give. Dr. Hovey thought that Mr. Wright was justified in thus handling free love and polygamy, and with a well worded judgment the umpire decided that Mr. Wright had a perfect right to show that the Bible sustained free love. Mr. Wright claimed in his last speech that he had proved his proposition and successfully refuted the second one.

The audiences were large and took great interest in all that was said, and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to both disputants. Mr. Wright has promised to return again to Billings shortly, and deliver a course of scientific lectures on Spiritualism and Psychology. The Christians are not satisfied with the victory Spiritualism made, and will probably try to find another champion to pit against Mr. Wright. Other discussions will have to follow after this, and the subject is yet but half debated. It is expected that another man will soon be found.

Excellent Results in the Investigation of Spiritualism at Home.

In these letters to my friend my desire was to have him see the evidence as I saw it, and then explain it for himself. I wanted to set him to thinking; one must think if he would utilize a fact, whether he believes it or not. The experience of another, or obtained it for himself. Unfortunately with many facts from others rejected, and too often, if self-obtained, fall still-born and are lost; hence the slow progress of any great truth. Our circle, seven in number, encouraged by what had been received, was now deeply interested. Automatic writing, with words of wisdom; drug-prescriptions for the sick; pictures, typical of coming events, outside the capacity of the medium, and higher phases in our manifestations appearing, we were urged to seek for still other demonstrations. We had the A B C of Spiritualism; would we but sit an hour quietly and patiently each evening while the spirits sought to mesmerize the medium, through whom to express their thoughts as best they could. Psychology—hypnotism in modern garb, is simply mesmerism—using the vocal organs of the medium as a better way of communicating with us, to say to us much they would like to have us know concerning the future life. We were told to sit in the same relative position, using the same table and room and be prompt as to time, never losing sight of an honest, earnest, prayerful desire to know the truth; to avoid levity or direct interference with an experiment. Harmony and honesty of purpose were to our unseen teachers a *sine qua non*.

The agreement made, our Quaker meeting began. It very soon required considerable persuasion to induce our medium to continue the experiment. A severe pressure upon the brain, pain in the eyeballs, a complete shaking up, bringing every muscle in the body into activity, and finally being obsessed by an Indian character as exhibited in the whoop, dance and jabber, made her timid, and afraid to continue; but urged by one purporting to be her father, the experiment went on until in a partially unconscious condition, absolutely knowing nothing that was said or done at the time, she would arise and address those present with as much dignity as a priest in his robes, and with subject matter quite foreign to herself; in language almost wholly her own, though with thought new, rational and philosophical.

The improvement in one year was remarkable. A subject selected by the audience was discussed with as much ease and fluency as though it had been prepared, and questions were answered impromptu by the hour, indicating a wide range of knowledge and a scholarly ability, and the accusation by skeptics in every town she lectured, was "She is educated and equal to the occasion."

Upon several occasions the Hebrew language was spoken, and the Indian tongue often. In a neighboring city the audience, composed of judges, attorneys, physicians, a roomful of the best people, an old trader with, and former interpreter of the Miami Indians being present, the medium spoke in this Miami tongue, the trader understanding and interpreting what was said, and as he declared, identifying the spirit by the name and a transaction known only to himself and the intelligence giving it.

One of our Hebrew merchants, then a citizen of Delphi, but now of Chicago, and of whom I shall speak again, learning incidentally that the Hebrew language was part of our medium's gift, requested to be present some evening and test the claim for himself, which was granted, with the request that he bring his father's old Hebrew Bible along. It was an interesting interview, Mr. E. declaring the language to be Hebrew as spoken in the past, and he read from the bible verse after verse, the medium giving the proper interpretation in English. Thus was verified the fact that the brain of the medium could be so impressed as to be able to speak thoughts and language of which she knew nothing in her normal condition. During the development of this power to speak came another power—one potent for good, and quite as difficult to understand or explain, away as the former, viz., the healing power,

curing the sick by magnetic passes (patheticism). In the presence of any ailment desiring relief, she would be possessed of a strong magnetic current, that by passes or manipulation would be transferred to the patient, always relieving, and in many cases effecting a cure. Many a patient that drugs had failed to relieve was so cured. I will cite one or two as examples: Mrs. C. came to our medium with a tumor in her abdomen. Several physicians said it was ovarian—possibly fibroid; anyway not amenable to drugs. After ten or a dozen treatments it gradually disappeared, and in a few weeks, the physician who declared it incurable except by the knife, again examined her to find there was no tumor discoverable.

Mr. M., an ex-soldier, was thrown from his horse in the army, resulting in a severe injury to the spine. This was followed by atrophy of the flesh of both arms. In plain language, his arms and hands were but skin and bones, always cold, with a purple discoloration, hanging almost useless by his side, so little use to him, indeed, he could not button or unbutton his clothes, or feed himself at the table without help. He had spent time and money with our best physicians, visiting several of our large cities, and being cupped and blistered, etc., with strychnine and other of the usual remedies internally without a particle of relief. He had been told that his ailment was incurable.

Hearing of the case related above, living in the same neighborhood he called on our medium, asking if he could be cured. "I don't know," was the reply, "I will treat you once, and if you experience any sensation of returning heat in the limbs, come again, and I will continue to treat you." He did come again, having felt the first tingling sensation and warmth for many months, and in ten or twelve treatments, of once or twice a week, he was fully restored. His name and testimony are within easy reach.

Another phase of this wonderful power is now developing in our subject, and we are ever wondering what next? Clairvoyance, seeing without the aid of the physical eye; sensitization, hearing without the aid of the physical organs of hearing; seeing and describing spirits that are present; placing a watch to the forehead and telling the exact time it gives, or by the clock in an adjoining room; a knife blade is thrust between the leaves of a closed book, and telling the number of the page on either side, with rarely ever a mistake. Again, an audible voice, appreciable only by the medium: "I hear the name of ——" "I hear exquisite music." "Forget to lock your front door, somebody is stealing your grapes." "A thief is trying to get into your house." "A man is coming on horseback for you, Doctor. Get up," and this at night. Now, what more can I say than that I pledge my honor, that in every instance, this foreign intelligence coming to our medium like an audible voice was literally true, and was so determined by others than myself.

One case illustrative of clairvoyance and this letter comes to a close. At one of our circles, the medium entranced, a gentleman present placed his hand on her head and in his own mind thought of an absent son. This son, as he afterwards related, was in St. Louis, where he visited him a short time before—a telegraph operator by profession and in bad health. His physician had advised him to go South, and the company had offered him employment in New Orleans after a short vacation. The father had urged his son to go, and to spend this vacation with friends in Baton Rouge. Furthermore the invalid was an excessive smoker and his physician had admonished him to quit it, and this he promised his father to do. Had he left St. Louis? The operator and subject, now in rapport, are searching for him. "Now in St. Louis," "now with friends in B.," receiving negative replies to inquiries; "but now I am in a room in a large city. I hear the click of telegraph instruments. I see two gentlemen, the one you are thinking of sitting on a chair that leans against the wall; he has glasses on, a cane in his hand, and is smoking a cigar. He is sick, sick here (placing her hand on her chest). He won't live a year." The father writes to the son, interrogates him upon these revelations on this particular Sunday night, and directs his letter to New Orleans. A reply was received in due time and I read it; the opening lines read thus: "My God, how did you know these things, that I was smoking," etc. Every feature of the picture was true, and more than this—he was buried here in Delphi one year from that very day.

Delphi, Ind. E. W. H. BECK.

The Spirit of a Boy Appears.

A popular minister of New York a few years ago said in sermon that Spiritualism was spreading to such an alarming extent that measures must be taken at once to stop it, or the present generation would be ruined. If this be true, from what I can see and hear, it is about time they were about it. The subject of materialization seems to be a disturbing element, both in and out of the ranks of Spiritualism, although we have proof that it has always existed. If Moses and Elias materialized, so that they were seen; if Lot saw the angels; if the woman of Endor, through her clairvoyant vision, saw Samuel, then those things have existed all along down the shores of time. Years ago when materialization was first talked of, and my egotism amounted to a great deal more than my knowledge, I felt then, as many do now, in regard to this subject. I had a friend who declared to me that she had seen materialized hands and the face of her dead mother. I was just as sure she was deluded, or had changed from a moderately intelligent woman into a fool. It was not long however, until my opinion changed, not wholly from choice, but from force of circumstance over which I had no control. I was watching with a lady friend one night by the sick bed of a friend and neighbor. About midnight I left my position by the side of the patient and the other lady took my place. I seated myself in an easy chair at the opposite side of the room. I was seated but a few moments, when from behind an article of furniture, that my gaze happened to be fixed upon at that time, emerged a small boy. There were no children of any size in the house, as two constituted the family, and they were grown to manhood. The gaze seemed directed toward me, and although I tried to speak I could not, until the little head bowed, as if joyful of being recognized. A wave of the little was-like hand, and it was gone. I sprang to my feet in utter consternation. "Mrs. B.," said I, "did you see that—the little boy at the foot of the bed?" "Oh, you were dreaming," she said. "No, I was neither asleep nor dreaming," said I, "and as sure as I live I saw a little boy just there." The patient had not spoken an intelligent word for twenty-four hours, but just then came the faint, yet audible, sound from the bed, "It was Charlie." My friend insisted I was asleep, and I remained silent.

In a few days the patient, much to the surprise of all, became convalescent. A long time after her recovery we were talking upon various topics, and I asked if she had any little relative or friend in the other world by the name of Charlie. "O, yes!" said she, "a dear little nephew—my sister's child. We all loved him so. But one Thanksgiving he was accidentally burned to death. I never loved an own child better. He always said he loved me next to his mamma." Hence the law of attraction and repulsion defined.

I have witnessed many manifestations in the seance room. I can not say they were genuine, for I do not know; but I have witnessed many more when alone, apart from the seance room and medium, so I feel safe to say it is not all fraudulent. Now I can see in the dim distance the inquiries coming, "Why did not the other lady see this boy?" I will answer in the language of St. Paul, although I believe this is neither taught from the pulpit nor believed in generally: "But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every one to profit withal. For to one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, to another faith, to another the gift of healing, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another the discerning of spirits, to another divers kinds of tongues."

In speaking of these things to the majority of people they will tell you at once they do not believe you, but in nearly every instance will relate something they have either seen themselves or that their father, mother, uncle, aunt or cousin has.—*Rosalind in the Pittsburg Dispatch.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. RAMBLINGS OF AN INVESTIGATOR.

BY L. A. CLEMENT.

Those who have not investigated Spiritualism, can not realize how far-reaching it has become. Firm believers, who hesitate to tell of the subject lest they may be regarded with suspicion, are found not only among the teachers and physicians of the land, but among the statesmen, judges and journalists, as well as those engaged in mercantile pursuits. Where the highest intelligence and the greatest freedom from prejudice is found, there Spiritualism takes deepest root. Among the priests and clergymen I have found not a few who know the comforts the spirit can give, and who hold actual communion with the angels God permits to return to help, aid and assist earth's children; that class of teachers touch the heart of man, and those who follow them become wiser, purer and better.

Many of the ablest journalists, while not advertising their belief in Spiritualism, do not hesitate to sit at the feet of our best mediums and learn wisdom from them; and where they can safely talk of the subject, they freely admit that their knowledge has brought them strength. No class of professional men are more susceptible than they; none have received greater benefit.

I am not speaking from the standpoint of a mere reader, or as one whose wish is father to the thought. I know it from my association with men of these classes during twenty years of active business life. Spiritualists are found, also among the great soldiers. Stonewall Jackson knew the power of the spirit, and the same is true of many on the union side. Lincoln and Grant were among the number.

One of my articles to the JOURNAL attracted the attention of one of the leading western journalists, who writes to commend and to express the hope that I may continue to give me sketches of my ramblings and notes of my observations. He spent many years at the national capital in public life. Like myself he undertook to investigate Spiritualism, expecting to discover its weakness, hoping, at least, to catch on to, and, perhaps, be able to explain its interesting features. He met Mrs. Levy, of Washington, and arranged for a series of seances, employing a stenographer to keep a faithful record of the sittings, declaring that he intended to exhaust the subject. When I first met Mrs. Levy, he had secured about one thousand pages of manuscript, and was still adding to the record. His moral and physical nature had undergone a great change, and though not a bad man before this experience he had become one of the grandest and best men I ever knew, and I doubt if heaven contains a happier soul.

Speaking of Mrs. Levy, he says: "She is always a marvel to me. How she keeps up so strong, so resolute, so cheerful, carrying the burdens of so many besides her own—will she not, as promised so often, be the wonder of the nineteenth century? In the direction I speak of, she is that wonder now; but there is one curious thing about her that always amuses me. She is constantly wishing that she was as good a Spiritualist as you or some one else of her acquaintance. She is the best, the most thorough and self-sacrificing spirit, as well as Spiritualist, I have ever met or known. Since we have known her she has done more, suffered more, sacrificed more, and given out to others more than all of us put together; bound up more hearts, made more people happy, and carried more sorrows of her own and others than forty of her friends, and at the same time borne their little crosses, bad temper, cruel hurts and selfishness besides, and she is doing it every day. If there had been nothing else to prove the power of spirit than this dear little woman herself, it would have made me a confirmed believer."

Neither this man nor I have used intoxicating liquors since we became convinced through her of the truth of Spiritualism, and I know of many others who have been saved from that or worse sins through her mediumship; among these I might mention the name of a gambler who is known in every city in this land. I introduced him to her. He declares her "the smartest woman that ever lived." The woman who met Jesus at the well was not more forcibly or more thoroughly convinced. He told me that no mortal knew of many of the things she told him; that no secret of his life was hid; that no man could be so true to her as he had tried to be his satisfaction. His life has been changed, and his family, from which he had been separated for over twenty-five years, is restored to him.

Miss Stuart Phelps can here learn of Spiritualism that ennobles and makes men and women purer, better and happier, and can hear "words breathed from over there," that carry the imprint of the spirit upon them. The learned professors, of whom she speaks, if they will come singly and in an enquiring spirit, will find something to report; and if they will study the philosophy of Spiritualism, they will soon see why reasonable conditions are required. A bird can not sing if frightened or overawed, and yet how sweet the music when the surrounding elements are undisturbed.

Mrs. Levy has lived at her present residence for over twenty years. She owns the house in which she resides. She is known to

all as a pure and lovely woman, and there are thousands who endorse all that my journalistic friend, quoted above, says of her, and yet men talk about not having an opportunity to investigate, and call upon mediums to come out of their darkened rooms. As well might the photographer be called upon to develop his pictures in the glare of sunlight, or produce results without the aid of sunshine, regardless of the gloom resulting from overhanging clouds.

Public business called me to Washington for two successive winters. It was during this time that I met Mrs. Levy. I made a series of engagements with her, and anxious to get the best results, I went without breakfast, calling about 10 A. M., and I was always careful to go without the taint of tobacco or liquor. It would take many columns of your space were I to tell you even a small portion of the good things I received through her mediumship.

Like the deer, chased by hounds, I knew not which way to turn, I was in such deep distress of spirit. Ill luck followed me, and was my constant attendant. Loss of property did not worry, but inability to pay just debts and the loss of friends was driving me mad. Often, very often, I contemplated suicide, and but for the taint it would have brought on my family, I am sure I would have filled a suicide's grave. Therefore I was not surprised that the first who came to me from over there were suicides. The spirits of several I knew, and of many I did not know, came and told me of the horrors of the life they had encountered beyond the grave, and of the struggles they had made with a view to relieving themselves from the consequences of this, the greatest of all sins. Their pleading for help, their desperate efforts to help others or to prevent mortals from following in their footsteps, would have touched the strongest heart. I was cured.

Then the drunkards came and those made insane through the use of strong drink, and the disadvantages of their life was pictured. If the temperance women and men of this land could be inspired to talk as these spirits did upon the subject of temperance, there are few hearts that they would fail to reach.

Probably the most abject soul that "passed in review" on these occasions, was that of A. T. Stewart, who said that even his bones were not allowed to rest in peace after his spirit left the body—they were stolen, and used to extort money from his people, and because his opportunity for doing good was so great while he had done so little for others.

The object of Mrs. Levy's controlling spirit seemed to be, first, to convince of immortality; then to lead to a purer, better, and therefore, happier life on earth. Later seances were more of a personal nature and the reunion with friends seemed as great as if we had met at a picnic. The talks with them were as natural. If this is a delusion it is a happy delusion—a delusion that robs the grave of its victory and death of its sting.

Duluth, Minn.

Superstitions of Engineers.

Railroad Men who Obey Omens—The White Rabbit—A Pilot's Story.

"Railroad engineers, as a rule, are a superstitious class of persons," said an old railroad man. "They have foolish fancies and attach importance to signs and warnings; but I know of instances where hundreds of lives have been saved by engineers' fancies and superstitions. For over thirty years I have been a railroad conductor, and during that time I have heard and seen many things that, under ordinary circumstances, I would have discredited. One of the best engineers that ever ran on the West Shore Railroad was a man named Bronson. One morning, just before starting time, while he sat chatting with the fireman, the engine bell suddenly rang out three times. As neither the engineer nor fireman had touched the bell, and as no other person was on or around the engine, the men felt troubled over the strange circumstance. They regarded it as an ill omen and both men were filled with dread. The train started on its journey and mile after mile was quickly traveled, the engineer meanwhile keeping an anxious lookout for danger. When within about an eighth of a mile of a rocky cut, the bell again, apparently of its own accord, sounded three ominous notes, clear and distinct. The engineer, beside himself with terror, exclaimed: 'My God, Bill! It's a warning of some great danger, and I believe it's our duty to stop. I'm going to shut her down if I lose my place by it.' The train came to a sudden standstill and within ten feet of the engine, lying across the track, was a great rock several tons in weight, which had become loosened by a recent storm and broken away from the great mass above. A terrible calamity was averted and hundreds of lives saved.

"And now I'll tell you of another instance," continued the same speaker, "of how an engineer lost his life by not heeding a voice of warning. One of the most careful and trusted engineers on our road was James Welch. One morning his wife noticed that he was not in his usual cheerful frame of mind and questioned him about it. He told her that he was not ill, but he said he had a premonition that he would be killed during the day. His wife, being a sensible woman, did not sneer or laugh at his fears, but begged him to stay at home that day. Welch, who was a disbeliever in signs and omens, laughed at his fancies and went to his death. Two hours later the engineer was lying, crushed to death, at the bottom of a deep ravine."

"Yes, I know such things to be true," said another man. "Silly as it may seem, I wouldn't run a train after seeing a white rabbit cross the track, without stopping first to investigate, if I were to be made President of the road. I remember one dark night we were scooting across country at a pretty lively rate, when, all of a sudden, I saw a white rabbit dart across the track just in front of the engine. The wee thing gave such a look in that brief second that something compelled me to stop the train. The conductor and trainmen came rushing up to the engine to find out the cause of our sudden halt, and it didn't take long to find out, either. Only a few feet ahead on the track were some heavy logs. They had most likely been placed there and tied down by tramps, who, in the confusion of a frightful accident, such as would have taken place if I hadn't stopped the train, would have robbed and plundered the dead and dying passengers."

An old Hudson River pilot who had been an earnest listener said:

"I am assured of one thing. I know the longer a man's experience is as boat pilot or engineer on a railroad the more easily deluded he becomes. Especially is this the case with a steamboat pilot or engineer who has experienced an accident entailing heavy loss of life. A man loses faith in himself, and a dark shadow in the water will often

cause a pilot to pull bells for a stop. Several years ago, when the magnificent steamboat Thomas Cornell, which at that time plied between Rondout and New York, ran ashore so far that its bow nearly touched the Hudson River Railroad track, a passenger-train came dashing round a curve of the road, and, seeing a light at the bow of the boat, the engineer mistook it for the headlight of an engine which he easily imagined was close upon him, and the terror-stricken man fell to the floor unconscious."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 29th Street, New York.)

THE BEST THING IN LIFE.

Far back in galleries olden,
A Roman Emperor stood,
And, looking upon the nation,
Proclaimed that the highest good
Was to be at one with Nature—
A part of the Life sublime,
A note in the eternal music
Of the everlasting chime.

The world has gained in splendor
Since Aristotle slept,
And over the primal darkness
Has the light of science crept;
Religion has raised her banners,
And within the homes of men
Have art and affection gathered
The trophies of sword and pen.

But again, as athwart the dawning,
Is the "world-wide whisper" heard,
And to deathless love and longing
Is given the priceless word
That to beat one with Nature—
To abide in the union blest
With God's universal order—
Is in human life the best.

—Mrs. Mary Fenn.

Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw of Boston, has established twenty kindergartens and seven day schools, the sum expended upon them being upward of sixty thousand dollars. She gives them much personal attention.

A gymnasium building, exclusively for the use of women, is nearly completed in Boston. It is one hundred by seventy-nine feet, has six bowling alleys, good tennis court, a perfectly appointed gymnasium hall, a running track of twenty laps to the mile, hot and cold water baths, and every appliance that women could desire in a gymnasium, even to a piano. All this is the result of the untiring work of Miss Mary E. Allen.

The Des Moines Mail is responsible for this: "There is no place in the world where woman rises to emergencies of trust and responsibility more efficiently or frequently than in our broad Western country. One of our business men was asked recently, 'Why do you employ Miss — for your bookkeeper?' Can you get her services for less than you would have to pay a man? 'No,' said he, 'I chose her because I know I can depend upon her to return each morning refreshed and ready for business, while a man in the same position is more than likely to spend his evenings far into the night in dissipation that wholly unfits him for the morrow's duties.'"

Mrs. Alice Tobin, who died in Arcadia, N. Y. recently, aged one hundred years, and three months, was a remarkable woman. Until within a month of her death, she retained all her faculties, and engaged in household duties. She never used glasses during life, and could see to thread even the finest cambric needles. Her mental faculties remained unimpaired up to the very last hour. She was the mother of twelve children.

According to Mrs. Haddock of Iowa, one thousand women own and manage farms in that State, while in Oregon there are so many women similarly situated as to occasion no remark.

Signora Fanny Zampini Salazaro, an Italian author of merit, has just written her first work on the woman question, a modest little pamphlet, devoted mainly to advocating the broadening of the field of woman's work.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, novelist and archaeologist, has received the degree of LL. D. from Smith College.

Sarah H. Sampson, now receiving a salary of \$1,400 as a clerk in the pension bureau, has received from President Cleveland a commission as a notary public for the District of Columbia. During the war she devotedly nursed sick and wounded soldiers.

Miss Tabitha A. Holton, who died this week at her home in Yadkin, N. C., was the only lady lawyer in North Carolina or any other Southern State.

The corner stone of a new college for women has lately been laid in Baltimore. It will be under the charge of the Methodist church of Maryland, and it is intended to set up the same standard as that obtained at Wellesley, Vassar and other good colleges for women.

A workingwoman testified lately before the United States Senate committee on education and labor, that she supported her family by making shirts for fifty cents a dozen, her daily pay averaging twenty cents. Another woman testified that charwomen in the departments only receive a salary of \$14.20 per month, and another said she was forced to eke out an existence for herself and family by making plasterer's pants, "three pairs for a quarter."

The New York World gives this: The Calliope, N. Y., Echoes not a large or pretentious newspaper, but it conspicuously claims that its present circulation is seven hundred and ninety copies per week, with a tendency to increase. The editor announces that he has a daughter, now in her ninth year, who assists him in getting out the paper by setting type. He says: "Our little compositor is in her ninth year and no doubt is the youngest known in the trade. She sets the type (the above 'solid' paragraph is precisely as set by her), justifies her own lines, but is not yet able to empty her 'sticks.' Incredible as it may seem, the little typesetter often sets from one to four stickfuls from our manuscript, sometimes correcting a slip in our grammar or spelling, and is never as happy as when sitting at the case 'helping papa.'"

The Woman's Industrial League has begun the publication of the *Working Women*, a weekly paper at Washington, D. C. Its title conveys its mission. It is devoted to the cause of the working women, and we wish it success in the broad mission it has before it. It has a scathing article on the recent police scandal of Washington, written from a woman's standpoint. It claims that of the 100 houses of ill fame in Washington, a large portion are owned by prominent citizens, many of them members of Christian churches, Catholic and Protestant, whose names are in the possession of the Women's League. One of the owners of these houses, when spoken to about it, said he "preferred to rent to this disreputable class, because he got higher

rent, which they could better afford to pay than honest women."

In the overstocked Eastern States every spot is filled that can be occupied by women,—as often as not by men. Witness clerking of every kind, librarians and all sorts of office work.

The few who are self-dependent and can get the means, go west where there is breadth and freedom. They are the plucky and capable who have brains and nerve. The following description, taken from the San Francisco Chronicle will be read with interest by all who are casting about to see what they can do. It is entitled

THE GIRLS OF MONTANA.

With the remarkable development of the Western Territories has grown up a class of women totally different from their sisters in the States. The very fact of being in a new, wild country, often left alone to look after the herds and flocks, has made them wonderfully self-reliant and independent. I run across women up in this country so full of pluck, grit, and endurance, that I verily believe that in a stand up fight with hostile Indians or marauding horse thieves, they would be equal, man for man, to the same number of cowboys or soldiers. These ladies, by reason of their wild life on the frontier, do not by any means lose all the gentleness and refinement of their sex. To be sure, they become somewhat roughened by hardship and exposure, but through it all, they still preserve their womanly traits, and when the necessity arises for them to ride, hunt or shoot, you will find them there, and in the end, perhaps, a little better off than many males would be under similar circumstances.

There are all kinds of women in the Northwest. From the cultured dames of our best cities the grade runs all the way down to the female road agent. But, as a rule, the girls of Montana are made of the very best material to be had on the continent. Scattered all over the broad prairies of Montana are rednecked and cultured women, bred in affluence and ease, proud, young, and hopeful, called by the misfortunes of their husbands or led by their desires, to enter and achieve in new fields the mission of life, to surrender society, the home and friends and scenes of their youth, and march boldly to a far-off wilderness and endure privation, toil, labor and suffering. But these women have grown to be brave, industrious, self-reliant, full of pluck and energy, perfect horsewomen, healthy, hearty, active and independent, and in many cases about as pretty and as plump as the very best of climates can make them. Now, the typical Montana girl, if left alone, will succeed where an ordinary man would fail. With no vices, they stick closely to business, and if bent on tree-claiming, homestead-adding, or pre-empting a quarter, half, or whole section of land, they generally stay by their claim to the end and prove up on time.

Many of these enterprising damsels would not have a husband at any price. Again, many, after laying the foundation of a comfortable fortune, are taken in by some lazy bachelor who comes leading along, sees the chance, marries the maiden, and settles down into a nice ready-made home. Our girls are bread-winners, and no mistake. They are up to all sorts of schemes, such as ranching, herding of sheep or cattle, school superintendents, and even politics.

The latter should be expected, however, as the females of Montana have the right of suffrage extended to them in case they happen to be taxpayers. As nearly every woman in the Territory is a taxpayer, why, of course, she votes, as she has a perfect right to do. In Bozeman, a few miles west of here, one can see plastered all over the town placards appealing to the passer-by to "Vote for Hamilton, the people's choice," or "Give your vote to Darcy," or "Vote for Nichols and reform." Hamilton, Nichols and Darcy were candidates for the school superintendency of the county, and a fourth candidate was in the field—a man. It is needless to add that the "horrid man" was beaten by all three of the girls, Hamilton coming out ahead.

There is no question but what female suffrage is a benefit to Montana. Female jurors in cases which involve temperance, breaches of promise, and gaming, would hang a culprit on moderate testimony. Yet, with all this, girls are scarce in Montana. The town of Malden, near by (the county seat of Fergus county), whose name is suggestive of wit, beauty, etc., is in fact, a safe retreat for bachelors, since there is not an unmarried lady in the town. Sadie, whence these lines are being penned, is a community of forlorn bachelors, with not a female within a radius of fifteen miles, except the Crow squaws in the neighboring Indian Camp.

Late Magazines for March Received.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (New York.) An extraordinary article entitled The Land of Darkness, presumably by Mrs. Oliphant, has the place of honor in the March Eclectic. Mr. Gladstone reviews the progress made by England in the last generation in an article suggested by Tennyson's last great poem; Andrew Lang criticizes M. Renan in a study of his later literary work; A vigorous contribution to the Irish question is that by J. Parker Smith; Helen McKelvie gives a protest in favor of her sex, and Mrs. E. Lynn Linton is represented by a paper on Womanhood in Old Greece. Other articles of interest are Paganism in Old England, a paper by Max Muller, and An Alexandrian Age.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York.) Grande Pointe, a short story by Mr. Cable, is among the features of the March Century. Composite Photography is an article which is likely to direct into this channel many Amateur Photographers. The coinage of the Greeks is the most beautiful coins from noted collections. On the artistic side, also, this number contains the third of Mr. Brownell's notes on French Sculptors. There is an introductory paper to a series on the Cathedral Churches of England. Faith Healing and Kindred Phenomena is the subject of a second paper by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley and is preceded by an article by R. Kelso Carter. There are many other interesting articles, poems and notes.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. (New York.) Mrs. Helen Campbell contributes a well written paper entitled Is the American Woman Overdressed? Queen Elizabeth and her Suitors, is an entertaining article, and Dr. T. De Witt Tammage tells his experience in smoking My First Cigar. Stories and Memories of Washington comprise several spirited stories. This number of rich variety and interest closes with four of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, revised by himself.

WIDE AWAKE. (Boston.) Rev. Samuel Longfellow contributes his last article on Longfellow entitled Longfellow and the children; and Grant Allen has a delightful paper; Montezuma's Gold Mines; Bonibus and Remus; Howling Wolf and his trick Pony; and the Coral Country, are good, while there are many more stories, poems and pictures to add to the pleasures of this month's issue.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. (Boston.) The leading articles in this issue are by Rev. E. H. Capen, D. D., Isaac B. Choate, J. M. French, M. D., C. A. Banker and James N. Arnold. The Rev. W. I. Gill contributes his fourth illustrated article on Isms.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) Contents: The Pleasant and Giant's Eye-Glass; Our Fishermen; Jacquetta; An Unknown Country; Gerald; The Country of George Sand; A Secret Inheritance.

THE PATH. (New York.) The present issue of this magazine closes its first year, and the publisher feels encouraged in entering upon another.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) Contents: John Roach; Familiar Talks; Language; A Wolf-man; Smoking and Heart Disease; Notes in Science.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York.) The contents is replete with religious thought, sermon literature and discussion of practical issues.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. (New York.) This monthly family guide is filled with articles upon health and long life.

THE MENTAL SCIENCE MAGAZINE. (Chicago.) Many articles by prominent writers on mental science fill the pages of this month's issue.

THE PLATONIST. (Osceola, Mo.) The editor endeavors to make this magazine interesting to the thinker, the scholar and the philosopher.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (New York.) The usual instructive and useful information appears this month.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered, through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE DREAMER'S TEACHER AND ONEIROCRITICA. Consisting chiefly of Definitions of Dream and Vision Symbols, and the Demonstration of their Truthfulness by their Application to Narratives of Dream and Vision Experiences in all Ages of the World, as well as of Modern Times. The Only Work in Existence that can be Practically Applied to the Interpretation of Dreams and Visions, either Ancient or Modern. By James Monroe. 1887.

The title indicates the character of the book. Each reader will draw his own conclusions therefrom. Some remarkable dreams and their fulfillment are related.

AN ESSAY ON THE LAW OF GRAVITATION. Treating of Certain Effects of this Law not yet Scientifically Recognized. By U. R. Miller, M. D., Fellow of the Academy of Sciences, New Orleans, La. 16mo, pamphlet, pp. 17.

This is a paper read before the Academy of Science of New Orleans, attempting to show the dependence of man on the influences of the heavenly bodies, especially that of gravitation, as manifest in the tides. Many of its illustrations are unique.

New Books Received.

ESSENTIALS OF MENTAL HEALING, The Theory and Practice. By L. M. Marston, M. D. Chicago: Sanitary Pub. Co.

MASTERS OF THE SITUATION or Some Secrets of Success and Power. By William James Tilley, B. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.25.

The following received from Lee & Shepard, Boston: A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago: ENGLISH SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED. By Richard Whitely, D. D.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY, A Series of Lectures. By Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D. Price, \$1.50.

HINTS ON WRITING AND SPEECH-MAKING. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Price, 50 cents.

GOLDEN MINIATURE. Including My Faith Looks up to Thee; Abide with me; Nearer, My God, to Thee; Rock of Ages. Four volumes, price, 50 cents a volume.

GLADNESS OF EASTER. Price, \$1.00.

MESSAGES OF THE BLUE BIRD. Price, \$1.00.

ARISE MY SOUL ARISE. Price, \$1.00.

SEE THE LAND HER EASTER KEEPING. Price, \$1.00.

YEARS OF EXPERIENCE. An Autobiographical Narrative. By Georiana Bruce Kirby. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

INFLUENCE. A Sermon by M. J. Savage. Unity Pulpit. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Price, five cents a copy or \$1.50 a year.

WHO CARRY THE SIGNS? By Emma Hopkins. Chicago: Sanitary Pub. Co.

WOMEN JURORS. By Lella J. Robinson, LL. B. Chicago: Cook Co. Equal Suffrage Association.

The claims as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are based entirely on what the people say it has done for them. Send to C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing statements of many remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"What is right (or left) handedness?" Dr. Daniel Wilson of Toronto has endeavored to demonstrate before the Royal Society of Canada its cause. His conclusion is that left-handedness is due to the extraordinary development of the right hemisphere of the brain, and vice-versa. Dr. Wilson has studied this difficult matter from various standpoints, and finally concludes as above. He is himself left-handed, and so confident in his theory that he expressed in his paper the desire that on his death his own brain be examined "for further settling this physiological puzzle." If my ideas are correct I anticipate as a result of its examination that the right hemisphere will not only be found to be heavier than the left, but that it will probably be marked by a noticeable difference in the number and arrangement of the convolutions."

Children Starring to Death On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. Cohen, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength, and increases the appetite."

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Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender, will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 19, 1887.

Natural Law in the Spiritual World.

One of the greatest discoveries ever made by man, was that of the prevalence of natural law. Before that period, the study of phenomena absorbed all attention; since the crystallization of scattered facts into a system, students are directing their efforts to that magnificent chain of sequence which extends unbroken from the vistas of the past into those of the future. That which was done by the introduction of law among the scattered phenomena of nature through which science was evolved, has not, until a comparatively recent date, been done for religion. Knowledge of the spiritual world was only obtainable through revelation. The war of creeds, the entire abandonment of religious faith, and the growing doubt of any other than the scientific method in dealing with any form of truth, has, of late, caused many persons, strictly orthodox in belief, to seek for the basis of natural law in spiritual things.

"Natural Law in the Spiritual World," published in England about two years since, is, perhaps, the most successful of all these attempts. Refused by two firms to whom it was first offered; Prof. Henry Drummond succeeded in issuing his book, which soon attracted the attention of the English public to such an extent that 8,000 copies of a cheap edition were sold before the day of publication.

The effect of such a book is wholesome in the extreme. Lecturing to a class of students on the Natural Science during the week, and to working men on subjects of a moral and religious character on Sundays, Prof. Drummond found it difficult to keep science and religion shut from one another, in two separate compartments. The partitions showed symptoms of giving way; to use his own words, "the subject-matter Religion, the method of expression of Science, and I discovered myself enunciating Spiritual Law in the exact terms of Biology and Physics."

To the able author came the "beauty of transfiguration," following the vision of the organizing hand of an eternal and over-present law moving alike, in the seen and unseen worlds. That theology is centuries behind science, he readily perceives, and he it is among the eminent names found in the departments of physical research, who devotes himself to the proof of the continuity of law. What Herbert Spencer has done for the application of natural law to the social world, the author under consideration has done for that lofty region which the orthodox world has considered as beyond the domain of science. The immensity of spirit and the immortality of man form a portion of the task set for himself by this spiritual minded scientist; a task undertaken from the standpoint of science and revelation.

It is hardly necessary to state that Prof. Drummond's enunciations of law in the spiritual world, run parallel with those of the spiritual philosophy. To those who depend on revelation for authority, he states that theology needs farther proof, and that proof can only come from nature, and quotes Bacon's saying that "A little natural philosophy and the first entrance into it, doth dispose the opinion to atheism; but, on the other side, much natural philosophy and wading deep into it, will bring about men's minds to religion."

The question of parallelism, be it remembered, is not respecting the analogies between phenomena, but between laws. Representation or correspondence has been enunciated by all seers; by Plato, Christ, Plotinus, Swedenborg, Emerson and Carlyle, who believed that "matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea and body it forth," but they only stated the relationship between phenomena.

The position taken by our author is, in fact, that natural laws and spiritual laws are the same, dealing at one end with matter; at the other end with spirit. To the inductive or intuitive philosopher, this is nothing new. The novelty consists in its scientific proof through deductive reasoning. In this chain great stress is laid upon the law of continuity, through which the laws of the visible world are projected into the invisible. In a plain, easy and exceedingly agreeable style the reader is carried along through scientific methods, by the use of much technical nomenclature, yet in such a way as to be perfectly intelligible even to the most common-place mind. Wherever the book goes, it will liberalize and broaden in a remarkable degree, affording not a little help to the philosophy with which the readers of the JOURNAL have long been familiar.

Prof. Drummond believes that the difference between the spiritual minded man and the natural man, is not a distinction of quantity but of quality; yet the reader will be apt to see the mark of the theologian above that of the scientist when he asserts that the spiritual minded man is he who believes in the Christian religion, rather than that taught by Buddha or any other great embodiment of the divine life. Here is where he descends from the grand domain of universal principles into particulars,—from the unparticipated into the personal.

Through all the Professor's reasoning, embellished as it is with admirable illustrations, he is careful to hold to the method of the scientist without any reference to psychic phenomena; yet somnambulism, clairvoyance and hypnotism, or mesmerism and the facts of Spiritualism, are in themselves the strongest and most immutable of all the buttresses which it would be possible to rear in support of the splendid edifice reared by this author. His attempts at special theology are like wooden scroll-work applied to a noble pile of solid stone; they may please a certain order of development, but will decay and drop to pieces while yet the massive structure on which they were merely excrescences, are untouched by the gnawing tooth of time.

Only a large, sweet nature, true to its own inner life, could so easily translate spiritual thought into language. He says:

It does not occur to us how natural the spiritual is. Living in the spiritual world is just as simple as living in the natural world; and it is the same kind of simplicity. It is the same kind of simplicity for it is the same kind of world; there are not two kinds of worlds. . . . In the spiritual world, also, the subtle influences with form and transform the soul are Heredity and Environment. And what is the spiritual environment? . . . It is God. Communion with God, therefore, is a scientific necessity. What man wants is not an occasional view, but a principle, a basic principle like this, broad as the universe, solid as nature. In the natural world we act upon this law unconsciously. In the spiritual world we have all this to learn. . . . Nature is not more natural to us than God is to my soul.

Is not this an expression of the attitude of all who have reached that plane of development where the spiritual faculties are open to holy influences and breathe a more divine and ethereal atmosphere than the merely intellectual man requires?

To the question of future life as a biological question, Prof. Drummond replies: "The soul is a living organism. And what does 'life-science' teach? That if I am to inherit 'eternal life, I must cultivate a correspondence with the eternal.'"

The book ends with a noble exposition of the law of progress, illustrated in the majestic spectacle of "the rise of Kingdoms towards scarcer yet nobler forms, and simpler yet diviner ends. . . . Now, at last, we see Kingdoms themselves evolving. And that supreme law which has guided the development from simple to complex in matter, in individual, in sub-kingdom and in Kingdom, until only two or three great Kingdoms remain, now begins at the beginning again, directing the evolution of these million-peopled worlds as if they were simple cells or organisms. Thus what applies to the individual applies to the family; what applies to the family applies to the Kingdom; and what applies to the Kingdom applies to Kingdoms. And so, out of the infinite complexity arises an infinite simplicity, the foreshadowing of a final unity, of that

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

State Legislation Against Mediumship.

Years ago the JOURNAL warned Spiritualists that unless they sharply differentiated honest mediums and verifiable phenomena from tricky mediums and doubtful phenomena; unless they elevated the deserving and eliminated the frauds, in a word, unless they demonstrated their willingness and competency to regulate the public practice of mediumship by moral influence, that the legislatures of the various States would be forced to take a hand in the matter. Further, the JOURNAL pointed out the serious danger to honest mediums which would follow ignorant and prejudiced legislation and endeavored to impress upon Spiritualists the imminent importance of action. This warning has been often repeated and with some effect, but the folly of a certain class of Spiritualists, represented by its Boston organ, in lumping all those claiming medial power in one mass, persistently opposing rational methods of investigation, exalting immoral mediums and neglecting those of good character, hastening to advance unprovable and improbable hypotheses, under the guise of established facts, to exonerate exposed frauds, this insane folly has prevented that general and united action essential to the regulation of public mediumship. The Boston paper has consistently and persistently maintained its traditional policy of defending detected impostors, though the exposures were as complete as could be asked and made, too, by Spiritualists of acknowledged experience and veracity. It has repeatedly done this, too, when it well knew that in addition to the

main charge of fraud the detected trickster was in every way unfit to mingle with reputable people or to be recognized as within the pale of decency. The aforesaid organ of insane marvel-hunters and brazen, mendacious vendors of mercantile Spiritualism, designates with the opprobrious epithet of Jesuits those Spiritualists who seek to rid the movement of fraud and who have the ability to detect deception and the courage to unmask deceivers. With such a channel through which to reach the public, aided by several minor avenues, impostors and their allies are able to work the public in such a manner as to reap rich harvests of gold and gems and to keep honest, upright mediums in the shade. Their diabolical shrewdness aided by the maudlin sentimentality, spiritual drunkenness and fanaticism of their respective followers keeps them in the front, and to the outside world they quite naturally seem to represent Spiritualism.

The JOURNAL does not make these assertions loosely nor in passion, but coolly, calmly, in cold blood; it makes them sorrowfully yet boldly in the interests of truth, which is above any ism, and stands ready to substantiate them. Is it any wonder that legislators ignorant of true mediumship, unfamiliar with the stupendous and blessed value of that Spiritualism which this army of harpies and their camp followers keep in the background, is it any wonder they should consider public mediumship inimical to the welfare of their commonwealth?

In another column under the title of "Danger Ahead" will be found the text of a bill which has been favorably reported on by the Judiciary Committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and which is exactly what the JOURNAL long ago warned the Spiritualist public was to come, inevitably and in the very nature of things. That it is drawn by one ignorant of true Spiritualism and its phenomena, and is too sweeping, impossible of execution and sure to be declared unconstitutional in a fair test case, is apparent to any one familiar with Spiritualism and Spiritualists. The Boston organ referring to this bill says:

Spiritualists all over the country are admonished that the time has come for action on their part to combat all such proceedings, otherwise their physical mediums, trance-speakers and other instruments will be obliged to succumb to their theological enemies, as well as to the Jesuits in our ranks who are aiding them.

The time for action has come, but not such action as the venerable fraud defender means. As was truly said by the New York Evening Telegram when commending the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: "There isn't a man in the universe who doesn't want to believe in immortality," and there is no such antagonism on the part of non-Spiritualists to the central claim of Spiritualism as the expounders of speckled Spiritualism and exhibitors of adulterated and simulated phenomena would have Spiritualists believe. The general public by a very large majority is in sympathy at least with the main postulate of modern Spiritualism and stands ready with listening ear, watchful eye and outstretched hand to welcome evidence of the continuity of life and the ability of those once in mortal form to return and demonstrate their presence. The JOURNAL knows whereof it speaks when it affirms this, for it takes pains to find out the trend of sentiment and has effective methods of its own for gathering the necessary information. Rational Spiritualists should arouse to action and exhibit as much zeal in the presentation of genuine phenomena through mediums of good repute as does the irrational, wonder-mongering class re-enforced by fraudulent mediums and persons of questionable character. Rational Spiritualists should say to non-Spiritualists:

We know you have good grounds for complaint and suspicion; we do not wonder at your impatience to suppress the folly and wickedness now so publicly and boldly flaunted in your faces, and we assure you of our hearty sympathy and support in all that shall conserve the public weal. But we ask you to be cautious, to act understandingly, to do nothing hastily, and above all not to proceed upon the assumption that modern Spiritualism is not posited upon the rock of eternal truth. Such an assumption would be one of ignorance, and action based thereon would entail lasting misery upon humanity. We affirm the essential claims of Spiritualism as facts within our own knowledge, and stand ever ready to lend you our cordial assistance in your search for the evidence. We can give you innumerable instances of spirit return and point you to a host of happy, healthy, self-reliant souls who have been guided out of the Slough of Despond and over the bogs and quicksands of doubt and materialism by the light of Spiritualism. We can name some of the most distinguished clergymen in the country who owe their power to the spiritual growth which has been wrought in them under the refulgent rays of modern Spiritualism, and who have been for years in attendance upon seances and in some cases with mediums among their own families. We can point you to Spiritualists in some of the most eminent positions within the gift of the people. You will find lawyers and judges by the hundred in this nation who have carefully studied the phenomena and are fully convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. We ask you to carefully consider all this and to join with us in placing the study of Spiritualism upon such a basis as shall secure to the public the greatest good with the least possible amount of evil. We pledge ourselves to scrupulously labor from this time henceforth in public and in private, and by all justifiable methods to discourage and suppress all that is doubtful, fraudulent or immoral, and to encourage and stimulate the scientific exposition of spirit phenomena and the elevation and proper recognition of honest mediums. Any attempt to regulate this matter by statutory enactments will prove dangerous and of doubtful utility, and until all other means have been exhausted legislation should be deferred. Let us try what can be accomplished by public sentiment and the tremendous power of moral influence before we invoke government interference in a matter so complex and which is not recognized in law as existing at all. Let us first scientifically demonstrate the phenomena of Spiritualism, and in such a way as to give the findings general acceptance, for this is possible; and with the accomplishment of this and the general increase of knowledge of the subject, the deceptions and delusions, the impostors and the fanatics will naturally disappear.

The Wells Exposure.

A movable cabinet of two compartments separated by a fish net partition nailed to wooden strips, with cloth curtains, and no back, was assumed to be fraud proof. The medium was placed in one compartment, the gas turned down low, and after varying intervals figures emerged from the other compartment. These experiments extended over a period of several months. Some of the witnesses believed the forms were materialized spirits, others thought they were personated by the medium. At the final experiment when a statement was to be signed at the close, setting forth the nature of the exhibition, which some present confidently believed would furnish the medium with an iron-clad endorsement of her materializing power, one experienced, fair-minded Spiritualist, Mr. Tice, took the precaution to place an additional screw where it would do the most good and prevent the tipping of the cabinet; all other means of exit having been guarded against as was supposed. That this extra precaution would have been considered superfluous by some at least of those present, had they known of it in advance, is quite certain. The lady of the house where the seance was held, Mrs. Newton, would no more have suspected the medium of fraud than her own sister, and she shared this confidence with others present. The medium, Mrs. Wells, is a trustee of the Society which for many years has been the special care of Mr. and Mrs. Newton, and she had been employed for years previous to her venture in mediumship in a position of some responsibility. The JOURNAL is assured by Mr. and Mrs. Newton, that Mrs. Wells is a thoroughly reputable woman in her private life. Mrs. Thayer, whose tricks in mediumship are familiar to old Spiritualists, had come on to attend this crucial experiment and to escort Mrs. Wells to Philadelphia in triumph. This she might possibly have done had it not been for the bit of metal. But on the thread of that screw seems to have hung the fate of the seance. At a critical moment the gentleman who had turned the screw into its place, was called up to the cabinet by a "spirit." Being of an exploring disposition, he ventured to inspect the compartment where the medium should have been, where, sad to relate, he found her not, but only her outer raiment and shoes. The medium was in the other compartment in a condition most unconventional for other than a materialized spirit. That this was the situation of affairs at the denouement all present agree, but there agreement ends. One party is sure the medium premeditated fraud and knowingly and wickedly perpetrated a dastardly deception, and this is the general verdict. The other party is equally confident that the medium was the victim of designing spirits who took away her consciousness and, then disrobed her, took her through the fish net by some occult process (though lacking holding the net in place were found to have been drawn and replaced), transfigured her form and used it to personate spirits. Those constituting this party, with more or less frankness and considerable unanimity, pronounce Mr. Tice the villain of the drama, (1) in that he took the precaution to screw down the cabinet, and (2) that he by entering the compartment disclosed the incontrovertible fact that the medium was not there but was personating the spirits, and (3) that this action on his part was unwarranted, done with malice prepense; and was contrary to the interests of the medium and Spiritualism.

There is a difference of expression among the medium's friends as to the class of spirits who victimized their friend and associate and brought upon her a severe nervous shock, some giving more weight to the theory that Mr. Tice by his diabolical skepticism and innate wickedness, evoked a squad of cowboy spirits who delighted in casting a lurid blaze over this otherwise heavenly white scene. Others are confident that Jesuits in spirit-life co-operated with their agents in mortal form to disgrace the medium and Spiritualism.

Mr. Nelson Cross (called by courtesy Judge Cross), whose practice seems to be in the newspapers rather than in the courts, characterizes Mr. Tice's act in the following terms:

The whole transaction was the very worst exhibition of ignorance and brutality which has ever yet occurred in the endeavor to prove materialization of the dead and define an honest medium, and you, Mr. Editor, are allowed to publish as much over my signature: It was a cold-blooded attack, and a violation of hospitality shameful beyond example.

The Boston organ which publishes this seems to agree with the "Judge," as undoubtedly do some who were eye witnesses of the affair.

This seance was one of a series held at the residence of old Spiritualists whose hearts are in the cause and who have probably given more time and money in furthering the dissemination of Spiritualism than any other

family in New York. Their views may not always be sound, nor their methods the best, but on the whole they have done a noble work and are most excellent people, of whom no harsh thing should be said. Most, if not all present at the exposure were Spiritualists, some of them such for more than a quarter of a century, and all of them reputable people who would be rated in the world as having a good degree of intelligence, as well as being persons of truth and veracity.

Yet beyond the general agreement that Mrs. Wells was found out of her own compartment, and in a semi-nude condition, there is a direct and irreconcilable conflict of evidence on most other points. Those who defend Mrs. Wells seem to twist their facts to fit the preconceived theory of mischievous or Jesuitical interference and the improbable hypothesis of the utter helplessness of an honest and innocent woman, even when backed by the good and wise in spirit-life who are interested in demonstrating the bona fides of spirit phenomena, when assailed by malign spirits. That these witnesses mean to speak the exact truth and are honest in their belief as to the all-potent sway of diabolical spirits, should be granted. That those who state the bald facts of the affair as they appeared to them, and declare that the exhibition was a bold, barefaced fraud, done consciously and after careful preparation on the part of Mrs. Wells, that these witnesses are equally honest and truthful must be allowed.

This is a typical case and deserves in all its aspects the calm and serious attention of rational Spiritualists. It should be considered on its merits with no partisan feeling and without passion. What are its lessons? If a reputable woman with developed medial power places herself in the hands of trusted friends associated with her in the management of a religious society, goes to their house, sits in a cabinet constructed under the supervision of these friends and supposed to be fraud-proof, the cabinet in a room where hundreds of seances have been held, and in a house where complete domestic harmony ever reigns and only good influences are congenial, if with such a medium, and such an environment, diabolical or Jesuit spirits can work their damnable will, what does it teach? What is the remedy? What is the duty of Spiritualists?

The JOURNAL takes no stock in this theory and regards it as wild, irrational, irrelevant, unscientific assumption; but if the JOURNAL is mistaken and the views of Mrs. Wells's defenders are correct, then it is time that the strong arm of the law be invoked to restrain the opening of the gates through which these invincible legions of Lucifer pour in their hellish haste to degrade mortals; and every legislature and the congress of the Nation should make it a capital offense for any person to practice mediumship or in any way encourage, aid or invite the manifestations of spirits. A perpetual injunction should be served on the Spirit world restraining its inhabitants from intercourse with this, and a standing police should be raised to see that no blockade runners nor stragglers cross the line. The whole world should unite in saying: We will forego further knowledge of a future life; we will get on as best we can; we deny your right to interfere to our disadvantage and we close every avenue for your approach. We have hell enough now, and will settle accounts with you when we cross over.

Senator Castle for Lieutenant Governor.

The DeKalb (Ill.) Chronicle's Springfield correspondent writes that paper:

There is some talk in Republican circles, in favor of Hon. B. Castle of DeKalb county, for Lieutenant Governor. He is regarded as being a strong man for the place. In speaking about it to-day to an old member, he said that Castle was far superior to any man who, before or since he was a Senator, represented your district. And then, I am told he runs two banks and consequently could open two "banks." Yes! I'm for Castle, and you can so notify him at your earliest opportunity.

The Kendall Co. (Ill.) News quotes the above and adds:

And there are many others for Mr. Castle in this section of the country, not on account of his having two banks though; but because he is a gentleman well qualified for the position and worthy of it. We believe if he desires the honorable office he could be placed there without the assistance of the banks.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL does not dabble in politics but it seconds the nomination of Senator Castle. He is a broad and liberal man, deeply interested in all philanthropic and humanitarian reforms. As a devoted advocate of Woman's Suffrage, widely known and well tried, he should command without effort the active influence of every woman in the State of Illinois who believes in the ballot for her sex. We have known Castle for many years, and know him to be worthy of any office within the gift of this commonwealth. We hope he will consider the matter favorably and enter the list.

Of the poem of J. R. Lowell in the Atlantic, which we criticised as dipiant toward Spiritualism and unworthy the writer in its general tone, The Christian Register says: "As a simple piece of literary workmanship, Mr. Lowell's poem is one of his best. But we should hardly go to it to get warm. The poet has taken us to the confessional instead of to the altar. He has exhibited his doubts, but not his faith. If the poem were translated into a sermon, it would make a cold chill run down the back of almost any audience. But the poet marshals his doubts in such a pleasant, smiling way that we feel that there is no tragedy about it. To be sure, it is a fog-horn; but, then, it is blowing on a sunshiny day, and Mr. Lowell can get music even out of a fog-horn. But we should rather hear him with his shepherd's pipe, as in his March Atlantic 'Fancy or Fact' or his vast 'Cathedral' organ."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. D. P. Kayner is now in Colorado. He will be in this city the last of the present month. Letters can be addressed to him in care of this office.

"Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is a work that can not fail to interest every Spiritualist. For sale at this office; price, \$1.10, postpaid.

Jesse Shepard is visiting San Diego, Cal., and giving his musical entertainments. He is delighted with the country, and proposes to make that place his headquarters.

Mr. Erasmus Rosalter, an old Spiritualist, passed to spirit life from his home in Avoca, Iowa, January 2nd, 1887. In his eighty-first year. After a few hours' illness, he fell asleep to wake to the higher life.

Mr. Dinning of Waukegan has engaged the Opera House in that city for a lecture on Spiritualism Friday evening of this week. Mr. D. is an earnest and philanthropic gentleman to whom Spiritualism is indeed a religion.

There will be a musical, literary entertainment and hop given by the Excelsior Club, Tuesday evening, March 20th, 1887, at Avenue Hall 159 Twenty-Second street, for the benefit of the Young People's Spiritual Society. Admission, gentlemen, fifty cents; ladies, twenty-five cents.

The Watseka Wonder, a narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum, is now before the public in a new edition, enlarged, and altogether a valuable psychological study. For sale at this office. Price, single copies, 15 cents; a liberal discount when sold by the quantity.

The trials of life are to prove what we are, to see if we are fitted for higher things. We are tested in the use of ten talents, to prove whether we are fitted to rule the ten cities. The ship is tested, not to destroy it, but to see if it is strong to carry costly freight and precious lives through the storm.—Peloubet.

The JOURNAL calls the attention of Rev. J. G. Townsend and Mr. Lauer, who are conducting the "New Theology" movement, to the letter of Mrs. Priest published in this issue. It would be amusing were it not sorrowful to see with what care many so-called liberal religionists take to travel as closely to Spiritualism as possible and yet to ignore its existence.

A New England correspondent asks for the address of one in Boston who can diagnose and prescribe for disease. The JOURNAL knows of no one superior to Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, of 27 Rutland St. This excellent medium and psychometer has had twenty years' successful practice; an account of her beneficent work would fill many volumes. She is a lady of much native refinement and great good sense.

The 39th anniversary of modern Spiritualism will be celebrated at 115 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O., commencing Sunday, March 27th, and continuing to and including Sunday, April 3rd. The following are among the speakers engaged: Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, Miss Zaida Brown, Mrs. Sophronia E. W. Bishop, Dr. Samuel Watson, George P. Colby, John Slater and A. C. Ladd.

With the services at the Grand Opera House Hall on Sunday evening, Feb. 27th, Mr. Morse closed his engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City. On the preceding Saturday evening a reception was tendered him by the Society at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newton. After the services on Sunday evening resolutions were unanimously adopted highly commendatory of Mr. Morse.

Psychometry is steadily gaining interest in quarters where not long ago it was either unknown or tabooed. Mrs. Mary V. Priest, of 289 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, has lately given some remarkable exhibitions of her power as a psychometrist, and the JOURNAL is in possession of several letters from clergymen speaking in high terms of the correctness of her readings. One of these letters is from an Episcopal clergyman in Massachusetts expressing his surprise and gratitude.

Michigan people will take note of the fact that their State Association of Spiritualists meets at Grand Rapids, March 25th, 26th and 27th, at Occult Science Hall, and that the last day, Sunday, will be devoted to interesting and appropriate exercises, and addresses to keep in mind the 39th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism,—of the first questions answered by the rappings that have since been heard round the world, at Hydesville, N. Y., March 31st, 1848, an event apparently trivial but of far-reaching power and blessed results. It is hoped that Mrs. Maud Lord will attend. The Kemple House will entertain at seventy-five cents a day.

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle of England says: "Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten is another illustration of the special ability with which female lecturers are endowed. If there could be any doubt about the propriety of the gentler sex doing such work, the capacity of Mrs. Britten would set all doubt at rest. This lady is an enthusiastic Spiritualist, but in addition to discoursing on the peculiar religious philosophy of her school she is to lecture on some purely scientific subjects. 'The Sun' and 'New Zealand' are themes that cannot fail to bring out Mrs. Britten's admirable descriptive powers. Recent discoveries have added a new interest to the great orb from which the earth derives its life, and 'The Paradise of the Southern Seas' is a subject that in these days of emigration cannot fail to secure a wide and deeply interested audience."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Reception to the Editor in Brooklyn, N. Y.

On Wednesday, March 2nd., a reception was tendered the Editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL at the ever hospitable home of the Hon. A. H. Dalley, Washington Avenue, this city. In response to the invitations sent out a very numerous company assembled, among which a feeling of good fellowship was manifested on all sides, the greetings extended to Mr. Bundy being numerous, hearty and sincere from all present. Among the more prominent of those in attendance, the writer observed Mr. John Slater, Col. Hemstreet, Mr. Pope, Miss Blanche Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Perry, Mr. H. J. Newton, Dr. and Mrs. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse and daughter, Mr. W. J. Rand, Mr. and Mrs. F. Haslam, Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Tice, Mr. T. S. Tice, Mrs. Peake, and our genial host, Hon. A. H. Dalley, with his kindly and active wife. A considerable time was spent in pleasant, social intercourse among the company, to the evident enjoyment of all concerned, while the Editor was as fully occupied as needs be in the interchange of cordial greetings with the company as it assembled. These pleasant amenities were subsequently temporarily interrupted by our friend Judge Dalley presenting the guest of the evening to the formal notice of the company, which task was accomplished in the usual pleasant and felicitous manner of our friend, who, on resuming his seat, called upon Mr. J. J. Morse, to offer some remarks.—In response to which that gentleman extended a warm greeting, paying in passing a few graceful compliments to the Editor, and expressed his gratification at the determination, ability, and principle that animated his public actions and personal career, all of which sentiments were enthusiastically endorsed.

Colonel Bundy made a neat and eloquent address, though far too brief, response, which was most warmly received.

Further speeches were made by Col. Hemstreet, and Mr. Henry J. Newton, and a variety of tests were given by Mr. John Slater. The proceedings were charmingly diversified by a series of brilliant selections upon the piano, performed by Mrs. Clarence Perry, whose skillful playing elicited unstinted recognition. Under such pleasant surroundings the hours flew rapidly away, and when finally our host bade his last guest adieu, the "witching hour" was within more than measurable distance. The event will be long remembered as most pleasant to all concerned, and adds another to the many hospitable acts done by the amiable host of the evening.

Brooklyn, N. Y. A. P.

Southwestern Michigan Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Agreeable to notice the Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan met in Conkey's Opera House in Benton Harbor on the afternoon of February 19th. Though the weather was threatening there was a good attendance, which increased at each session.

The meeting was called to order by W. T. Jones, president of the association, and the afternoon was devoted to short speeches by the different speakers and the members of the association who had gone there for earnest work.

Bishop A. Beals, of Jamestown, N. Y., opened the evening session with the stirring song, "The People's Advent." Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of South Haven, Mich., read a selection, which was followed by a song by the choir, "The Messenger Bird." Mrs. Woodruff occupied the evening with the subject, "Immortality." She thought he who refuses to investigate a subject, robs himself. "What is immortality but room for Love to do her work forever and ever?" A song and benediction by Mr. Beals closed the meeting.

Sunday A. M.—Mr. Beals sang, "The Beautiful Hills." Mr. Jones opened the conference, followed by Mrs. A. N. Wisner, a resident medium of considerable ability, and a most excellent lady. A call for the new converts brought forward Mr. U. P. Webster, whose remarks were ably rendered and well received. He thought he had found the key-note of life in Spiritualism. To this remark Mrs. I. A. McLean, of Paw Paw, responded: "Surely that is true, for the reason that no other religion demands so much of us as men and women, not only in the line of spiritual and mental culture, but in the physical realm as well. In all the departments of our being there should be an harmonious blending. As a class we are but little better than the church people, for but few carry the spiritual philosophy into their every day lives." She entertained the friends to so adjust their lives in keeping with their religion that wherever they might be found it could be truly said, "There is a good man," "There is a noble woman."

Dr. Denslow, of South Bend, Indiana, was called for and responded inspirationally. Mrs. E. A. Brown, of Breedsville, and Mr. S. M. Sheffer of South Haven, made a few remarks germane to the subject. The chair appointed as committee on finance, Mrs. R. A. Sheffer, of South Haven; G. N. Lord, of Benton Harbor, and Dr. Boynton of Riverside.

The morning session closed with a song by Mr. Beals.

Sunday 2 P. M.—Song and invocation by Mr. Beals. Quartette music followed by a lecture from A. B. Whiting through the instrumentality of Mr. Beals. He said, "Give a nation liberty, freedom, knowledge and modern Spiritualism will follow," which assertion he proceeded to prove by logical and practical reasoning. The lecture was a profusion of the choicest gems of thought. At the close he answered a series of questions propounded by the audience very satisfactorily. Song, "Land of the so-called Dead."

Sunday evening.—A full house listened to the closing lecture by Mr. Beals. Subject, "Indebtedness of the Church to Spiritualism." He thought that if women had been the founder of religion no vicarious atonement would have crept in. The choir sang, "Dawning of a Better Day." Mrs. Woodruff made a few remarks in memory of Dr. Childester, who passed to spirit life from his home at Bangor, Mich., February 20th, 1885, for many years a member of the association. "He loved the truth and tried to establish it among men. We do not say 'good-by' to our friends when they lay away this worn mantle of clay, but we keep them in our hearts forever." Mr. Beals then sang "This sweet to be remembered."

So ended one of the most successful quarterly meetings the society had ever held. Much praise is due the able president, Mr. W. T. Jones, for his untiring efforts in promulgating the Spiritual philosophy in Benton Harbor. The Spiritualists of that place are examples of hospitality. Spiritualism with them has surely come to stay.

Decatur, Mich. MINNIE NESBITT.

Reformers look small in the eyes of the world, because they are so far in advance.

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Your commentary in the last number of the JOURNAL, upon the New Theology, its founder, Mr. J. G. Townsend, and its newspaper, suggests the propriety of giving to your readers the experience of one who has tested the liberality of the so-called liberal. Prior to the convention of the New Theology Association at Chautauque last year, Mr. J. G. Townsend solicited the co-operation of all liberal Christians of whatever name or creed, the only requirement being sincerity in the promulgation of the religion of Jesus, and desire for the advancement of Primitive Christianity. To all such he promised a hearing, with the request that they address him at Jamestown, N. Y., stating their convictions, etc. The writer's experiences suggest the query: Was this sentimentalism, or was it a bona-fide offer?

Believing fully in the sincerity of the request and offer, the writer prepared an article entitled, "Is the Inter-communion of Spirit and Matter Consistent with the Teachings of Scripture and Science?"—the basis for which was drawn from the life and teachings of Jesus; assuming that if Jesus saw and conversed with Moses fifteen hundred years after his demise, may not we reasonably expect a like privilege even though eighteen hundred years have passed since this experience was recorded? and further, if when Jesus was about to be crucified he affirmed that he could call a legion of angels to deliver him hence, if it were his Father's will, may not we avail our-elves of the same deliverance when scourged and buffeted in this none too friendly world? After having prepared the article, the request was made by letter to Mr. Townsend, that the subject might have a hearing, and although the usual formality to insure a reply was enclosed, the letter was never answered. Now, let me suggest that some one more popularly known in our ranks, make the effort to introduce at the coming convention this most necessary "plank" in Primitive Christianity. If the New Theology is as liberal as it assumes, it cannot but embrace this long neglected truth. We have but to refer to the conversion of Paul for the fullest evidence of this inter-communion: The voice which called, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"—to which Paul replied, "Who art thou Lord?" and again the voice from the invisible, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."—If this were not the voice of a spirit to a mortal, what was it?

MARY V. PRIEST.
289 Washington Bvd., Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Societies.

A correspondent writes: "For some time I have felt impressed that a few words in relation to our cause here from a co-worker for humanity would be acceptable to our readers; and that they would be encouraged in well doing for Spiritualism by them. There are now here four regular meetings every Sunday, all of which are well attended; besides these there are many circles regularly held by all grades of people."

"The Society of United Spiritualists which your informant assisted to organize about eighteen months ago, founded one of these meetings. Like all similar undertakings it required considerable personal exertion, but it has lived and now every Sunday at 3 P. M., its hall, 116 Fifth Ave. is filled. Once since it was organized we suspended meetings about three months, and to revive it I had to personally assume all responsibility, but spirit friends assisted, and hence its present flourishing condition. In this task Mrs. S. F. De Wolf of 529 W. Madison St., an excellent trance and test medium, has generously helped with her services to make the meetings attractive and successful. Our services consist of a short lecture, which Mrs. S. F. De Wolf, and your correspondent have generally alternated in giving, singing by congregation and our organist Mrs. Frank Cole; occasionally an eloquent reading by Mrs. Orvil and our secretary Mrs. McCarthy, both of whom are talented in this direction; and usually an hour is devoted to the use of any reasonably developed phase of mediumship for which we can make proper conditions in our audience. For the past six months we have been favored by the services of Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter, Mrs. Maud Lord, Mr. Slater, and very recently the Bang's sisters, all of whom have given remarkable tests in evidence of the presence of our departed friends."

The popular blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is having a tremendous sale this season. Nearly every body takes it. Try it yourself.

A Specific For Throat Troubles.

"Brown's Bronchial Troche" have long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat troubles.

"My communication with the world is very much enlarged by the L-zengers which I now carry always in my pocket; that trouble in my throat (for which the Troche are specific) having made me often a mere whisperer."—N. P. WILLIS. Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troche." Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

There is Room for Both

originality and art in advertising, and we should be glad if we could impress upon our advertisers the value of tasteful and well-conceived advertisements. For some advertising agents understand this. For example, Mr. Joseph H. Richards, who has done business with us for many years. Look at his cut of the Estey Organ in another column. It is neat and attractive. Such advertisements bring customers, and one reason of the success of the Estey Organ is the constancy with which it has been presented in these pasting advertisements in the Observer and elsewhere.—N. Y. Observer.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Presbyterian, June 19, 1886.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl Street, New York.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Voltaire took great pleasure in the opera and there dictated some of his most brilliant letters. Carlyle hated opera.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Mrs. Rebecca Pebern, the faithful wife of A. P. Osborn passed to the higher life February 14th, 1887, at Rural District, Cal.
She leaves a devoted husband, five children and twenty grandchildren to mourn her loss, but what is their loss to her eternal gain.
MART M. HALLINGER.



What a vast amount of pain and suffering would be avoided if this above "Word to the Wise" was heeded in time by everybody. The most serious ailments are at first slight, and if given proper attention might be cured and life prolonged. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar in the remarkable cures it accomplishes, which is unrecorded in the history of medicine. In this respect it has truly had "A Phenomenal Record." And it is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar."

A fair, honest trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that this peculiar preparation does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit, and makes a new and constant friend. This is thoroughly demonstrated in New England, where Hood's Sarsaparilla has been known, to the people for 10 years, and where its sale is continually increasing.

March April May

Are the months, in which to purify the blood, for at no other season is the body so susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar purifying and reviving qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla are so that what is needed to expel disease and fortify the system against the debilitating effects of mild weather. Every year increases the popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla for it is just what people need at this season. It is the ideal spring medicine. If you have never tried it, do so, and you will be convinced of its peculiar merit.

Spring Medicine

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for several years, and feel proud to recommend it as an excellent spring medicine or to be used at all times as a blood purifier. For children as well as grown people we consider the best. We set aside one bottle for our boy to take in the spring. He is nine years old and has enjoyed good health ever since we began giving it to him. We are hidden without it." H. F. GORRAN, Rochester, N. H.
N. H.—If you have made up your mind to get Hood's Sarsaparilla do not take any other.

Building-up Power.

"I gladly attest the peculiar building-up power of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For some time I have been unable to attend to business, but finally at the request of a friend I used part of a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave tone and strength to my system and made me feel young as when a boy." GRANVILLE T. WOODS, 64 and 66 Lodge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of dyspepsia and liver complaint with which I had suffered 20 years." J. B. HORNBECK, South Fairburg, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar 100 Doses One Dollar

Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of Skin and Blood Disease—from PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a resplendent complexion, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure.

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Till Death Us Part.

BY DEAN STANLEY.

[These beautiful lines were first published after his death by *The Spectator*, and were evidently written after the death of his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley.]

"Till Death us part,"
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall cease;
By ceaseless love and self expectant wonder;
In all our paths,
Indissolubly ere,
Till God in death shall part our souls asunder.

"Till Death us join,"
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime
Through lonely hours,
And shattered powers,
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;
Till, through the Only Good,
Heard, felt and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

The Statements of the Bible Criticized.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

We are told that "in the beginning" God made the world. By the wording of the account we must infer that the world constituted the entire universe, because it enumerates what was made on each of the six days; the stars and the heavens are detailed among the other work of this beginning. We are told, also, that the human parts of creation were placed in a garden, and we must infer that God wished them to remain there because he turned them out as a penalty for incurring his displeasure. He is said to have been angry, and entails his anger upon the posterity of the "first man." He is said to have cured the earth for his sake, and through all time makes it bring forth "fruitful and desirable" weeds to express his spite. The man and woman who were the workmanship of his own hands, and must have received the impress of His own spirit, so behaved themselves, and transmitted such a character to their offspring that on reaching the tenth generation he was obliged to drown the whole race except one family. This family formed the nucleus for another race, and a nation was declared, but as no societies were organized for the suppression of this vice, perhaps he could be excused; but really, sowing the same seed it could hardly be expected a better crop would result. However, God was pledged not to do so again, to which pledge the rainbow is a standing witness. The history of man's doings since the flood has been a black chapter. It is hardly to be wondered at, that "it repented" him that he had made man. If his earthly life expresses all of his possible attainments, then he is indeed a bad job. How much above the "beasts that perish," has been his conduct towards those of his kind? In what way, also, has man expressed himself towards the author of his being? In order to increase his power to wrong, he has worked upon the fears of the ignorant and made God a partisan in crime. He has decided to offend him, to offend him, and has decided that God endorsed his teachings though they ran counter to immutable law.

Great tyrants, who oppressed humanity, have been sustained in their wrongs by religious systems. The priest and the tyrant joined hands, and bleeding, suffering humanity was their stock in trade. The disappointed expectations of the Author of being, compelled the developing of a plan by which a consummation could be obtained, not attainable by the original expectation. This takes infinite wisdom and all perfect attributes from the author. What was intended as his crowning work had slipped into the hands of an opposing power, and antagonism existed. The wrath of the Creator has been the weapon of priestcraft. To get mankind back into the unity of the original Father, a miracle must be performed. The miraculous conception is one of the inventions of priestcraft. What can be more dishonoring to God?

Even the plan of salvation is not a success, or at least but partial. The teachings of Christianity do not admit of infinite wisdom, power and goodness. Eternal happiness depends upon an unnatural and unreasonable dogma. Eternal suffering is the penalty for the least thoughtlessness that cannot accept of immortality. Immortality is only his gift, not the Christian system, and yet Christians say you must believe it or be damned. When we find it possible to prove immortality, and do prove it, they say this occurs the wrath—wakes the fiery indignation of Him who would be pleased if we only believe it, and the cloud of witnesses are allowed in this, our day, only to furnish greater occasion for punishment. They say eternal punishment is justified already. Why eternal? Why not instantaneous? The reason Spiritualism is not accepted by Christians is because their dogmas are denied. P. THOMPSON.

Letter From Gen. E. F. Bullard.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Our cause, here is progressing fairly. We continue regular services, with able speakers, but we regret to say that the best lectures do not draw as large houses as describing spirits and giving tests, but such is not a new thing in the history of the human race. It is said that the lecturer of the day, he would not have a large audience as would a lecturer of the day. We have had a number of lectures from such speakers as Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Fields and Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, but they do not draw out more curious seekers. Two weeks since, Dr. Merrill had an overcrowded house to hear his descriptions of spirits, and they were truly wonderful and generally convincing. They are the alphabet that must be presented to new beginners, and while there, at the close of his lecture, he was called out, and for twenty minutes gave the large audience an intellectual treat, which would undoubtedly reach many minds, like seed sown upon good ground.

I want to thank the JOURNAL for its many good things. Its course in denouncing fraud meets the approval of all advanced thinkers in every cause. Humanity cannot make much progress unless our teachers, preachers and editors speak out boldly for the truth and against falsehood in all its departments of life. The many able selections published in your paper, give an intellectual feast to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. We speak specially of the sermon of Heber Newton, M. J. Savage, Mrs. Watson and Mr. Stuart of Detroit. The sermon in your paper of Feb. 19th, ought to be placed in the hands of all thoughtful persons. We have not space or time to refer to the many other able contributors to your paper.

My article on "Remarkable Prophecies," published in your Christmas number, was extensively read and republished in this section of the country. It was published in full in the *Saratoga Eagle*, *Glens Falls Messenger*, *Trinity Standard* and largely quoted from in the *Providence Times* and other papers. We speak of this to show that it is the duty of all persons to give well established facts to the public.

We were pleased to see that Mr. Bundy had a cordial reception in New York City, and it is gratifying to know that a large public appreciate his gallant fight in the war of truth against error.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. EDWARD F. BULLARD.

Our Manager writes: I deem the management of the JOURNAL as regards giving it the greatest possible amount of influence for good, very difficult, delicate and consequently well calculated to elicit the standard of Spiritualism far above that which would be created by an apology for, or an endorsement of, base mountebank, charlatans or tricksters. While it is yielding its influence against fraud and cheat, it is at the same time pouring a flood of light into the minds of honest investigators, who are enjoying the good fortune of being among its readers, and who are outstripping the evidences of the spirituality of life beyond the grave.

Gems of Thought in the Journal.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I wonder if the JOURNAL is really growing better, or if the growth is in my appreciation. It certainly affords constant nourishment for that spiritual hunger which must grow forever and be forever fed. Said a friend whom I introduced to the JOURNAL awhile since, "I know of nothing published that fills its place. Every word of it is eagerly perused by the advertisements, and sometimes those."

Let us see how many golden thoughts are scattered broadcast in one number, say the one of Feb. 5th, beginning with the opening article by Mr. Stebbins. You can afford to republish a few extracts, they would bear repetition again and again. For instance, Mr. Stebbins says:

"Duty, duty, immortality, the Puritans affirmed with a strength of conviction that filled the very air; and these underlie and inspire all spiritual philosophy, all ethics, religion and psychology. Much overbearing dogmatism was in their affirmations. That we can avoid; but, if we leave or hold in light regard the great ideas which gave Puritanism its power and glory, leanness of heart and spiritual coldness and blindness will come to us and then will follow poor lives."

"Through all things an upward tendency irresistibly streams," is a statement of that divine intent which reaches the world of mind as well as the world of matter—evolution of soul as well as of rock and of cloud, the growth of man to larger views, finer insight and a more harmonious life."

We cannot pass over the extracts he makes from our inspired brother, Selden J. Finney. Is not this a perfect statement?

"Religion, then, is a historic fact, involves these three great central ideas. First, God, the all in all; second, a divine correlative element in man; third, a vital connection between God and man."

"Our souls are as adequate to find God as our senses are to find the sun, and precisely in the same manner—by analysis. We climb up the sunbeams to the solar center; we climb up on soul-beams to the spiritual center. As rocks and trees are petrified sunbeams, so souls are petrified beams of God, and the latter are in vital sympathy with its source as are the former."

Following this noble essay, let us see what Mr. J. J. Morse gives voice upon the spiritual platform. This sentence first catches my eye, and certainly no truth deserves to be taught with greater emphasis.

"The truer your own life, the nobler your own desires and aspirations, the more exalted your thoughts, the deeper and purer your loves, the sweeter, safer and more profitable will be your communions with the spirit side of being."

Again, "not the mystery of death so much as the eternity of life is the problem of to-day."

On turning the leaf the first article on the second page is by Mrs. E. L. Watson, whose name I never see without a heartful of thankfulness at her life and work. Let us take the lesson of these sentences:

"A violin, long used to discarding sweet strains, acquires tone. The instrument of angel power must in time, partake more or less of the mental and moral influences constantly flowing through the channels of the heart and brain."

"One of the prominent features of our teachings is, the value of this life, the reality of the soul-world within these walls of mortal bodies, and the best of right-generation as well as the possibility of Universal regeneration."

In the next column Dr. Sonnenchein's lecture on the great problem contains such sentences as these:

"Every particle of my frail and everchanging tissue returns—when the invisible chord of this mortal existence snaps—to its original source. If, then, that which is not I cannot be destroyed, what is the spiritual image in the mind? The infinite and eternal soul-life of the universe beaming forever."

"Take evil; take passion; take pride; take vice; take sin and crime; that is the zero point in God's calculation. All that is below simply adds to the relative value of that which is above."

"Just as you strive successfully to rise above zero, to come nearer and nearer to the heat of that universal life, which is the fountain of perpetual light and ceaseless motion, just so infinitely long will you rise from degree to degree without end, and just so you will forever commune with that invisible and self-conscious entity of the universe which we modestly call our Eternal God and Father."

In the "Science and Receptivity" of Hudson Tuttle, every sentence is quotable; the whole of it should be repeated twice a day.

"If we would learn of nature, if we would commune with her in her most serene mood, we must retire to her solitudes and let no one intrude. The dearest and nearest may draw with well meaning hand, an opaque veil between us and the sun. In the solitude of the forest, by the shore of the walled sea, and in the depths of starlit night, we rest as dwarfs, overpowered by the stupendous elements, yet the center of all forces and all forms. We are in the vortex of creative energies, and if we silently question, the answers fall as soon as our minds are receptive to them. In its adoration of the boundless, the soul mirrors its own infinitude."

"The thoughts of the stars are unlonged, but they vibrate across the limitless ether, and are eloquent to the receptive mind."

"Immeasurably more mindful of receptivity, born of a soul in the contact with the infinite realm of spirit; the ocean of being invisible is before us. As spiritual beings, into the warp and woof of whose being enter the strands of immortal life, we are capable of comprehending the laws of this unseen, and heretofore unknown universe. As suns are pulsating centers of thought, and as light waves go out circling until they meet on the remote line of the universe, so our thoughts wave out from the thinking mind, and are caught up by all minds receptive to them."

J. Clegg Wright's short letter, in which that Boanerges of the platform gives a few jottings of his western experience, begins thus:

"I have always held that the most effective way to spread Spiritualism is to encourage the forming of local societies and private circles. Home is the spot where our spirit-friends come and see us. There is nearly a medium in every family. Home mediumship ought to be carefully cultivated. It is in these home circles that I have seen the best proofs that spirits exist."

We have only superficially examined the pages; there are six more and our space is filled. Yet what riches are already ours!

It is a matter of rejoicing to know that our best minds are deeply impressed with the need of cultivating the inner life more and more. We live in a world overflowing with attractions toward the life of the senses, the phenomenal and the fleeting. Spiritualists are just as much tempted in these ways as any other class of people. But, on the other hand, who have such weighty incentives to cherish whatever is real and permanent? Let us strive for the good, the pure, the heavenly, the eternal; let us manifest in practical lives a little of what we read and talk. We need a revival of that deep religious fervor which animated the early Methodists, but with it the illumination that every added year has given.

We sigh for a new social order and know it is surely coming, but forget that it must come through individuals. It is the glow of the heart that will warm the social world and melt this hard crust of selfishness; not an artificial, external fire kindled by mathematical rules or scientific formulae.

HESTER M. POOLE.

L. H. Warren of Albany, Wis., writes: Our cause is gaining ground in this place. We are holding private circles and developing some very good mediums; we have also organized a society, rented a hall, and not being able to employ speakers we read lectures from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Office Branch and other publications. We also have a choir of home talent, and we have had some very good lectures from one of our home mediums, one whom I think is bound to make his mark in the world at no far distant day. I believe our work for holding meetings is a good one, and we would recommend it to all small bands of Spiritualists who are not able to do better. We commenced our meetings with only ten or twelve, and they have been growing in interest until now we have quite a respectable audience, and still they come.

The practice adopted by the above society, in having a lecture read at its meetings, is a commendable one, and would lead to good results, if more extensively practiced by societies that do not feel able to defray the expense of a lecturer.

The soul loves the great stars, mysteries of nature and bows in reverence before the nameless Might which made and upholds the world.

UNCLE ABE SEES A GHOST.

Strange Adventure of an Ancient Hunter in Missouri Back Country.

There lives a few miles from here, says a Missouri City correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*, an old fox hunter who certainly had an interesting and very exciting experience with a spook not many months ago. His name is Abraham Moreland, and he is a prosperous and well-to-do farmer, standing in the community as a man of good sense and high character, especially in his business transactions, the best place, perhaps, to test the reliability of a man. The place where "Uncle Abe," as he is familiarly called, claims to have seen this specter was among the high and rugged hills that bound the north bank of Cooley Lake—the famous and well-known hunting and fishing resort. The hills are heavily timbered, and not very frequently traversed by man. To a *Globe-Democrat* correspondent he related his story to-day as follows:

"In company with several of my neighbors we were out on a fox chase in the night in question, and that night's awful experience will never be forgotten by me. We had been on the chase for an hour or so, and during the time I had become impatient at the slow progress of the hunt. Finally, from the barking of the hounds, I knew that the chase had grown most too warm for Reynard, and that he had taken refuge in his den. As I dismounted and started down the steep hill in the direction where the dogs were, when I had proceeded some distance, and nearly reached the dogs, suddenly there appeared near me a ghostly object, resembling the form of a man. At first I thought it was only a comrade of mine, with a white sheet, trying to frighten me. So I spoke, requesting the supposed man to come on and go to the dogs, remarking that I was not easily frightened. The object stood motionless and responded with a low, muffled noise. I then picked up a large stone, which I threw straight through the mysterious visitor. I could plainly see the missile pass through the object. At this stage I began to get a little shaky, and I hurried to look through the thing with the result as before. I then began to retrace my steps, and concluded that it would be all right to leave the fox in his present quarters. Gradually I hastened my steps to return to my horse, while fear and strange feelings were fast gaining possession of my mind and heart. Suddenly the ghostly form again appeared before me, and I was fearfully startled. The cold perspiration gathered on my brow, and I was trembling with fright. The awful spell that the presence of this mysterious visitor threw over me cannot be described or expressed in words. Raising my hand over my head and appealing to the Almighty on high, I asked: 'Why, oh, why had this mysterious object dropped down from the unknown realm above to terrorize my spirit?' The goblin, or whatever it was, stood back, and I hurried on my way, feeling as if I had been released from a spell. Again I rushed onward, and after climbing over a cliff of rocks, the spectral form was before me again. There it stood in all its ghastly whiteness. Gathering all my strength, almost prostrated, I pushed by and reached my horse, which was trembling from head to foot. The dogs had left their post and had gathered close under the horse. I then mounted and hurried on my way, with the swiftness of the wind. On reaching home my mind was in such an excited and nervous state that sleep was impossible, and all through the long hours of the night the ghostly visitor could not be removed from my mind. I never thought for once of the loss of my hat and hunting horn until the next day, when some of the 'boys' came over to inquire the cause of my sudden and unceremonious desertion of the party that night before. I related to them what had happened and requested some of them to go to the locality and search for the lost articles, which they did, and were successful in finding the hat and horn."

"I will not attempt to explain or account for the mysteriousness of the affair, but I am certain that what I saw was something unearthly. I never believed in Spiritualism, nor am I superstitious; still I cannot sustain the idea that it was only an optical illusion or a freak of imagination. Would it be contrary to the general order of things, or going too far, to form the belief, or at least the opinion, that the Supreme Being above, who blows the breath of life in the babe, and at his will calls the spirit back to heaven, should for some unknown and mysterious object send spirit back to earth in obscure form? Any ray of light, or any voice, never will the remembrance of that awful event be erased from my memory. During that night my head became frosted with a snow white that the sun of all the time can never melt."

Such is the fox hunter's story. "Uncle Abe" has never ventured in the locality since, and oft when preparing to go on a chase some of the party will suggest going to the spook region. "Uncle Abe" never goes. He says that the hill in the distance, robed in azure blue and with a slow shake of the head answers, "Not there boys." It is not known that any one else ever saw any unusual sight there. On the hills are to be found many Indian graves, and the grinning skulls and bleached bones of an almost extinct race are seen now and then scattered over the ground. It is told in tradition that here a good and true Indian was once fought, and that the spirit of many a brave from there took its flight to the "happy hunting grounds."

A Sinking Ship.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Rev. Mr. Townsend, the oldest Methodist minister in this section, has left the church, established a school of new theology at Chataqua Lake, and is uncovering the myths that have been taken from the heathen theology and taught in the churches as the truth. He is a very able, and a very honest Presbyterian, church, at Cleveland, were founded when their well paid pastor, Mr. Ogden, one of the brightest of that sect, read the following:

"I hereby present my resignation as your pastor, to take effect April 1. My only reason for this step is a change, or rather growth and maturing, of theological opinions, which makes it impossible for me in good conscience, to longer assent to the doctrinal standards of the church."

On the same day, at Wellsville, Va., the Rev. Henry Wirmann, of the Episcopal church, gave notice to his congregation that he no longer believed in the tenets of the church, and that he had decided to leave the ministry.

The largest Catholic church of New York refuses to obey the Pope, and its members leave their cash at home for the purpose of supporting the cause. Now in Rome, the Holy Father that any condemnation of the knights would be not only useless but highly inopportune and might alienate the sympathy of the American laboring classes from the church, and hamper the mission of the church to the laboring poor. This only applies to the Knights. The Fathers say in Canada that the Knights are bad, which, being interpreted, means that more cash can be gotten from the British Isles from the Knights.

The Missionary Board, Harvard Professor, and Mr. Hume, agree that they don't know whether there is future probation for any one or not; thus confessing that they know nothing of the future life. They have lately come in possession of a magnificent, bequest of \$250,000, which is applicable only for purposes of special astronomical investigations. How much wiser it is to study astronomy than the dogmatic of the Nicene Fathers, or those of any other convention held during the dark ages. The Christian Scientists and Spiritualists say that there are laws of the spirit, as certain as those of astronomy. Why should there not be?

Three Presbyterian ministers changed their base from this Presbytery last week. Many others want to change, but can find no safe passage out, and the cause of the great growth is constantly being worked. Bro. Livermore, the chief dry-goods merchant here, through whose pocket the church had for years a constant stream, and his accomplished lady, have become Spiritualists. They have held séances at their residence and opened the eyes of many others.

Within ten days after the vacancy in the Presbytery, the church and the mission agents for it. Many of them are settled over churches, poorer and dead. But the saddest wall of all comes from a New York clergyman who says in the *Homiletic Review*, that below Fourteenth street, New York, containing a population of over half a million, there is only seating capacity in all Protestant places of worship for 50,000, and every one knows they do not average a half-million.

The remarkable cure of the sick, occurring all over the country, of unbelievers, Jews, Catholics, etc., is knocking the bottom out of the old ideas of faith. The cure of a young lady near Pittsburgh ceased a labored discourse from priest there. He said it rendered the miracles in Holy Writ of little value, and denounced the "Sorcerers," as he called them.

The Death of Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher has at last dropped out of the living ranks of men, where he has fought many a good fight for humanity. As a great preacher his fame is assured, and it will be so difficult to fill his place that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that when he died the spirit and vivifying force of Plymouth Church died with him. Mr. Beecher was Plymouth Church in more senses than one. He had so infused it with his personality, and so dominated its policy and convictions, that it can never again be what it was before his death. Another man of course will take the vacant pulpit, but he will always be handicapped by associations, reminiscences, and comparisons with the man who had so impressed himself upon the church that it stood by him loyally in days of trouble and saved him from blows which would have crushed any other man, and unquestioningly followed him through all the theological and religious changes of opinion which came so frequently and aggressively in his later years. He had papal power and well-nigh papal infallibility in that church. Such unswerving loyalty can hardly be extended to another.

As the years pass on it can hardly be doubted that Mr. Beecher's fame will most closely attach to the great work which he accomplished in molding public opinion against the system of human bondage, wherein he came closest to the heart of universal humanity. He will be remembered as Phillips, Sumner and Greeley are remembered, not by their partisan opinions, but by what they did for an enslaved race. Mr. Beecher's religious opinions will soon pass out of memory. All creeds, beliefs, and theological doctrines are in a ferment, and probably a quarter of a century hence the ministers of Chicago who criticized his religious attitude so severely the other day will have drifted beyond his standpoint on the sweeping currents of evolution. In religion each generation goes further on than the high-water mark of the last. History will take little note of Mr. Beecher's theological status except as a preacher who had great power in a humanly direction. It will take little note of his political vagaries, for in politics, as in religion he has been drifting these many years and has many times crossed and recrossed his own tracks. It will take little note of his faults, grave as some of them have been. Even these, were they not so beyond personal results, are forgotten in time, but no history will fail to take note of his great and eloquent work for the slave, who was for him not only a man but a brother, and for whom he pleaded with all his wonderful powers of appeal. He will live as the preacher of and for humanity in all its forms.—*Chicago Tribune*.

How the Blind Dream.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

These suggestions by Bain, in reference to "How the Blind Dream," are worthy of careful consideration. I have known many persons, a mental vision is vividly produced during sleep, in which they perceive their friends moving about and conversing as in the ordinary real business of life. Now it is very obvious that such a dream can not occur to a blind man. A blind boy dreamed of his brother who was dead. He knew him by his voice, and he also knew he was in the fields with him, for he felt him tread upon the grass and smelling the fresh mown hay, he felt the cool breeze reach much beyond this. Another man dreamed he was in his workshop; he knew this by sitting on a box, and by the tools which were in it. A blind tramp said when he dreamed it was just the same as when he was awake; he dreamed of hearing and touching. Mr. B. G. Johns, in *The National Review*, mentions the case of a man who dreamed of a ghost. This suggested a question of very great interest. Do the blind believe in ghosts? If so, in what manner do they come, and how are they recognized? A ghost is an apparition or ethereal being, generally resembling some person known in the flesh; it can not, however, be felt, for it is transparent; a bullet may pass through it, and if sitting in a chair, it does not prevent another person occupying the seat at the same time. It is therefore generally admitted with Herbert Spencer that touch is the only reliable sense by which reality is to be known, and that the others may be reduced. When Macbeth could only see the dagger but could not feel it, he called it a dagger of the mind. How then can a blind man believe in a ghost known only by hearing and touch? It seems to us a contradiction, yet Mr. Johns has a ghost story. A blind man dreamed he went to a house, where he met a comrade who had been sent to prison, and he thus described his dream: "I heard a voice at the door, and I said, 'Bless me, if that ain't John,' and I took him by the sleeve, if that ain't John, and I was half afraid of him, and surprised he was out weeks before his time. Then (in my dream) I dreamt he tried to frighten me, and make me believe he was a ghost, by pushing me down sideways, etc.; after that I waked and heard no more." This is a very curious account of a dream, and the state of mind the reader may find it hard to believe in so strange a way as to make the blind man believe he was a ghost. The pushing him down sideways, however, does not suggest a spiritual being to an ordinary mind. It would be a matter of great interest if Mr. Johns, or other persons coming in contact with the blind, would make further investigations into the subject of ghosts as conceived by the blind. The unexplained, dark, cloudy white and quiet imagination, can hardly have place in the blind man's imagination.

Have Animals Souls?

(Light, London.)

Sir,—I have recently had some curious experiences, which I should like to narrate, in order to ascertain whether others of your readers have had experiences of the same kind.

This evening, while talking to a friend (whose letter I enclose), I was startled by the form of a small white dog that passed along the floor in front of us. I was seated in a chair by the fire, and my friend was standing by the mantelpiece. It disappeared in the center of the room. My friend looked down, and I asked him if he saw it. The door was shut, and we searched the room. No animal of any description was to be found.

The other night I woke and saw the appearance of a dog sitting by my bedside on the carpet. As I looked at it, it looked up at me, and lay down, still looking up at me affectionately. I went to touch it and it vanished!

The form was like that of a dog I had for twelve years of the name of "Flora." It died about a year before my late husband, to whom it was much attached.

My youngest girl, eight years old, lately formed an attachment to a large retriever which lived next door. The dog died, and three days after its death my little girl said she saw it as she got into bed. She was wide awake. She said that "it was standing by the window, that it looked at her, and then disappeared into the curtain."

Several times my husband brought with him from Australia a cockatoo. We kept it a few years, when my husband departed for the higher life. The bird perished after him. One night I awoke and saw it fly through my room and disappear in the window. I felt sure it had got loose, but could not see it. In the morning it was found dead in its cage, and the door shut. "I always lock my door at night."

I was present with Mrs. C. on the occasion referred to in her letter. We were sitting in the drawing-room, which was well lighted and presented a cheerful appearance. Suddenly I noticed a white form like a dog, and at the same moment Mrs. C. said: "Did you see that dog?" I replied: "I replied in the affirmative, and immediately searched the room, but no animal was to be found. Mrs. C. then told me she recognized the 'appearance' as that of a pet dog of hers, long since deceased. I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to the great and incontestable evidence in support of spiritual phenomena, and remain yours faithfully, W. H. LUMLEY.

Fairfield House, Folkestone.

Wallace Dowse writes: "I have been taking the JOURNAL for the past fifteen years, and to-day I was looking it over, and of the three papers on my table, it is the nearest and brightest, as well as the one giving the best intellectual food."

Rev. E. P. Powell says: "Geography used to teach that the world rested upon a tortoise, and the tortoise on a coiled serpent, and the coiled serpent, what did that rest on? Of it was so long that the coils had no end. Well, our theology runs back to and rests on another serpent."

A Spirit Returns to a Minister's Family.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Inasmuch as the columns of the JOURNAL have contained several accounts of late of materializing mediums coming to grief, and inasmuch as many doubt the genuineness of spirit-return, I think the following true narrative will be read with interest: In the summer of 1883 or 1884, a United Brethren, then living at Leocompton, Kansas, by the name of John Dearer, preached at this place. During his brief visit he frequently put up with me, and often talked with him on the subject of Spiritualism, and invited him to sit with us in our private circle; my wife being a table-tipping medium, he readily consented to do so, and seemed very much interested. On one occasion he related the following circumstance to me, which I will give in his own words as nearly as I can remember. He said: "A very strange circumstance happened at our house since I was here last. When asked what he said: 'A few evenings ago, supper being ready, we called my sister-in-law to come to the sitting-room, but she couldn't move; she seemed to be in a trance or stupor, and what seemed strange is, that though there was no lamp in the room, it suddenly became very light, and the spirit of my sister who had been dead for two years, appeared on the wall. We all recognized her. She spoke in a feeble voice, and one of the members of the family, giving good advice, and then disappeared as mysteriously as she came.'"

I said: "Bro. Dearer, what do you think of this?"

"I believe it was the spirit of my sister."

So long as such genuine tests of spirit presence are taking place all over our broad land, don't let us be discouraged that such frauds as Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Grindie Reynolds, are held up in their true light, but rather rejoice and be exceedingly glad.

Wellsville, Kansas. E. A. CARPENTER.

C. Bradford writes: I am glad to see you so earnest in denouncing materializing frauds. I have attended many seances here in Boston—those of Mrs. Fairchild, Mrs. Fairchild, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Fays and others. I did at first think spirit return did materialize, but now after investigation, I believe them to be all frauds, and should be denounced in every paper in the land.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The unseen forces in life are never at rest.

Every man has not only a right but a duty to think for himself.

The spiritual laws of the universe though most potent are least of all understood.

Spiritualism is the religion of home rule. It recognizes the individual "first, last, and all the time."

A mediator at the court of heaven in the person of Jesus is a monstrous delusion, and worthy only of man's contempt.

The world insists on having a reasonable theology as well as a reasonable medicine, government, education and astronomy.

If Jesus were to come again he would doubtless do what he did before, lead a revolt of brains against assumptions and precedents.

A man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion and learning, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last.

We need not die to go to God.

See how the daily prayer is given!

'Tis not across a gulf we cry.

"Our Father, who dost dwell in heaven."

There never did and there never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the existence of a resolute self-denial.

Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, it will not come nigh me. Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart, it will not benefit me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water pot is filled.

The smallest effort is not lost.

Each wave of our mind is a seed.

Aids in the subside or the flow.

Each raindrop makes some flowet blow.

Each struggle less

I Vash So Glad I Vash Here.

Mr. Moody, who does not believe that immersion is absolutely essential for baptism, was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said that some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come up out of it to be baptized. But this he claimed to be a doubtful question, for the preposition "into," as used in the Scriptures could be rendered differently, as it does not mean to go down into the water, but to go up out of it. So with going down into the water; it might mean simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way, by sprinkling or pouring. Mr. Moody carried this idea out fully, giving the impression that repentance and conversion to God were more essential than the particular form of baptism. This left the new converts perfect liberty to go to either the Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian or Baptist church.

After Mr. Moody had closed his discourse an invitation was given for any one so disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly benefited. Finally a correspondent gentleman from the audience, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I is so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mind some things dat I neffer could peelf before. Oh, I is so glad dat in to does not mean into at all, but shust close 'by or near to, for now I can peelf many things vot I could not peelf before. We rest, Mr. Breacher, dat Tinsid vash cast into de ten of house, and came out allse. Now I neffer could peelf dat, for wili peasts would shust eat him right off; but now I is fery clear to my mind. He vash shust close 'by or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I sh so glad I vash here to-night. Again we rest dat de Hephew children vash cast into de fersh furnace, and dat always looked like a peeg story, for, they would have peeg purt up; but it is all blin to me mist now, for dey vash shust cast 'by or close to de fersh furnace. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night. And den, Mr. Breacher, I sh said dat Jonah vash cast into de sea, and taken into de whale's belly. Now I neffer could peelf dat. It alvish seem to me to be a peeg fish story, but it is all blin to my mind now. He vash not into de whale's belly cast at all, but he shust shump onto his peck, and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night."

"And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust explain two more passages of Scripture, I shall be oh, so happy dat I vash here to-night! One of dem lah vere it said de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primstone alvish. Oh, Mister Breacher, sh I be cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close 'by or near to—shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh, I hope you tell me I sh be cast only shust 'by a good vays off, and I will be so glad I vash here to-night. Deoder passage is dat vich said blessed are they who do these commandments, dat dey may have right to de tree of life, and enter in droo de gates of de city, and not shust close 'by or near to—shust near enough to see vat I have lost—and I sh be so glad I vash here to-night."

From *EU Perkins' Wit and Humor of the Age.*

STYLES IN COFFINS.

Fashion Rules Even the Shapes of Dead Men's Covers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: It appears from *The Record*, of this city, that there are fashions in everything nowadays, even in funerals, and as there are styles in garments, so also are there styles in coffins. One would think that the melancholy duty of burying the dead would be the dictate of fashion, to which nearly everything else in the world is forced to bow, but a stroll through the warehouses of some large manufacturing undertaker would quickly convince the doubter that even the house of mourning is ruled by the unyielding hand of what the world calls fashion. Fashion said once that he who would be in style must be buried in a casket of beautifully polished rosewood or other rare and costly wood, with massive handles and trimmings of silver. Then nothing but a slim purse suggested a departure from the ruling style. Now fashion says that a casket neatly and plainly covered with black cloth is as imperative as all others from the same source. Between these two extremes there have been many intermediate patterns, and fickle fashion will probably one day again order a change, and then the sombre casket of to-day will be a thing of the past and irrevocably "out of style."

It is only in caskets for infants and young people that anything like latitude is permitted, and even then it is principally as regards color. White or the universal black is the color prescribed, the former being that most used. For those too are bold enough to disregard the dictates of fashion there are a great variety of styles and colors available, some of them so novel as to be almost startling.

For instance, an enterprising New York undertaker created quite a sensation the other day by conspicuously displaying in his window a casket covered with plush of the delicate shade known as Nile green, and by its side another covered with light blue velvet. Without going to such extremes there are a great variety of patterns and patterns of covering material. There are plushes, velvets and plain cloths in black, brown, blue, old gold, and numerous intermediate shades. Embossed and figured plushes are even included in the list of coverings.

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The religion founded upon the bible claims to be exclusive; its advocates deny the right to question its authority, or examine into its philosophy, and at the same time you are told that Genesis and science are united, that there never was any conflict between them, and never can be. As we understand matters, science sets up no claims to infallibility, it never issues a manifesto until it has in its possession facts, it proceeds to warrant such an issue. But having no definite point to start from, no ultimate can be reached, there must be a conflict of interest between reason and revelation. On the other hand Spiritualism opens wide the doors of her philosophy and invites the scientist to make the most rigid examinations, put to the most crucial tests all the phenomena produced, whether mental or physical, so that the two systems—Christianity and Spiritualism—may be considered as being directly opposed to each other, the one sheltering itself behind a bulwark of tradition, while the other invites criticism and honest research.—*Oliver Branch*

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While in the army I contracted a severe Cold, which settled on my Lungs. My physician could do nothing for me, and my friends believed me to be in Consumption. As a last resort, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gave immediate relief, and finally cured me. I have not the least doubt that this medicine

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In the twenty years that have since elapsed, I have had no trouble with my Lungs.—H. B. Russell, Editor and Publisher *Republican*, Albion, Mich.

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When about 22 years of age, a severe Cold affected my Lungs. I had a terrible Cough, could not sleep, nor do any work. I consulted several physicians, but received no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I continued to take this medicine, and am satisfied it saved my life.—C. G. Van Alstyne, P. M., North Chatham, N. Y.

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What Was It?

(Continued from First Page.)

of course when we went out with the light, and the noise ceased instantly, but on going back to our room, it began again. I was thoroughly frightened at this next manifestation, but my husband was interested and excited, and by argument and persuasion and petting managed to lull me with a little of his bravery.

"It is very strange and curious," he said, "but I am determined to get to the bottom of it. If you are seriously alarmed, dear, I will take you to one of the neighbors, but for myself—"

The set lines around his mouth spoke volumes, and I would have died rather than to have confessed myself as cowardly as I was. "We will stay together," I said, "I am not afraid—with you."

I spoke more bravely than I really felt then, but after the first tremor was off I found that the excitement of the thing gave me a sort of reckless courage. After all, noise never hurt any one, and if we only could discover the causes of the disturbances what a satisfaction it would be, so I put my hand in my husband's and together we listened until after a few minutes the noise died away into silence.

There was nothing more to disturb us that night, but I must confess that I left the lamp burning brightly instead of dimly, and that my sleep was far from being sound or refreshing.

The next day my husband's brother and nephew, who were to be employed in his factory, arrived, and while I was glad to see them, I felt gladder yet to think that four instead of two would pass the nights in our house.

Two or three days passed uneventfully, but on the third Clarence, our nephew, who had, boy-fashion, made friends around town and heard more news, gossip and scandal than the rest of us would in six months, came rushing in wide-eyed and excited.

"Do you know," he cried, "what people say about this house, Malcolm? They say it is haunted and has been for years, and that no one has lived in it for a long time."

My husband and I looked at one another, while we were in no position to argue the matter pro or con, and Clarence went on gleefully:

"I hope you and Florence won't give up the ship though, it will be so awfully jolly to hunt the spooks up if there's any—let's organize ourselves into a vigilance committee and go for them together."

What Clarence proposed in jest we soon did in earnest, for no sooner was the reputation of the place made known to us than all restraint seemed to have been laid aside by the mysterious something which had possession of our premises, and pranks—ridiculous, annoying, rarely vicious but always unexplainable were played on us continually from that evening, and we resolved to find, if possible, the key to the mystery, devoting ourselves jointly and severally to that task, but all in vain. Whatever it was which occasioned the disturbing demonstrations baffled all our efforts to unmask it. We set traps of all kinds, we watched, we followed up instantly every new manifestation.

At first we reasoned that human ingenuity was being employed in order to lower the value of the really pretty and attractive place, and with that conviction we studied to detect and expose the culprit, but soon the performances became such that we could but confess that no human influence could be at work amongst us.

One evening after seeing "the boys," as I familiarly called them, off as usual and locking the front door behind them, as was my custom, I was astonished to see it swing slowly open before my eyes. Thinking that I had made a mistake and had failed to close it, I went back and shut it firmly and locked it, but I was not across the dining-room threshold before it swung deliberately open again. I locked it once again, with the same result, then without making any comments I called Esther from her work and bade her lock the door. I heard her in the hall going back and forth and muttering under her breath, and then she came in looking a little perturbed.

"If you please, Miss Florence," she said, "dat dere do' will have to stay open, I reckon, de haunts pears to want it dat 'ar way and taint no use to contend 'gainst 'em nohow."

She certainly spoke the truth about it being "no use to contend against 'em," for although from time to time during that day I locked the obstinate door, each time it slowly and deliberately defied me and swung back against the wall, and it was not until my husband and the rest returned that it could be persuaded to remain closed and fastened.

The oddest thing about these proceedings was that, unlike the generality of "haunted" places, day and night seemed equally favorable to the demonstrations, which were as varied as they were puzzling. With the broad sunlight shining in gloriously, sharp knocks would come upon my sitting-room door and then the door would open as though to admit an invisible visitor and close quietly behind him.

Heavy footsteps would go up and down the rooms above, the soft murmur of voices could be plainly heard, and yet no one could be seen although these things happened quite as frequently in clear, fair daylight as in those hours which are supposed to be especially dedicated to supernatural performances.

Space will not permit me to narrate at length the story of our nine months' stay in that most remarkable house. Scarcely a day passed that some new prank was not played upon us, and the old ones repeated unweariedly. It was as though we were surrounded by a company of mischievous spirits who found unlimited pleasure in disturbing and outwitting us, but were, in the main, good-natured and certainly harmless.

Knocks were the commonest form of annoyance; loud and sharp they sounded everywhere and at all times, sometimes waking us in the night by lively rattles on the head of the bed, calling us to the front door to admit callers who were not to be seen upon investigation. On the chairs, on the tables, on the piano, everywhere imaginable or unimaginable they sounded at all times and seasons until I grew so accustomed to them that I scarcely took note of their occurrence.

ment and then to look out and see only the empty moonlit porch.

My bedroom door which I preferred to leave open during the daytime into the hall, was often slammed violently behind me as I passed out or in. A phantom cat, or something which sounded identically like it, would mew pitifully from all sorts of surprising places. The soft swish of a woman's dress running up and down the stairs disturbed us at our dinner one day, and we ransacked the house in search of the wearer, only to be mocked when our search was ended by a repetition of the same sound.

Now and then reports as of the firing of a pistol startled us all seriously, but this particular sound was confined to the hall and was more infrequent than many others.

Kindling wood carefully piled up beside the fireplace by neat-handed Alice, would be mischievously upset and scattered about in a way which would vex her youthful spirit grievously.

Snaps like the explosion of a percussion cap would go off under our very feet. Invisible articles would fall upon the floor making loud and startling noises close beside us. Sometimes, but this was principally at night, it would seem as though some kind of machinery were running in our very rooms beside our bed, running with a monotonous whirr and buzz that was as disagreeable as it was unmistakable.

Sometimes soft steps would cross our room to the wash-stand and invisible hands would be, apparently, washed in invisible but plainly heard, trickling and slopping water.

Practical jokes were played upon us continually. If I ordered no fire in my room the noise of crackling wood would soon come to my ears, and I would summon Esther only to find that my orders had not been disobeyed, but that "the haunts" were maligning her.

So it went on day after day and night after night. After giving up our attempts to solve the mystery, we allowed others to do what they could in that direction, but no one met with success. Some Spiritualists of the place asked permission to have some circles there, saying that they could in that way quiet the disturbances, but they failed signally. They received "communications," but of such an absurd and contradictory nature that even the most sincere among them gave up in despair, and at last when my husband found it necessary to go North on business we left the pretty little house as we found it—a shunned and mysterious place, the secret of which was held as closely within its walls as before.

And now, having written a plain although not, of course, an exhaustive statement of our strange experience, I ask a question which I have asked hundreds of times before, and which was never yet satisfactorily answered, and that is—*What was it?*—The *Illustrated Household Magazine*.

FAITH HEALING.

Families Wrecked.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Century for March has two articles on faith-cure—*pro* and *con*. From the latter, by the Rev. Dr. Buckley, the following is taken: "Families have been broken up by the doctrine taught in some of the leading faith-healers that friends who do not believe this truth are to be separated from because of the weakening effect of their disbelief upon faith, and a most heart-rending letter has reached me from a gentleman whose mother and sister are now residing in a faith-institution not far from this city, refusing all intercourse with their friends, and neglecting the most obvious duties of life."

"Certain advocates of faith-healing and faith-homes have influenced women to leave their husbands and parents and reside in the homes, and have persuaded them to give thousands of dollars for their purpose, on the ground that 'the Lord had need of the money.'"

"This system is connected with every other superstition. The bible is used as a book of magic. Many open it at random, expecting to be guided by the first passage that they see, as Peter was told to open the mouth of the first fish that came up and he would find in it a piece of money. A missionary of high standing with whom I am acquainted was cured of this form of superstition by consulting the bible on an important matter of Christian duty, and the passage that met his gaze was: 'Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming.' Paganism can produce nothing more superstitious than this, though many other Christians instead of 'searching the scriptures,' still try to use the bible as a divining rod."

"It feeds upon impressions, makes great use of dreams, and signs, and statements foreign to truth, and petitions in their influence. A young lady long ill was visited by a minister who prayed with her, and in great joy arose from his knees, and said: 'Jennie, you are sure to recover. The Lord has revealed it to me.' Soon after, physicians in consultation decided that she had cancer of the stomach, of which she subsequently died. The person who had received the impression that she would recover, when met by the pastor of the family, said: 'Jennie will certainly get well. The Lord will raise her up. He has revealed it to me.' 'Well,' said the minister, 'she has not the nervous disease she had some years ago. The physicians have decided that she has cancer of the stomach.' 'Oh, well,' was the reply, 'if that is the case she is sure to die.'"

"A family living in the city of St. Louis had a daughter who was very ill. The members of this family were well acquainted with one of the leading advocates of faith-healing in the East, who made her case a subject of prayer, and wrote her a letter desiring that she would certainly be cured and that the Lord had revealed it to him. The letter arrived in St. Louis one day after her death."

"These are cases taken not from the operations of recognized fanatics, but from those of leading lights in this *ignis fatuus* movement."

"It is a means of obtaining money under false pretenses. Some who promulgate these views are honest, but underneath their proceedings runs a subtle sophistry. They establish institutions which they call faith-homes, declaring that they are supported entirely by faith, and that they use no means to make their work known or to persuade persons to contribute. Meanwhile they advertise their work and institutions in every possible way, publishing reports in which, though in many instances wanting in business accuracy, they exhibit the most cunning wisdom of the children of this world."

"The horrible mixture of superstition and blasphemy to which these views frequently lead is not known to all persons. I quote from a paper published in Newark, N. J., in the interest of faith-healing:

"'DEATH.—Three of the richest men in Ocean Park, N. J., have died. Faith-healing has been taught in the place, but was rejected by them, so death came.'"

"CHARLESTON, S. C.—A few years ago the Holy Ghost sent me to preach in that city. But they rejected the gospel and me. A wicked man shot at me and tried to kill me, but God saved me so that I was not harmed. . . . But I had to leave Charleston and do as the great Head of the Church said: . . . 'when ye depart out of that house, or city, shake off the dust from your feet.' Earthquake, Sept. 1, 1886, one half of the city in ruins. It has a population of about fifty thousand persons. We wicked cities in the world, take warning! God lives!"

The Watseska Wonder.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As the "Watseska Wonder" has been republished, I think it well to say a word in reference to it, and give a letter I received when that startling narrative was first published in the columns of the JOURNAL. It then appeared so strange to me, that I doubted the whole affair, but to do justice to myself and others, I concluded to write to one of the parties who figured in the story, and soon found that the names, at least, were no myth, for I received a letter in answer to mine from Mr. A. B. ROFF. I know that this good brother will pardon me for giving his letter to the public, when it is intended for the general good, and for the confirmation of that which must ever be to him a precious fact.

WATSEKA, Sept. 10, 1878.

DEAR SIR: Your kind letter just came to hand, and as you surmise, I receive a great many letters in regard to the "Watseska Wonder"—generally letters of inquiry as to the facts, etc., but they are not at all annoying to me. I love to hear from those who doubt, and hasten to answer their questions; and thus far I have answered every letter and postal card I have received on this subject. I was a Methodist for fifteen years, and tried to live a righteous life, but like you, I had doubts and fears, for I never had the proof of immortality. Mrs. ROFF and I fought against Spiritualism for fifteen years; and for several years prior to Mary's death, whenever we talked of Spiritualism doubtfully, Mary would say, 'Ma [or Pa] as the case might be, if I die before you do I will return and convince you if spirits can return.' She told us this scores of times in the last few years of her earth-life. And sure enough, a few months after Mary died, as it is usually termed, she did return and converse with us, and Mrs. ROFF and myself have been perfectly happy ever since with the knowledge, 'that if a man die he shall live again.' How many times has our dear angel Mary through life's weary journey, strengthened us in this belief; and, too, how our cup of happiness has overflowed by her visit with us from Feb. 11th to May 21st. How affectionate!—every night and morning would not fail she put her arms around our necks, and kissing us over and over again, loving everything and every body that we loved. You cannot form an adequate idea as to how loving and affectionate Mary was,—much more so than when she was always with us. She was just like a child 12 years old, who had been absent for a dozen years, then returned without an increase in her age. Oh! how lonely we have felt since Mary left us. Although the body is the same, yet it is a different personality."

Yesterday I took a gentleman to see Lurancy, who was introduced to me, and became quite well acquainted with Mary at our house in last March. He resides twenty miles from here. Lurancy looked upon him as a stranger. After waiting for a recognition I introduced the gentleman; he tried for a full hour to call her attention to something, by which she would recognize the former acquaintance of last March, but failed."

But, dear friend, there is another side to this narrative; in brief I will tell you that we have been laughed at, sneered at, slandered and abused, as well as misrepresented; our motives were impugned, etc. During the whole time Lurancy was at our house we never knew but each day would be the last one that she would be allowed to remain with us."

Many friends told Mr. Vennum, that although Mr. ROFF is a good man, he can never cure his child; and the better way would be to have her sent to the asylum in Chicago before it is entirely too late. This is but an isolated case. We lived that whole period in a dreadful suspense over us, for we never doubted the result if we were permitted to keep the child. It makes us happy to read kind and encouraging words from friends. The narrative, running through the two JOURNALS is correct, and anything further would be of a private nature to the family, too holy and sacred for the seceders. A. B. ROFF.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that this Watseska phenomenon may meet with a large sale, and be well studied by all Spiritualists. As a believer in the return of spirits, I have long since made up my mind that the demoniac sphere is just above our head, and all around us, verifying the language of Jesus, "Satan goeth up and down the earth seeking whom he may devour," and to entirely absolve ourselves from this sphere, is to live above it. JOHN A. HOOVER.

Notes From New York.

AN EXCELLENT MEDIUM.

Mrs. S. G. Bonham, formerly of Chicago, and well known there, is now located at 120 West Forty-second street, New York. It gives me great pleasure to say that Mrs. Bonham is a medium of the very highest intellectual and spiritual development. Possessing in herself a refined soul and an exalted nature, her prophetic communications cannot be otherwise than pure and refined in character, and such in fact they are. Mrs. Bonham does not know what it is to resort to devices or to stoop below the truth. From many years' experience I can personally testify to the reliability of her communications, and one sitting will convince any person that no spiritual revelations were ever made in choicer language or marked by purer thought. Mrs. Bonham is also an inspired artist with pen and crayon. Numerous life-like portraits of persons long years in the Spirit-world, drawn with the fidelity and touch of a master, testify to her powers in this direction. Friends visiting New York will be repaid a thousand fold for an hour's call upon Mrs. Bonham.

J. J. MORSE.

Permit me to pay a slight tribute to the merits of this most excellent medium, one of the very best who has appeared upon the platform since the time of Selden J. Finney. I heard Mr. Morse speak upon a dozen different subjects, in answer to questions (and some of them very weak ones) and not a trivial, light or foolish word in the whole hour. He is wonderfully fluent in his speech, clear in his articulation and highly oratorical in manner; a finished speaker in method

and in fact. As to the matter of his remarks he exhibits great knowledge and intellectual ability, a depth of learning upon all subjects—religion, theology and philosophy—such as are seldom met with. He is profound and searching in principles and logical and conclusive in argument; there are no glittering generalities or meaningless platitudes, but every sentence embodies a truth which commends itself to the common sense of the hearer. Mr. Morse should have crowded houses wherever he speaks, for our platform can boast of but few such orators.

ABRAHAM JAMES.

Since writing the notice of this wonderful medium a month or so ago, I have heard directly from him at his present location, Count, Florida. James says he is "not dead," as was published a year or so since, but is living in the South, hoping to restore his health. He thinks some day he may be able to re-enter the field. In the meantime he will be glad to hear from his old friends in New York City.

Geo. A. SHUFELDT.

New York City, March 6.

General News.

A substantial contribution by President Cleveland toward the Hendrick monument, at Indianapolis, was lately received by the treasurer of the fund.—Alfred T. Dutton, a middle-aged book-keeper of Chicago, is said to have lost his reason by attending the Murphy temperance meetings twice daily.

A grand hunt, yesterday, in Morgan country, Illinois, where twenty-three hundred men and boys covered an area of fifty miles in circumference, resulted in the death of three foxes.—At Potomac, Illinois, a wealthy farmer named Goodwin fatally shot Charles Morehead for the seduction of the former's daughter, 15 years of age.—The striking miners at Peoria are greatly excited over the arrival of one hundred negroes to take their places.

The Socialists of Chicago had a grand procession last Sunday in connection with the funeral of Mrs. Neebe.—On the advice of Leonard Sweet, the bereaved husband decided to pass the day in jail, having twice been permitted to visit his home, to see his wife's remains, and arrange for the obsequies.—Fire destroyed the Commercial press at New Orleans, with a large amount of cotton, the total loss being \$150,000.—Commission firms on the Chicago board of trade are likely to lose \$40,000 through the late speculation of Maurice Pincoffs, the representative of a French company.—Herr Wanlicher, inventor of the repeating rifle adopted by the Austrian army, has been decorated by the emperor with the order of the Iron Cross.—The clearings of the Chicago banks for the past week were \$54,465,622, a gain of \$14,000,000 over the same period last year.—C. E. Bresler, of Detroit, has forwarded a Michigan raccoon mat of unique design for presentation to the emperor of Germany on his nineteenth birthday.

The state of New Hampshire last year paid \$163 for grasshopper bounties and \$20 on bears.—The remains of Henry Ward Beecher last Saturday were conveyed from Plymouth church to the receiving-vault of Greenwood cemetery. The procession comprised only twelve carriages, filled with relatives and intimate friends of the deceased.—There were 447,252 standard silver dollars issued last week.—A rich vein of gold-bearing quartz is said to have been discovered near Atlanta, Ga.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters. Respectfully, REV. MRS. J. M. ELIAGOOD.

A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM,

U. S. Com'r Internal Rev.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1884.

Dear Sir:—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters. His is a wonderful case. He is well known in Rochester, N. Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York; in fact all over the country, as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his card would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your bitters. J. A. W.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years ago our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by Hop Bitters, that we had pushed at two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parents—Good Templars.

Milton, Del., Feb. 10, 1886.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters. Respectfully, REV. MRS. J. M. ELIAGOOD.

Scipio, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1884.

I am the pastor of the Baptist church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefited and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady; and he has remained a steady and sober man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cup, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading H. B. Official, Chicago, Ill.

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Sleeping with the mouth open is the bane of millions. A very large percentage of all throat troubles and catarrhs arise from this unfortunate habit, and all throat troubles are aggravated by it. Can the habit be broken? Yes, at once. Send for our circular and inquire into this new theory of cause and cure. Then you will know what causes Nasal Catarrh—the various forms of Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and most forms of Asthma and Consumption, etc. Knowing this, you will understand why all your medicines have failed, and enable you to choose wisely your remedy. It will cost you but little to investigate this, and but little more to prove it.

Do You Snore? The snorer, who not only suffers personally, but becomes a general disturber, is a mouth-breather, and nothing but closing the mouth during sleep, and forcing into use the natural breathing organs, will reduce him, and abate the nuisance. With the above device you can't snore. The mouth-breathing inhibitor is sent postpaid to any address on receipt of \$2.00. Our circular sent free. Address: **W. A. FARR** (City Novelty Co., 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.)

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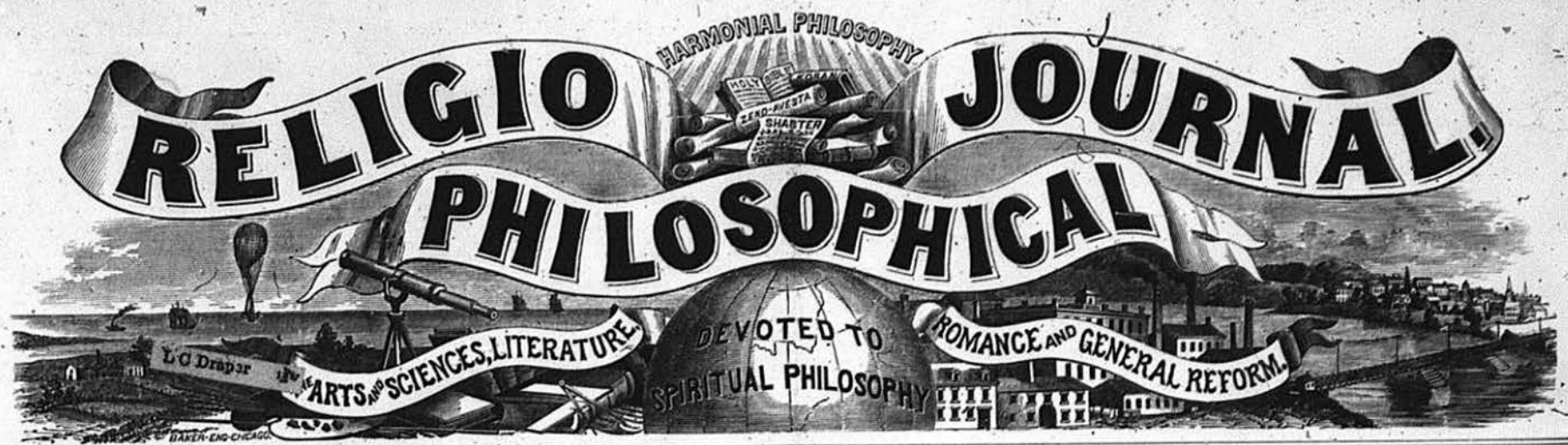
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VOL. XLII.

CHICAGO, MARCH 26, 1887.

No. 5

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit phenomena, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE

EMBODIED SPIRIT.—ITS PROSPECTS.

A Trance Discourse Through J. J. Morse.

(Specially Reported, for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

Let us state that the thoughts we have to advance this evening are, so far as present experience is concerned, purely speculative, and they refer to subjective possibilities not yet developed. But to avoid any charge of engaging your attention with unpractical questions—matters not yet ripe for the considerations of ordinary life—we must tell you that every step towards right living, every effort to establish harmony, are so many steps forward to the fulfillment of those matters which will bring you face to face with prospects we are about to discuss. Thus it will be seen, however visionary and transcendental those opinions may appear, that are preached to humanity from time to time, unquestionably, every heed given to such opinions—every attempt to reduce them to practice, is a distinct gain to the general advancement of the race at large. It may appear to us individually as though the efforts were thrown away; but it is in the nature of things, that as all kinds of effort invariably act and react in proportion to the strength and intention of the original action, so will the virtue and success of the reaction following from it. Thus, then, we cannot be charged fairly with impracticability in this subject. Now, the first prospect which we wish to suggest in connection with the future of the embodied spirit, is the possession of environment free from every element of discord; that is to say, possessing a body that will never know disease or derangement, and will always be beyond the possibility of anything that in the present day comes within the range and extent of injury. You can quite easily imagine that for any such series of possibilities to be immediate facts, the whole condition of the world will have to be vastly different to what it is to-day. We assume that those to be different conditions exist in all we have now to present. A prospect, such as we have suggested, to be surrounded by environments, whose every part works with perfect harmony, when all friction has been reduced to an irreducible minimum, when every element or function of life freely and efficiently fulfills its duty and occupies its place righteously and justly—a prospect such as this opens up such realms of personal usefulness—not to say enjoyment—that you will be inclined to strive to realize it for yourselves to-day, and for it to barter away many important considerations which you now estimate most highly.

Every case of injurious friction now in the bodily structure is, comparatively speaking, the cause of three-fourths of the physical misery in the world to-day. Then you must bear in mind that this prospect will never be realized, until that education in the laws of life and physiology which we have several times referred to, has not only been understood and believed in, but practically obeyed and fulfilled for a series of generations. A long period of preparation must be gone through, ere the lowest prospect we have suggested will be accomplished in any compass of individual existence.

Suppose we suggest at this point, that whatever may be the result of this prospect being realized, the race is dependent, for its perpetuation upon purely physical agencies set in motion by the higher dynamics of spirit. But to-day the physical enters so largely into all questions of the propagation of the human species that you may practically

cally say the physical element dominates, and that the results are so largely dominated and characterized by nature of the physical elements employed to-day, that you can fairly infer the characters of the agencies used for perpetuation of the race,—also the race those agencies result in producing.

Supposing the higher conditions we suggested were in existence, what like, think you, would be the children of the future? They would necessarily partake of the characteristics of their parents. And supposing those characteristics to be in accord with the highest and noblest possible by man's intimate association with every corresponding principle in nature, should we not practically come to this conclusion,—that the men, women and children of the future will be points between two eternities, uniting the Infinite now,—with its infinites, past and future? That is to say, men would be the points of contact, and the channels or avenues of communication between nature on the one hand, and God on the other. And the purposes and fulfillment generally and severally would be seen in mind flowing through man, who would thus be an open channel of use for the divine, and filled with eternal-life and beauty himself—the full and complete expression of the master-mind of God! Under such possibilities, with such a prospect before you, we find the assurance of perfect, complete physical health is the one step forward that unites the embodied indwelling spirit with the eternal spirit of God, by being in right relations with the principles subsisting between God and man's spirit interiorly, and nature and man's spirit exteriorly. To speak of the enchanting and ravishing beauty of the race, all the sublimity, all the kingliness and queenliness of men and manner; to suggest the perfect regulated harmony and sympathy that will then characterize the human race, would need infinitely more eloquence than we possess, or could utilize if we had.

The picture sketched before your mind's eye requires something more than the cold form of human speech to convey to your judgment. Every form symbolizes the essence of beauty; every realm, in itself united with all movements, proclaim one grand swelling harmony, that moves ever in accord with the sublime beauty of being around! Words utterly fail to bring down to the sober practical terms of modern thought, the sublime harmonies that can, and will be revealed, that are latent to-day, that will be acted upon by and by,—when this perfect physical purity as a prospect of the embodied spirit, shall have been reached, and becomes an actually realized fact.

Then, there is another prospect that inevitably suggests itself as growing out of what has gone before; viz., a freely acting mind—a mind that is the servant of the conscience—not its ruler. That may sound as a somewhat peculiar definition; we admit it is; but from our experience we think it justifiable. You would hardly think it likely that your mind rules your conscience, instead of your conscience ruling your mind. But a little reflection will convince you that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will find it is really so. Your prejudices, your opinions, your education and your observation, in almost every case have a fierce battle against your intuitions, against the innermost of you. You are more or less conscious that there is something within you, a nameless something that you cannot reduce to words, that ever and anon makes itself felt and known, and which occasions you to feel in a dreamy indefinite sort of way,—it may be that everything is wrong; that there is something beneath the surface of things, if we could only get at it; and which would show us a royal road to bring about the kingdom of heaven on earth that you are all desirous of seeing established. But external prejudices instead of being contributory and at the service of the actions of the conscience, usurp their functions and dominate the conscience, so that it is elated roundabout, with iron,—bound with steel, so that you are hurried persistently along in a path contrary to that to which you strive to attain; and all the while you are growing wise with the learning of the schools, gaining much experience,—it may be, flattering yourselves that you are men and women of the world, knowing more than your neighbors (some a great deal more), and all the while you are misusing life, wasting opportunities and running in a wrong direction from the Truth when you think you are the nearest to her.

The mind, being clear of all these prejudices, the results of false position and wrong direction, it becomes the channel through which the indwelling spirit projects itself; and all the furnishing and belongings of the mind (if we may so call your experience and education) are made servants of the indwelling conscience and by it are directed. To-day there is a more or less a divorce between these two natures, a species of independence, a sort of anarchy is the correct word,—and it is not often that the indwelling spirit really has that fair chance which it legitimately needs and desires.

Supposing, then, the prospect as we suggested is fulfilled, that your minds become really and truly the servants of the embodied spirit, what would be the result? Directly the indwelling conscience comes really into harmony with the principles of being, it then learns their secrets—shall we say?—understands how to apply them to its own interests and is enabled to utilize to the fullest extent the powers and possibilities belonging to itself, or which may exist external to itself in the realm wherein it presides. But until the mind can be so clear-

ified that the embodied spirit can come through the channel of the mind, directly into contact with the principles of nature, so long a more or less partial relation of man to nature must prevail. That partial relation will only diminish in proportion as the mind is clarified in the direction we are suggesting.

With an increase, then, of mental lucidity, with free action on the part of the conscience, and increase of power through this mental purification, the prospects of the embodied spirit are decidedly encouraging. For knowledge of nature being a power in, and to some extent over, nature, you can see that man will be able through knowledge, and by reason and mental purity to conquer many of the causes of discord that now prevail, to direct forces in their proper channels; to sweep up every corner of the house of life, and put its furniture in due and proper position. This mental lucidity will be another step forward in progress, and is distinctly one of the prospects the embodied spirit has to look forward to now. Built upon this mental lucidity (which is, as it were, a species of borderland between that and further spiritual development), there is another development, which we may call, for the sake of convenience, a moral development.

The question of morality will assume a different complexion in those days to that which it wears in the present. It is not necessary now that we should inquire into the character of morality. Suffice it to say that a great deal of what is called morality is neither more nor less than a travesty of the reality. Men are worshipping as morality their own peculiar idiosyncrasies and the prejudices of other people, thus diverting their attention from the first principles of morality, which should guide human conduct.

If in this lofty age we should find that right allows of no deviation, and is a mathematical line from point to point—straight, undeviating—if virtue shall be found equally rigid and applicable to all conditions of life; if, in fact, there shall be a moral mathematics, shall we say?—as clearly, easily and legitimately demonstrated as many problems of Euclid; if the higher moral law of the future shall be found as rigid and inflexible as the law of nature to-day, then the world will be distinctly a gainer; then human accord will be founded on a surer basis, and cavilling over moral delinquencies which now occur will be known only as of the past, as something which cannot have any possible existence in the future. What will be the consequence if these prospects ever become realized? The old advice, uttered nearly two thousand years ago, reflects these very principles, and will stand forth in letters of living light: "Let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay."

When the higher law of moral mathematics becomes practicable in the lives of men, no one will be capable—no one will be able to speak other than the truth; for, being in conformity with the laws of right and justice, being in harmony with the principles of being in which these principles are logically located, it will be impossible for any individual to deviate from the straight line, and the petty moral codes that man now worships, and the observations he enforces, will be left as outgrown in the wider, better life of the human mind. When universal virtue prevails, universal trust will be founded; for only upon universal trust and universal virtue can individual love put forth its richest, fairest flowers of beauty. Only when these two are grounded in the general heart and life of man, the flowers will be everlasting, and universal love will exist between every son and daughter of the human race. One other step leads us to the real spiritual unfoldment of the embodied self.

When the physical, mental and moral natures (we are afraid we use terms that are scarcely correct, but yet they are more familiar to you) have been unfolded and harmonized in their highest and deepest sense, with their corresponding principles in the realm of being around you; you will then discover that you yourself, descending into the outermost confines of your being, permeating every department of your life, you then fully and completely realize, for the first time in the total experience of the human race, the full and perfect incarnation of God in man. At present the body is the outermost periphery to that incarnation. In that future time the innermost and eternal will have heart, life and part in every degree and department of personal existence. Then the divine reducing all that is discordant, man will stand forth in all the sublimity of his native greatness, the visible embodiment of the everlasting and divine himself, a masterpiece of all-God's activities in the realms of nature—the crowning effort in the scale of being, the master of the world, yet the servant of God.

This prospect, then, of perfect, complete and absolute purification and unfoldment in body, mind and spiritual nature, is what the human embodied spirit ever has before it, to be realized in this generation or the next, or it may be not for some time to come; but it is for each generation steadily and persistently to work forward to it, each generation leaving a legacy behind it for others to work upon. And considering the immense benefits you are deriving from those who lived in the world prior to yourself, the least you can do in gratitude for that legacy, is to bequeath a corresponding amount of helpfulness to the posterity that shall come after you, thus making amends for the labors and sufferings of those who have gone before, thus earning in advance gratitude for your earnestness

and truthfulness while passing through mortality. The prospects of the embodied spirit thus regarded, are enticing. A little further reflection, however, is necessary ere we leave them to your final consideration.

To-day, long courses of training are necessary to develop any special dexterity in any one department of life. Hereafter the fact that you are present in all departments of your being, that your mind is comprehensively enlarged, will at once put you in the position of being able through laws you come in contact with, to dispense with long fatiguing mechanical processes and training you have now to undergo. You will be masters and free where you are now bound and slaves—be masters under the laws of God and principles of nature—free only (no matter how strange and wonderful your abilities may be) to the extent of the particular laws you are dealing with; but as those laws are, comparatively speaking, altogether unknown, though limitless to your judgment to-day,—as there are depths in them that transcend the searching imagination of the present time, you can easily understand that when you have come into real relationship with them you will find a practically infinite field of operations stretching before you, and always more room than ever you can possibly require, even though your ambition be of the most limitless character conceivable. The realms of being will always present an amplitude of field for the inhabitants of being. In matters that bring you into direct relationship with nature and yourselves, you will be able to realize such potencies within your own nature, that shall put to shame the fabled tales of genii, magicians, and the magic of the East of olden time.

Men, through the instrumentality of the laws of nature, shall yet be able to model this world's life so that its order, health, happiness, wisdom, love and justice shall be the common and normal modes of life. Man, by knowing the laws of nature, shall yet banish all that is harsh, crude and ungainly; bring forth undreamed of products from the soil and air; print in visible form the sublimest thoughts and noblest conceptions that mind ever conceived or soul ever desired to give expression to; annihilate time and space (practically speaking) and shall bind the brotherhood of life in one complete bond of union and affection. By a knowledge of the laws of nature, man shall rise superior to claims of death. He shall bring spirit life into intimate relationship with mortal life, and practically there shall be no death. Man, by knowing nature, shall relate himself to every principle of physical existence and hold commerce and communication with the supremacy of the human mind there is no limit, save the laws of God which surround that mind. Man, by the laws of nature, shall banish evil, wrong and misery from the world forever. He shall do this because he is deputed by God to do it; because God and he have community and unity of nature, intent and interest; because he is the avenue through which God reached nature and nature, God.

When the right relationship and universal harmony we have suggested are firmly and truthfully established, the grand old world shall blossom like a garden. That hazy period shall come when every possibility has been unfolded and accepted. But as man enjoys a period of maturity and repose, resulting in well being, so the world shall in her turn reap a certain reward of peace, well being and prosperity over the period of her maturity. But life is an eternal scene of everlasting action, and when her work has fulfilled itself, she must surely sink into the twilight darkness and stillness of death. She shall wrap herself in the passing years, and close her eyes in that sleep of dissolution that shall scatter her particles through the realms of space again, and make her render help and service to the forming worlds wherein her elements, shall be absorbed. There shall be no sorrow for her death, no mourning for a ruined world; for the world that has fulfilled its conditions and purposes and dies the death of completion, is not ruined. It only goes forward in the scheme of life to help other worlds that have not attained to divine unfoldment. So then the prospects of the embodied spirit are, as we have seen, in the future; it may be subjective—latent, if you will; but still they are prospects, and we shall contend that any suggestion we have made is in no way outside the strict limits of actual possibility. Each and every one—more than we have suggested—will be all realized to the fullest; not yet, it may be, but by and by there shall come this in all its fullness, and though you may think it somewhat hard to bear, that these things are to be—not to be enjoyed while yet living here, you must remember that when they have come, you, from the altitudes of eternal life, will be able to look down upon them and share the reflected glory and happiness arising from them with additional pleasure and satisfaction, it may be, of contributing by your experience and advice to the establishment of this much to be desired state of order. Let, then, the prospect of the embodied spirit encourage you in these lines of light. If such should be the result, then the world would be the gainer, and you no loser. For all that helps to make humanity happier or to improve the world is a distinct contribution to the welfare of the race, and a profoundly safe investment for those who make it, bringing forth an honorable return and rich interest in personal unfoldment here, and happiness hereafter. Each one will attain to this high and noble condition; each find himself fully adjusted, up-

right, before his Master, completely clothed with beauty, and greatness.

In that happy time there will be no distinctions—common, high and noble. There will be but one brotherhood; humanity, one family of the universal Father, the children of God.

Subjects of this kind run over much ground, and it is impossible to deal with every thought that we should like to treat upon. We can only trust that this our present contribution to the subject of the "embodied spirit," may be accepted for such merit as it possesses, and being so accepted, all we ask in return is that such as there may be of good, truth, and use belonging to it shall find application in your own consciences, and expression in your daily lives.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE NEW SAVIOR.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

Extravagant praise may be as pernicious as undue disparagement. In either case it defeats its own object. A striking example of this is given in the lecture on Voltaire by the control of J. Clegg Wright, published in the JOURNAL of March 5th. It is first set forth that the "enemies of Voltaire had spoken of him as the greatest monster that ever disgraced or outraged the religious susceptibilities of the Christian world." Per contra, that in "the eyes of new France, he was the God illuminated Savior of the time," "the Shakespeare of France," a "Hercules, lashing superstition and folly." Leaving aside the loose jumble of expressions that in one place stigmatizes "religion as a curse to this people of France," "therefore it was false," "Religion was made hateful to him false," "Voltaire by its insincerity and wickedness," "Religion is for the present," "there is something eternal in religion," "it is for the better feeling of the people, the making of better laws, more brotherhood, more blessings, sweeter homes and better education," that Voltaire, whose "mind revolted against this (religious) delusive sham," had a "very great religious nature," and was "the most truly religious man of that (his) day."—I say, leaving such incongruities, with many others of similar character, which destroy all common sense meaning, I will turn my attention to the claim that "Voltaire must be looked on as a great savior," the "God illuminated Savior of the time."

If, indeed, he was a true Savior his works of good will live after him; the fruits of his salvation will stand forth to testify in his behalf. We are at no loss to discover the righteous fruits of the Savior, Jesus of Nazareth. From the first day of his ministry he went about doing good and rebuking iniquity; and beyond all other men he was the friend and champion of the poor and lowly of earth. He it was who first announced the universal brotherhood of man, which lies at the root of all human liberty, and denounced the tyranny and oppression of the rich and high in authority, who trample on the necks of down-trodden brethren. However much of a Hercules Voltaire might be in "lashing superstition and folly," his best efforts pile into utter insignificance with those terrible denunciations of Jesus of Nazareth against the hypocrites, cant and false teaching of the established church, Scribes, Pharisees and high priests of his day.

Moreover, Jesus was pure of heart and without a blemish in all his earthly pilgrimage; and wherever his doctrine of salvation has been truly followed, there has been like birth to righteousness. With all the failings of weak human nature, the salt of the earth to-day is contained within the folds of the Christianity taught by the Savior of Bethlehem. Still more, as the lesson is contained in the greater, whatever of progress to human, unselfish brotherhood and right order of living was advanced by Voltaire, must of necessity have been drawn from the grand spring that burst on the world from the plains of Judea.

But what have been the result of Voltaire's peculiar teachings? As a "God illuminated Savior" what has he saved? In his own nation, where he lived and wrote, where the examples of his life conduct and peculiar teaching were sown broadcast, the ripened harvest, to some good purpose should appear. We are told that in his day "France had drifted into wrong." That "France was on the wrong side of human progress." So far as Voltaire was concerned, his attack was in main part an onslaught against religion. "He struck hard blows at the priesthood. The theology of the ages excited his ridicule, and his sarcasms—played havoc with the serious grimoires of religion. This false religion which he laughed at was the false scaffolding which obscured the true building of religion." Against it his wit and sarcasm were hurled. He knew that the ridiculous dogmas and ceremonies of the church were mere scaffolding to be taken down and burned as rubbish—to be got out of the way somehow! Then we must look at him as a workman going to accomplish a perfectly legitimate task, which had to be done, the sooner the better.

It is precisely as this order of workman I purpose to estimate him. This task was to take away the "shams and unrighteous scaffolding of false religion that disguised and obscured the true building of religion." If he had done this as became an honest and capable reformer, would he not have left the real religion in its truth and purity intact when the rubbish was removed? Also, when

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MIND ACTING ON BODY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

There are few circumstances in mental physiology more surprising when rightly understood, a few perhaps more suggestive than this, that ideas conceived in the mind—that is, as we are in the habit of supposing, the results of processes taking place in the grey matter of the brain—should influence not only voluntary but involuntary bodily processes, nay, not only respiration, circulation, and so forth, but the various processes of secretion on which the nutrition of different parts of the body depends. There is no novelty, of course, in the recognition of this circumstance, though I venture to express the belief that quite a large proportion of those who may read these pages will find considerable novelty in some of the evidence I shall adduce. But the fact that the relations here considered have long been recognized by physicians and students of mental physiology does not detract from the interest of the problem presented by these relations. It may truly be said that as yet they have not been in the least degree explained. Yet the problem is not one which appears at a first view so hopelessly beyond all our attempts at solution as some which are connected with mental and corporeal matters. We can understand, for instance, that the student of mental physiology should at present turn hopelessly from the attempt to explain how thought should in any way depend on changes in the substance of the brain, or again, from the task of attempting to determine how, by any process of evolution, the phenomena of consciousness should have been developed from cerebral changes which in their simpler form appear to result in automatic movements. But we have no such seemingly hopeless problem in the subject now to be considered. For in reality it amounts simply to the question how or why certain changes in one part of the body lead to changes in other parts of the body. The distinctions between mind and matter, between thought and cerebral activity, are not here involved. A problem apparently physical, and physical only, is submitted to our investigation. Yet hitherto the solution of this problem has not been attained; nor, indeed, does there seem at present to be good reason for regarding it as attainable.

Let us turn, however, to the consideration of certain remarkable illustrations of the influence of the mind on bodily functions. The subject is especially suited for the use of the inductive method. Indeed, the chief difficulty we are likely to find in the application of this method resides in the probability that our space will be too limited to afford room even for a single instance of each class of illustrative cases.

By a coincidence it so chanced that the great modern advocate of the inductive method of research—Francis Bacon—supplies a very effective piece of evidence as to the influence of the imagination on external growths which seem to have their origin in deficient vitality of certain parts of the external surface of the body—as warts, wens, and the like. Bacon did not, however, treat the evidence afforded in his own case with the acumen which might have been expected from the inductive philosopher.

"I had from my childhood," he says "a wart upon one of my fingers; afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris there grew upon both my hands a number of warts, at the least an hundred in a month's space. The English ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition, told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side; and amongst the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat towards the sun, upon a post of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was that within five week's space all the warts were quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company. But at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me."

Bacon considered the result of the experiment to have been due to some sympathy which he supposed to exist between the lard and the warts after they had once been in contact. It is difficult for us to understand how so absurd an explanation could even for a moment have been entertained by Bacon—not when, as a mere boy, the experiment was successfully tried upon him, but in after years when he had learned to study the relations of cause and effect. The servant who placed a poker across the top bar of the grate, under the impression that in some occult way the fire will be made to burn more actively through this arrangement, adducing this or that case in which a fire so treated did burn up, as a sufficient proof that the method is infallible, does not seem to reason (if one can call such a mental process reasoning) more absurdly than Bacon did when the experiments which "so stuck with him," satisfied him that the drying of grease which had once touched his warts could cause his warts themselves to disappear, though the skin was hung up in one place, while he and his warts were in other places, and no contact remained between the warts and the skin of lard. If the idea of some occult sympathy between the fat and the warts could really arise in a mind "far from superstition," one would suppose that it must have occurred to Bacon that the justice of this idea could be very readily put to the test. He had only to apply a skin of lard to some one's warts, and then submit the skin to a variety of more active processes than mere sun-drying, inquiring whether the warty person found sudden relief, sudden pain, or any effect whatever, when the nature of such experiments was kept concealed from the said patient.

One can understand that those who were not far from superstition might imagine the experiment to be really rendered effective by charms, prayers, and incantations, or by some mystical ceremonies or other which were not disclosed to the patient. We know that in Bacon's time, and to a far later date, the efficiency of such magic devices was believed in by many who called themselves philosophers. To this day there are many who are foolish enough to indulge in such beliefs. But Bacon regarded the process of cure as purely natural, though, as one would suppose, the evidence against such a view should have appeared insurmountable to a man of his reasoning power. We must, however, remember that in his day it must have appeared almost, if not quite, as unreasonable to assume that the imagination could affect a part of the body, as that some secret sympathy might exist between a part of the body and some substance which had touched it.

Many readers will remember that Sir Kenelm Digby in a work published as late

as 1658, discusses gravely the influence produced on a badly wounded hand by bathing a garter, which had been stained with the blood, in a basin of water wherein a certain powder had been dissolved:

"As soon as the bloody garter was put within the basin, the wounded man started suddenly as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he said? 'I know not what ails me, but I find that I feel no more pain.' Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which had taken away the inflammation that tormented me before." I replied, "Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicaments, I advise you to cast away all your plasters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold." This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the king, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the business, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a good fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howell's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more, for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire." I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I know the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be, before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did again the garter into the water; thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterwards, but within five or six days the wounds were cleared, and entirely healed."

Sir Walter Scott, in speaking of such stories as these, expresses the opinion that possibly the cure may have resulted from the care with which the wound was in the first place washed. It will be observed, however, that Sir Kenelm Digby's account does not countenance this explanation. Nor, if one could accept it as it stands, could one adopt the idea that the imagination of the patient produced the changes of feeling described. For it is clearly stated that the patient felt relief before he knew that the garter had been placed in the basin of water; that the pain returned when the "chirurgion" in another house had dried the garter, and that the pain had disappeared before the return of the messenger who carried back the promise of relief. If such stories as these were current in Bacon's time, and were generally believed, his explanation of the disappearance of his warts, confirmed as it seemed by what he knew of the actual circumstances, may have seemed to him as philosophical, as to us it appears absurd.

So the faith, which prevailed for many years after Bacon's time, in the efficacy of the Royal Touch must be regarded as based to some degree on evidence, though the evidence was misunderstood. In days when many believed that a certain divinity doth hedge a king, it was natural that in the first place the imaginations of those folks of feeble vitality, and often of deficient mental power, who were brought to kings to be touched, should be so far affected as to cause such bodily changes as we now know to be produced by a strongly excited imagination; and that in the second place the persons thus cured, and those who heard of such cures, should attribute the effect to the virtue of the kingly touch, not to the influence of mere mental processes. Dr. Todd, in his *Influence of the Mind on the Body*, quotes a singular passage from a book by Browne, of Norwich, surgeon to King Charles II.—a book rejoicing in the title *Adenochoradologia; or, a Treatise of Glandules, and the Royal Gift of Healing them*.

"A Nonconformist child, in Norfolk, being troubled with acrofulous swellings, the late deceased Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, being consulted about the same, his Majesty being then at Breda or Bruges, he advised the parents of the child to have it carried over to the king (his own method being used ineffectually); the father seemed very strange at his advice, and utterly denied it, saying the touch of the king was of greater efficacy than any other man's. The mother of the child, adhering to the doctor's advice, studied all imaginable means to have it over, and at last prevailed with the husband to let it change the air for three weeks or a month; this being granted, the friends of the child that went with it, unknown to the father, carried it to Breda, where the king touched it, and she returned home perfectly healed. The child being come to its father's house, and he finding so great an alteration, inquires how his daughter arrived at this health. The friends thereof assured him, that if he would not be angry with them they would relate the whole truth; they having his promise for the same, assured him they had the child to be touched at Breda, whereby they apparently let him see the great benefit his child received thereby. Hereupon the father became so amazed that he threw off his Nonconformity, and expressed his thanks in this manner: 'Farewell to all dissenters, and to all nonconformists! If God can put so much virtue into the king's hand as to heal my child, I'll serve that God and that king so long as I live, with all thankfulness.'"

It was found later that Hanoverian kings had the same power as the Stuart, even as old Aubrey had noted of the Yorkist and Lancastrian kings. "The curing of the 'King's Evil,' he said, by the touch of the king, does much puzzle our philosophers, for whether our kings were of the house of York or Lancaster, it did the cure for the most part." And so no doubt it would if the patient had been touched by one of the gentlemen of the Bedchamber, or by the valet of such a one, or in fine by Tom Nokes or John Styles, so only that the patient was fully persuaded that he had been touched by the rightful monarch.

Another "royal personage" succeeded (by a coincidence singular enough, at the same place, Breda) in curing a number of men of a much more active disorder, though in this case the imagination was aided chiefly by the ideas suggested by medicine-bottles of orthodox shape, not solely by faith in royal blood. During the siege of Breda in 1655 many soldiers of the Prince of Orange's army were prostrate with scurvy. The mortality was serious, the patients having altogether lost heart. "This," says Dr. Frederic Van der Mye, who was present, "was the most terrible circumstance of all, and gave rise to a variety of misery; hence proceeded fluxes, dropies, and every species of distress (*omne chaos morborum*), attended with great mortality." At length the Prince of Orange sent word to the sufferers that they should soon be relieved, and provided with medicines pronounced by doctors to be wonderfully efficacious in the cure of scurvy. Three small phials of medicine were given to each physician, not enough

for the recovery of two patients. It was publicly given out that three or four drops were sufficient to impart a healing virtue to a gallon of liquor."

"We now displayed our wonder-working balsams, nor were even the commanders let into the secret of the cheat put upon the soldiers. They flocked in crowds about us, every one solliciting that part might be reserved for their use. Cheerfulness again appeared in every countenance, and a universal faith prevailed in the sovereign virtue of the remedy. The effect of the delusion was really astonishing, for many quickly and perfectly recovered. Such as had not moved their limbs for a month before were seen walking the streets, sound, upright, and in perfect health. They boasted of their cure by the Prince's remedy. Many who declared that they had been rendered worse by all former remedies, recovered in a few days, for their inexpressible joy, and the no less general surprise, by taking (almost by their having brought to them) what we affirmed to be their gracious Prince's cure."

We may add that on another occasion widespread scurvy was suddenly cured in a very different way: it is stated on good authority, says Dr. Todd, "that in 1744 the prospect of a naval engagement between the British and allied fleet had the effect of checking the scurvy."—*Knowledge*.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THROUGH THE GATES OF GOLD.*

A REVIEW BY A THEOSOPHIST.

"Through the Gates of Gold" is the title of a book just published in Boston. It is rumored that it is written by a Theosophist, though it is difficult to see how any Theosophist could have written it. It is our duty on behalf of the Theosophists of America to protest against this volume. The true Theosophist will disown it. The work of the printers is excellent, Roberts Brothers having produced a book artistic and graceful.

The work itself is composed of five chapters: "The Search for Pleasure," "The Mystery of Threshold," "The Initial Effort," "The Meaning of Pain," and "The Secret of Strength," with a prologue and epilogue.

"The Gates of Gold" is a title calculated to catch the eye of the thinker. It is conceded by all good transcendentalists that definite knowledge as to the "Gates of Gold" is what the world is most in need of. The man who can show his fellows the true way to the "Golden Gates" is the man for whom the world is waiting. But the author of the book before us is not the man.

The intellectual pride of the author stands out on every page. This little book, "this poor fragment of thought," is not for the vulgar herd. It is for the philosopher, the dabbler in occultism, the gentleman who has so far studied natural and human science as to understand the possibilities of a high development. The ordinary virtuous toilers of the world (poor devils) have no knowledge of the "Gates of Gold." It is reserved for this society intellectualist to apply his transcendental telescope, and show the world how much it fails to see.

True science and true morals, of course, are what we want; but if it can be shown that this book has absolutely nothing to do with science and good morals, but is nothing more nor less than a piece of pompous metaphysical juggling, it will be our duty to oppose it.

In a review which is adverse, it is fair to allow the author to speak for himself; we shall, therefore, select some characteristic passages and comment thereupon.

The opening words of the book are: "Every man has a philosophy of life of his own, except the true philosopher." Consider this carefully and see if it does not carry with it its own refutation. The following is from the heart of the book and is the heart of the teaching:

"It becomes evident to any one who regards the subject seriously, that only a man who has the potentialities in him of both the voluptuary and the stoic, has any chance of entering the Golden Gates. He must be capable of testing and valuing to its most delicate fraction every joy existence has to give; and he must be capable of denying himself all pleasure, and that without suffering from the denial. When he has accomplished the development of this double possibility, then he is able to begin sifting his pleasures and taking away from his consciousness those which belong absolutely to the man of clay. When those are put back, there is the next range of more refined pleasures to be dealt with."

The meaning of this is that you must grasp by experience every earthly pleasure and then grasp the pleasures of another and different plane, and when you find that the latter are even more pleasurable, you may discard the former. It is a law of metaphysics, however, that "pleasure is the blossom which grows upon the Tree of Labor." The man who hunts for pleasure, whether on ordinary or on occult planes, will find that it eludes him. You must first lay down before you can pick up; and if you desire to pick up without laying down you will have nothing to pick up. In other words, the law cannot be broken by mental gymnastics.

"Virtue," continues our author, "or what seems to each man to be virtue, his own special standard of morality and purity, is held by these who practice it to be a way to heaven. Perhaps it is to the heaven of the modern sybarite, the ethical voluptuary. It is as easy to become a gourmand in pure living and high thinking as in the pleasures of taste or sight or sound. Gratification is the aim of the virtuous man as well as of the drunkard; even if his life be a miracle of abstinence and self sacrifice, a moment's thought shows that in pursuing this apparently heroic path he does but pursue pleasure."

What Mephistophelian doctrine is this! Listen again:

"It is well for a man to lead a pure life as it is well for him to have clean hands—else he becomes repugnant. But virtue as we understand it now can no more have any special relation to the state beyond that to which we are limited than any other part of our constitution."

Think of this. Virtue ceases with earth and we leave it behind! We had thought that there was inherent morality in every atom and that all the gods, from Elohim downwards, were conscious of the difference between the Divine harmonies and the Luciferian discords.

"When we enter there all the present must disappear alike—virtue and vice, thought and sense. . . . He has no power to carry virtue, which is of the material life with him. . . . Sometimes the man who has sinned so deeply that his whole nature is scarred and blackened by the force of self gratification is at last so utterly burned out and charred that from the very vigor of the passion light leaps forth. It would seem more possible for such a man at least to reach the

*Through the Gates of Gold. Boston, Mass.: Roberts Brothers.

threshold of the gates than for the mere ascetic or philosopher."

Is not this simply diabolical? Will the writer come forward and tell us what is the difference between a black and a white magician? Theosophists know that there is a danger of the black side or the left hand path. What can the black side be according to the ethics of this philosopher? The meaning of the words before us clearly is that if a man be bold enough, and daring enough, and wicked enough he can lift the latch of the gate of gold. What would be the surroundings of a gentleman who strove while on earth to enter heaven by his vices? If he could confine his criminality to himself, things would not be so bad; but in the process of making a victorious criminal, how many hundreds must suffer? No one can be a criminal to any great extent without injuring his neighbors, and we think the writer of the "Gates of Gold," if true to his gospel, would create havoc among his friends.

"The sinner becomes blinded by the thought of virtue, and worships it as an end, an object, a thing divine, in itself, whereas it can only be divine as it is a part of that infinite whole which includes vice as well as virtue. How is it possible to divide the infinite—that which is one?"

Why, according to the author, can you get to the Golden Gates by vice as well as by virtue? Because Infinity is one, and good and evil are Infinity.

Can stuff like this be put forward in the guise of philosophy? Does he need to be told that Infinity is not one, nor is it a hundred? Is he not aware that the moment at which he says that Infinity is one, Infinity dies? What does that author know of Infinity?

We are taught that what we call evil ultimately becomes good; but by no such absurd statement as that Infinity is one; no, it is by the ethical law of the sacrifice of self. Evil becomes Infinity only through its annihilation. Is it not the mission of man, to whom all things are possible, to annihilate evil? The few who are virtuous to change the many who are ignorant?

"The great initial difficulty is that of fastening the interest on that which is unseen. Yet this is done every day, and we have only to observe how it is done in order to guide our own conduct. Every inventor fastens his interest firmly on the unseen; and it entirely depends on the firmness of that attachment whether he is successful or whether he fails. The poet who looks on to his moment of creation as that for which he lives, sees that which is invisible and hears that which is soundless."

We had always thought that the imagination was a realistic faculty. We had thought that from an occult standpoint the imagination was the author of all that is. The universe is said in a realistic sense to be the dream of God; and the inventor must certainly see with his imagination's eye before he can clothe his super-substance in a material garb. The consciousness of a demigod is consciousness intensified. The invisible can be known only to the invisible; the soundless to the soundless.

"The man who lifts the latch of the Golden Gate must do so with his own strong hand, must be absolutely positive. . . . Then the soul of man laughs in its strength and fearlessness, and goes forth into the world in which its actions are needed, and causes these actions to take place without apprehension, alarm, fear, regret or joy."

We had thought that the mode of deliverance for the human soul was by working unselfishly for others. We had thought that instead of being "positive," one required to say, "Not my will but Thine be done." Gantama Buddha taught thus in other words.

"Once force the animal into his rightful place, that of the inferior, and you find yourself in possession of a great force hitherto unsuspected and unknown. The god as servant adds a thousandfold to the pleasures of the animal; the animal as servant adds a thousandfold to the powers of the god. And it is upon the union, the right relation of these two forces in himself that man stands as a strong king, and is unable to raise his hand and lift the bar of the Golden Gate."

The order of subjection, here it is to be observed, is the animal to the divine, and the divine to the human.

"That is the whole secret," says the writer, and "do not be deluded into the idea that the religious or the virtuous man does it! Not so."

Alas! alas! The writer concludes his book by telling us that this is the mode whereby certain oriental magicians have acquired their powers. Poor souls, can we not afford to pity them? Have they not given their birth-right for a mass of potage? What are their powers? Who knows them?

This book we regard as particularly dangerous. Its title is alluring and will captivate the unwary. It is only after reading a dozen or twenty pages that one fairly sees "the cloven hoof. Who could have the heart to stop a poor robber or murderer on his way to the 'Gates of Gold'?"

AN OLD CASHIER'S STORY.

Robbers Foiled as the Result of a Strange Premonition.

I am an old bank cashier—country bank, if you please. I began work in that situation nearly thirty years ago, and the changes in our bank since then have been few and far between. Some of the old men have been replaced; we have increased our capital stock; we have a vault with a time-lock; the directors' room has been refurnished once or twice, but we have never aspired to the frills and scallops of your city banks. However, we have had our adventures with burglars, sneaks, and bogus craft men, and the city bank cashier can teach me nothing new about raised checks, counterfeit bills, or sharpers of any grade. I got my eyes open very early, and there was an adventure in it which may interest the reading public. Our bank was established when the now thriving city of R— was only a town of 2,500 people. In those far-back days we had nothing like the present burglar and fire proof safes. The bank, which was a two-story building with a cellar, had a sort of box made of iron, and this was inclosed in brickwork in the cellar and called a vault. A lock with a key weighing half a pound was riveted to the iron door, and when the job was finished we all felt perfectly safe and secure. There was a stairway from the cashier's room, and every night the money used to be taken down to the vault and every morning brought up again. Before leaving the bank it was my duty to me that the vault door was locked, and then I hid the key behind a loose brick in the cellar wall. The bank cellar was used only to store the wood required for our two stoves during the winter, and its two windows were secured by iron shutters, which bolted inside. As we built the bank building other parties built a store, and they were allowed to use our wall to save expense. Thus from cellar bottom to roof there was only a single wall dividing us, and above the

ground that was of brick and a foot thick. The bank had been doing business about a year when the merchant who occupied the store failed in business and the building stood empty for several weeks. At length it was rented again, and this time by a man who gave out that he was an agent for some Eastern machinery manufacturers. He ran a partition across the store to make an office in front and he got a desk, hung up some maps and advertising cards, and announced that he would soon be supplied with sample machinery. He did not put up any sign, and as he did not seem interested in cultivating the acquaintance of the townspeople his presence was soon almost forgotten. He seemed morose and unsocial. People have laid the same charge at my door. You may therefore think it singular that James Dowd, the newcomer, and I were soon acquainted, and that I had a decided liking for him. Perhaps this was because he deposited \$700 with us almost as soon as he reached R— and promised to be a good customer. He seemed to like me, too, and after three or four weeks, knowing that he was all alone and in a strange town, I invited him to my mother's house to play me a game of checkers. He came, and all the family felt well toward him at first sight. He was well learned, a gentleman in speech and demeanor, and I felt a friendship for him at once. He came again and again, and he found a warm welcome each time. He also came into the bank quite often, sometimes increasing his balance and sometimes checking out, and on several occasions I dropped into his office in a friendly way. He never asked a question about the bank's affairs, nor did he exhibit much curiosity in any direction. Our acquaintance was begun in September and lasted to the 19th of March. The 17th of March I observed two strangers in Dowd's office in conversation with him, but that was a simple incident to be forgotten in an hour. Just before the close of banking hours he came in and checked out his balance, which was about \$650, saying, in an apologetic way, that he needed the cash to close up a business deal. I told him that the 19th was my sister's birthday, and we should have a few friends drop in for the evening. I gave him a strong invitation, and he accepted it with seeming pleasure. I did not see him again until noon the 19th, and then he said he would come early.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon it began to snow and blow in a furious manner. We lived a long mile from the bank, and the blizzard increased, so we knew that none of our guests could be expected to put in an appearance. A note came from Dowd directly after supper, stating that he had a sore throat and did not dare to brave the storm, and I pulled off my boots and sat down for an evening with a book of history. Not a person came near us, and it had got to be 9 o'clock when I was suddenly seized with a desire to rush down to the bank. It was as if I had been commanded to go, and before I realized what I was doing I had pulled on my boots and gone for my overcoat.

"You are not going out?" exclaimed mother and sister in chorus.

"Yes; to the bank."

"At this time of night, and in this storm! You must be crazy."

"But I feel an impulse to go. Indeed, I can't wait another minute."

I snatched my revolver from the hall-tree drawer and buttoned my overcoat as I ran. I had a savage bulldog about the house as a "burglar alarm," and when I had run a quarter of a mile I found him at my heels. I was so excited and under such a spell, that I scarcely noticed the storm, which had driven everybody from the streets and closed all places of business. I ran on until I was within half a block of the bank. Then I came to a dead halt and asked myself what idiot I was. I had acted so much like an idiot, if a messenger had come to my house with the information that the bank building was on fire I could not have hurried on faster or had a stronger feeling that my presence was necessary. Well, here I was in the storm-swept street, the building looming up before me in the darkness, and seemed to be all right, and what excuse could I make for myself? I felt ashamed for a moment, and then the old feeling came over me stronger than ever. I felt it my duty to enter the bank and make an examination, and the dog, as if possessed of the same feeling, led the way. I had carried the revolver all the way in my hand. I laid it down to unlock the heavy front door of the bank, but picked it up again as I entered. The dog entered before I did, and while I was lighting a lamp he rushed through to the rear with a savage growl, descended the stairs to the vault with a great clatter, and just as I got the lamp alight I heard oaths and yells, a pistol shot rang out, and the dog vented his rage in roars which would have done credit to a lion. Then two men came rushing upstairs, each with a pistol in his hand, and we all began shooting. I felt hot iron burn into my left shoulder and I fell to the floor and lost my head for a few minutes. When I got my senses back the front door was wide open and one of the men lay on the floor near me. The dog was still growling away down in the cellar, and I closed the door and took the lamp and descended, feeling very weak and queer, but kept up by the knowledge that a robbery had been attempted. When I got down I found a third man. He was on his back and the dog was keeping him there, after having bitten him in a dozen places. I summoned help, of course, and perhaps you can judge something of my feelings when I tell you that the man up-stairs on the floor was stone dead, and that he was no other than my friend James Dowd. The others were his pals, of course, and the job had been deliberately planned from the first. They had gone through the cellar wall, prying off the door of the vault, and were just handling the sum of \$48,000 when I entered the building. The one whom we captured made a squeal of it, so that we ran in the other, and both served long sentences in prison.—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. Grant is in possession of about two hundred letters written to her by the general during his courtship, which form, it is said, "the most exact and accurate history of the Mexican War ever made."

The first copy of the original edition of "The Letters of Columbus" in Latin, printed in 1493, the year after the discovery of America, was recently sold in Cologne for 6,500 marks (\$1,650), the highest price ever paid for a single book in Germany.

Prof. Ichisuke Fujikoka, graduate of Imperial College of Engineers, Tokyo, Japan, and S. Yashima have been in this country since December last investigating electrical appliances of all kinds, with a view to their introduction in Japan. They are at present in Philadelphia. Prof. Fujikoka who speaks English fluently, says: "We have the incandescent system in several of our factories, but do not use the lights for general illuminating purposes. I expect to go back in July, and will advocate the general introduction of electricity in all its forms."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

WOMAN.

Give us that grand word "woman" once again,
And let's have done with "lady."
One's a term,
Full of fine force—strong, beautiful and firm;
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen—
And one's a word for lackeys.

The mother, wife and sister; one the dame
Whose costly robe, mayhap, gave her the name.
One word upon its own strength leans and rests;
The other mimes, uptoes.

The "perfect woman" must grow brave of heart
And broad of soul, to play her troubled part
Well in life's drama. While each day we see
The "perfect lady," skilled in what to do,
And what to say, grace in each tone and act,
'Tis taught in schools, but needs no native tact.
Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.

Give the first place, then, to the nobler phrase,
And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.
—Edith Wheeler Wilcox.

WITH PEN AND SCISSORS.

Viscountess Folkestone directs a ladies' orchestra. Lady Arthur Hill composes operettas.

Women cast 15,000 of the 48,000 votes at the recent election in Washington Territory.

Mrs. J. D. Lee is a member of the Board of Trustees of Willamette University, Oregon. This is said to be the only institution of high grade in the State which elects women as trustees.

Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend is editor of the new bi-monthly magazine just started in New Orleans, with the title *Art and Letters*.

The Woman's Club of Milwaukee has raised \$25,000 for the purpose of owning a club house convenient for their work.

Mrs. Lena Campbell, of Alder Creek Precinct, Yakima county, Washington Territory, was chosen justice of the peace at the late election by a handsome majority.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody, some time since, celebrated her eighty-third birthday with a number of friends. Among the gifts was a purse of \$100 which Miss Peabody immediately sent to Sarah Winnemucca, the Indian lady who has established a school for the Putes in Nevada.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing of the Iowa Agricultural College, has been giving a course of lectures on cooking, for the benefit of the Indianapolis Training School for Nurses. Mrs. Ewing has been appointed to take charge of the department of domestic economy, soon to be opened in Purdue University, at Lafayette, Indiana.

When the Queen of Madagascar shut up the saloons in her kingdom, and the ex-saloon-keepers asked for compensation, she replied: "Compensate those you have wronged, and I will pay the balance."

Ten per cent. of the students in the University of Zurich are women. Twenty-nine of them are studying medicine, fourteen philosophy, and two political economy. There are now forty-eight female students of medicine in London, and in Paris one hundred and three.

Mrs. Ava Hilderbrand, who edits and owns the *Gretna* (Louisiana) *Courier*, writes her own editorials, fixes up most of her own local copy, does composition work on her paper, solicits subscribers, is her own mailing clerk, keeps her house tidy, and is a devoted mother to three lovely little children.

Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, who is associated with her husband, B. F. Underwood, in the management of the new paper, *The Open Court*, in Chicago, goes to that city with the cordial esteem and good wishes of a host of Eastern friends. During many years they have watched her careful, conscientious and able work on the *Index*, and are glad to feel that the influence of her pen and of her noble, sisterly spirit will have a more extended field than before. To those who may not be familiar with Mrs. Underwood's work in other ways than in the *Index*, it is hardly necessary to speak of it, since she is so well known through that. But it gives us pleasure to say that Woman has no wiser, truer, more devoted friend than the associate editor of the new paper.

Miss Ellen Emerson, the unmarried daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, has even more than her father's freedom from the restraints of conventionality and independence of character. Between the two existed an attachment unusually deep and strong. She was his constant companion from the year of her birth, and when his memory faded, her hand supplied the failing cunning of his own, her love guided his faltering footsteps at the last, as his own guided hers at the first. Filial and tender, when sickness and shadows gathered, she was not the daughter to turn away and forget, in younger and freer society, the claims of a devoted parent.

Miss Emerson inherited much of the placid sweetness of the philosopher's temperament. The editor of this column first saw her in the classic shades of the Concord School of Philosophy and recognized her through her great likeness to the seer. Large of frame, slow moulded, gentle and gracious, there was the same quiet introspective look in the pleasant eye, the same expression of optimistic benignity that he exhibited. Pouring forth a flood of self-appreciative eloquence, Alcott, the mystic, occupied the platform and the spectators listened with that peculiar appearance of reverence which his pupils always evince. Miss Emerson, alone, continued her fancy work, serene and undisturbed by lofty flights or dispirited utterances. The daughter of Emerson had heard truths fully as profound and practical in her father's library, all her life, and she could be forgiven.

Her raiment, such as befits a gentlewoman, was plainness itself in make. No trills, no frounce, no "furbelows," simply a full, un-gored, plain skirt belted to the unconfined waist. But there was the unconscious repose of health and strength, and the air of one who, a law unto herself, recognized no conventional limits to the horizon of her peaceful life.

Later, we met her riding about town in a vehicle which closely resembled Holmes's "One Horse Shay." Evidently it had seen its best day long before, and the horse was a fit match for the wagon.

The papers are now describing how strange in Concord were surprised to see her mount beside the driver of a wagon load of refuse, when overtaken in a rain storm, lately, to get a ride home. Old residents were not perturbed. They knew that Ellen Emerson rises above mere conventionalities and is a law to herself. She is the worthy daughter of her father, what more or better could be said? The tender heart that kept vigil

beside his falling life, will be true to the good and the permanent, at all times and everywhere.

In this connection it is not well to consider one of the greatest failings of woman—that is, a fear of being called eccentric? We are all slaves of custom. We dress, eat, walk, work and sleep just like our neighbors, because we fear their comments and ridicule. It is a failing we shall be forced to overcome. The cause is evident enough. Woman is sensitive to ridicule and criticism. She has large Appropriativeness, she has inherited an overweening desire to be applauded. Individualism brings on one's self the comment and satire of those whom she respects and with whom she wishes to stand well. She has lived on the approbation of the other sex and fears to lose it. She does not want to be called a crank, and so she is forced to dress in a manner she abhors and submits to customs she detests. To be "peculiar" is as bad as to be a thief and consequently she remains a slave to her environment.

Public opinion is a bugbear to men; how much more so to women? Yet a consensus of it taken upon any subject, is always far behind the intuition of the best and wisest of the age. It would have kept the slave forever in his chains; would have left woman a valiant and hobbler grown up infant in the harem, would have forbidden her entrance to any field of worthy work, and denied her rights and privileges which have been reluctantly granted. It has always been dictator and tyrant.

Spirit Communication Predicted.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Before me now is a phenological chart of myself, that was marked and dated by L. N. Fowler of New York, in the city of Manchester, N. H., at the Manchester House. This chart consists of a pamphlet of 24 pages, and at the top of the title page, it reads thus: "Synopsis of Phenology; and the Phenological Developments, together with the Character and Talents of Frank Chase, as given by L. N. Fowler, Feb. 4th, 1848." The reading matter of this document was duly marked with figures and symbols so that I might literally read myself from a book.

The Fowlers were stopping at Manchester a few days, examining heads and delivering a course of evening lectures at the City Hall. The "Science of Phenology," and its Practical Application to Man and Animals," on the evening of the last lecture, while the hall was filled with people, O. B. Fowler had for his subject, "The Moral and Spiritual Nature of Man." I distinctly remember that while he was eloquently discoursing of that principle of the mind of man called "spiritualism," he said: "I think the time will soon come that mankind will be able to hold intelligent communication with the inhabitants of the Spirit-world." Less than two months after that prediction was made, it was fulfilled at the little village of Hydesville, near Rochester, N. Y., March 31st, 1848.

Spirit communication was opened between the two worlds—the seen and the unseen—on the principle of the telegraph. To be sure there were no elevated wires or ocean cables necessarily used, but the intelligent signs are alike transmitted by the instrumentality of electricity. Listen to the spirit raps, and then listen to the clicking of a recording machine of a telegraph office. By listening to the clicking, we receive intelligence in both cases, which is not inferior, at the very least, to that of the human mind. Electricity is used alike in both cases, but electricity does not possess intelligence; it is only a substance or force of material nature. A veteran operator in the office of earth needs no recording machine, but catches the letters with the ear, and in the meantime is engaged in writing off the dispatch; and by the time the last word has been transmitted, it is ready to be sent off by the carrier. Listen to the tiny raps of the spirit telegraph; perhaps you are alone in your own house at midnight; silence is necessary at least, and you have stopped the clock. The spirit operator is telegraphing to you by the use of signals which he has found means to have you understand; I have been in the habit of listening to raps and other sounds made by spirits, as symbols representing ideas. That first rap at Hydesville, and every spirit rap of the millions that have been listened to since that time, constitute an absolute scientific demonstration of the immortal nature of man; at least so far as the change we call death is concerned.

The advent of modern Spiritualism was the most important event that ever happened to man on this planet; it involves the mightiest of revolutions, and its results are the most glorious.

FRANK CHASE.

Late March Magazines Received.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (New York.) Mr. Appleton Morgan opens this number with a discussion of the question, Are Railroads Public Enemies? A Mount Washington Sandwort, by Grant Allen, presents the thoughts suggested by a little Arctic plant. Professor Lucy M. Hall, in Higher Education of Women and the Family, publishes facts that have come within her own observation. Persons who desire to begin the study of natural history will learn much of the science by reading *How a Naturalist is Trained*. An illustrated article on Celebrated Clocks, describes several of very ingenious construction. A valuable paper is Comparative Psychology: Its Objects and Problems. The present number takes the shape, to a considerable extent, of a memorial number to Professor E. L. Youmans, its late senior editor.

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. (New York.) Henri Taine's Characterization of Napoleon Bonaparte is a most incisive piece of writing. Mr. E. L. Godkin deals with some Political and Social Aspects of the Tariff; The Essentials of Eloquence are defined with much clearness by Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor. Of the Study of Politics; The Course of American Architecture; Victor Hugo; Idle Notes of an Uneventful Voyage, with Notes, Criticisms and Reviews make up a most readable and valuable number.

THE FORUM. (New York.) A varied and interesting number is the March Forum. Some of the articles are: The Future of Christianity; Henry George's Economic Heresies; Books that have helped me; The Effectiveness of Prohibition; Labor Organizations; The Tyranny of Fashion; Confessions of a Universalist, etc., etc.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) C. C. Everett opens this month's installment with an article on Harvard Divinity School, and is followed by excellent articles by such popular writers as John Tunis, John H. Heywood, O. B. Frothingham and others.

THE UNITARIAN. (Chicago.) The table of contents for March will be found of much interest.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual good reading, and illustrations are given to the reader this month.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (Northfield Minn.) This monthly is valuable to astronomers and those interested in the subject.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE. (New York.) The publisher of this monthly aims to publish articles only that are timely and of practical use.

BABYHOOD. (New York.) Mothers and those interested in the care of young children will find useful hints and suggestions in this monthly.

THE FREETHINKERS MAGAZINE. (Buffalo, N. Y.) Contents: Ethicisms and the Ethical Church; The Prayer Test; Spiritualism; The Truth of History, etc.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered, through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

EASTER HYMNS AND SONGS. Uniform Series.

Arise My Soul Arise, an Easter Hymn; by Sarah Flora Adams. See the Land Her Easter Kept; by Charles Kingsley. Gladness of Easter; from the Poets. The Message of the Bluebird, illustrated by Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.00 each.

These four dainty volumes are among the most beautiful of the Easter offerings of 1887. They are profusely illustrated and will make beautiful gift books. The same may be said of the Golden Miniature series consisting of four charming little volumes—My Faith Licks Up to Thee, by Roy Palmer; with designs by Elizabeth H. Conlin. Book of Ages, by Augustus Montague Toplady; with designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. To make with Miss L. B. Humphrey. Near My God to Thee, by Sarah Florence Adams, designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey—gotten up in a cheaper manner and sold at 50 cents each.

PRACTICAL PIETY: Four Discourses Delivered at Central Music Hall, Chicago. By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Price, 30 cents.

Some months since some admiring friends of Rev. J. L. Jones secured Central Music Hall and announced that Sabbath evening services would be held therein by Mr. Jones. It was thought to be a good opportunity to meet the popular demand for the placing of liberal ideas before the public, and these meetings have been very successful. This little book is made up from discussions given there. 1. The Economics of Religion. 2. Bread & Ideas. 3. Present Sanctities. 4. The Claims of the Children. All of which are in Mr. Jones's best style.

New Books Received.

EASY LESSONS IN SOCIALISM. By W. H. Den-

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE. A Resume of the Evidence. By Morton Prince, M. D. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents, 2d, the proportion. 3d, the power of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown.

A St. Paul lady was in Georgia shortly after the Charleston earthquake, where she met a family from that ill-fated city. She tells the following story as related to her: The family had an old lady who had been with them in slavery days. During a severe shock he dropped on his knees and prayed: "Good Lord, come right down here and save these niggers. Come quick and come so fast. No use nigger's yer son, for dese are mighty bad times."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Don't Read This

If you have a sufficiency of this world's goods, but if you have not, write to Hallett & Co., Portland Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. All succeed; both sexes; all ages. All is new. Capital not required; Hallett & Co., will start you. Don't delay; investigate at once, and grand success will attend you.

Some of Mr. Gladstone's most enthusiastic admirers seem scarcely to agree with his expression in the Nineteenth Century that the natural condition of a healthy society is that governing functions should be discharged in the main by the laicured class.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Perhaps the best and kindest epitaph that can be written on the tomb of Henry Ward Beecher is that which Haine asked for himself:—"I was a brave soldier in the warfare for humanity."

Children Starving to Death

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What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 26, 1887.

Literature a Lever for Labor.

The wave of unrest never ceases, sometimes it rises high, and striking a rock here and there in the shape of local differences as to wages, hours, or methods of work, roars and surges with a force that shakes society from ocean to ocean. The great heart of humanity feels a pressure, against which it beats with violence at times. Wage-workers, struggling men and women, before whose vision ever stands the dead wall of cruel circumstance offering no break in its hard surface nor means of scaling its forbidding height, read in their penny daily of twenty-seven men connected in one combination, either of whom is worth over \$20,000,000. They see all about them men who in a few years have suddenly grown to be millionaires. They know enough of the history of these money kings to be sure that this vast accumulation of wealth has not been acquired by creating new sources of comfort and happiness for the world, nor by adding to the world's wealth. They know it has been gathered by shrewd manipulations and superior knowledge of men and things; and in a vague, uncertain way, these toilers feel they are being wronged. In one way or another they express this feeling, usually in vain complaints, sometimes in abortive and ill considered outbreaks. They hear on the 4th of July and other occasions that all men are created with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; some wonder if this be true and if so why it is they are deprived of their birthright; others accept the declaration as a potent formula possessing *per se* some self-generating force which can without effort on their part accomplish all it advertises.

That labor has grievances no reader of the JOURNAL will deny; that capital is in the nature of things grasping, autocratic and tyrannical needs no argument to prove. The masses whose lives are but a constant struggle for existence, will never be elevated except by forces lying latent or but illy developed in themselves. Those powers can never be developed nor properly directed until the level of intelligence is raised. And this is not to be accomplished merely by schooling during childhood and youth even if that were thorough, which is seldom the case. When the majority, or even a good minority, of skilled mechanics, farmers, and wage-workers in what are usually considered the more genteel employments, shall have acquired the mental grasp and depth of understanding which can only be had by years of persistent study, by methodical application to literary work, then will the empirical expedients and temporary makeshifts of shallow politicians and half-educated reformers give place to measures having their inception in the temple of Justice; then will the sway of Mammon and the rule of the demagogue decline; but not before in any degree.

Mr. John Morley, a man of letters, a leading essayist and an acknowledged power in English politics, lately delivered an address before the London Society for University Teaching, on the subject of "The Study of Literature." A Chicago daily in an editorial on this address, says:

"At the very outset of his address Mr. Morley recognized the growing claims of practical and manual education and combated the idea that the pursuit of literature need necessarily conflict with it. From his standpoint it was possible to bring all the ideas of beauty and simplicity and of cultivation of the mind within the reach of those who do the drudgery and the hard work of the world 'without in the least degree impairing the skill of our handiworkmen or the manliness of life, without blunting or numbing the practical energies.' How far it would affect

the highest form of practical energy, that of governing the country, Mr. Morley significantly illustrated by showing that in the present Government of England there were six persons perfectly capable of earning their bread as men of letters, and that the Chairmen of many important Parliamentary committees were men of study, thought, and literature.

"Mr. Morley bases his motives for seeking education on a very high plane. They are, first, to obtain greater knowledge for broad-winning purposes, which would necessitate the study of science; second, to fit a man for the political work and life of the day, which would include political economy and history; third, to brighten life and kindle thought, which includes literature; and, fourth, to apply knowledge to business, which includes scientific, technical, and commercial education. Returning to his main theme of literature, he combated the idea that the active, practical man of business or the handicraftsman has not the time to acquire a knowledge of literature, and on this point he says with great force:

"Now I frankly admit that the habit and power of reading with reflection, comprehension, and memory all alert and awake does not come at once to the natural man any more than many other sovereign virtues. What I do submit to you and press upon you with great earnestness is that it requires no preternatural force of will in man or woman—unless household circumstances are unusually unfavorable—to get at least half an hour out of a solid busy day for good and disinterested reading. Now, in half an hour I fancy you can read fifteen or twenty pages of Burke, or you can read one of Wordsworth's masterpieces—say, the lines on Tintern; or more than half—if a scholar, in the original, and if not, in a translation, of a book of the Iliad or the Aeneid. I am not filling the half hour too full; try for yourself what you can read in half an hour. Then multiply the half hour by 24, and consider what treasure you might have laid by at the end of the year; and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you for a lifetime."

The average American tradesman, mechanic, farmer or clerk, may not be ready at the start for the classics, but gradually his taste and tendency will steadily lead him toward a higher class of books, and thirty minutes a day of careful reading well digested and assimilated, will in five years bring him a strength in dealing with his own and public affairs that he never dreamed of, and make him the equal or superior of many whom he now looks up to as his superiors in ability or knowledge. The best standard works are now within reach of all but those abjectly poor, and public libraries stand with doors open in every large city and in many smaller ones.

"Stranger than Fiction."

The press is a mirror of the times, susceptible to the impressions of public opinion, as is the plate of the photographer to the image reflected from his camera. There must be a certain distinctness in the object before the mirror can reflect it; the image of the camera must have outline and aspect well fixed, in order to be kept on the delicate plate. So with the popular newspaper. A thought or belief held by a few is not put on record at all, or only in some faint or distorted way. A fact known to but few, and cared for by none outside a narrow circle, is not given in any comprehensive shape; but let the thought or the fact widen and deepen in many minds; let the private opinion of the few reach a larger company, and so become public opinion or inquiry and the press begins to treat it fairly—the image has grown so distinct that the mirror must reflect it; therefore we find the new theology, and the latest thought of man's inner life, and the truth of spirit-presence in our newspapers. A late Sunday edition of the *Detroit Tribune* illustrates this. It has a letter from a foreign correspondent, L. H. S. It is well known that these are the initials used by Mrs. Stone, an accomplished and excellent lady travelling in Europe. She tells of the festival of St. Anthony blessing the beasts, as she saw it in an Italian church, and traces it back to Ovid and to heathen days older than Christ, suggesting how natural it was that pagan usages should be made part of Christian customs, when the spirit of one did not contradict that of the other. In this case the idea of tenderness to dumb beasts was good, and fit for Christian as well as for pagan. This shows a womanly heart large enough to take in the thought of the sympathy of religion under whatever name, and a wide and growing circle of readers who will appreciate that thought. She tells also of a great stone face at a church door, that had stood for centuries beside a Roman place of execution of criminals, and says:

Could it reflect the scenes as they have been photographed upon it, or could it cry out, what tales of agony and blood and of suffering souls it might tell. I could not but wonder, if in fulfillment of the prophecy, "There is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed," which seems fast coming true—in the progress of science and the unfolding of human possibilities that lie dormant within us there would not come a time when the pictures photographed on this stone plate should be read, as Schliemann read the tales of ancient Troy in her long buried art, as we read the story of Etruscan life and faith in art that is daily being brought to light.

Here is psychometry, for which Buchanan and Denton have done so much, almost alone on the start, in the daily newspaper.

On another page, in "Stranger than Fiction," is a story for the *Tribune* by Marlon Harland. It is a graphic description of a strange figure seen first in broad day and vanishing in thin air, and then coming at midnight into the parlor of an old Virginia mansion where two young men heard the fall, the groans and the flow of blood. Years after, and far away, it is found that a former owner of the mansion cut his throat in that room; and the carpet taken up shows the blood-stains. Here is the presence of a perturbed spirit, seeking help and peace, perhaps; had these witnesses only have known how to give such help; and a foot-note says

that it is all true, save the names, and is left for the readers to solve as best they can.

So grows the truth. Its seed, sown in human minds and hearts, may be long in springing up; may sometimes die in stony ground; may need more fostering care than any crop from mother earth; may meet perils that seem more hazardous than the flood or drought that vexes the farmer's soul, but it yields fruit enough to give rich reward to the sower, and the winds of heaven wait its blossoms over the wide earth.

How to Reach the Churches and Clergy.

With the steady gain of Spiritualism comes. In the minds of some good people, an earnest wish and hope that the popular churches and clergy may be reached,—that Spiritualism may become woven into their views and give cast and hue to their preaching. How is this to be done? Is sometimes asked. Move the world and you move the churches, is a partial answer. Prevalent opinions affect those bodies, of course. In the old days of slavery the majority of the clergy favored it as sanctioned by the Bible—God's word as they held it. Slavery died, popular opinion changed, and no church or clergyman would uphold slavery to-day. But this is an indirect influence. What can be done more directly? We cannot become advocates of dying creeds or outworn dogmas—the new wine cannot be poured into old bottles.

The genius of the spiritual movement is to uplift and enlarge. But we can fairly commend what is good in the churches and among the clergy; for every onward step, good act or faithful word, due credit can be given, and meanwhile old or new errors in creed or deed can be criticised with frank thoroughness yet in no bitterness of spirit. This will win and command confidence and respect slowly but surely. We can show that we are not reckless iconoclasts bent on destruction without upbuilding again. We can stand on spiritual foundations clear of all materialistic quicksands. The best minds among the clergy begin to see that their old walls of creed and buttresses of dogma are getting shaken and insecure, and they will look to us for new stones for the walls of fairer and broader temples.

It is worse than useless for us to go back to arbitrary and lawless miracles, or books held as infallible authority over the soul, or salvation by blood. It is also useless or worse to exchange these old beliefs for the chill and fog of negation, only thereby making the clog king, and death the end. That fog may be passed through on the way to clear air and vital warmth, but to stay in it is a calamity. To affirm the supremacy of infinite mind, the immortality of man, the need and beauty of true and faithful living, the proof-positive of immortality in the great facts of spirit-presence, to criticize error in creed or deed, to commend truth in Christian or pagan, to say to the churches: "Clear away your rubbish, use the good stones and take our good materials also, and so build on the solid rock which we both believe in, and make the temple broad and free, yet on 'sure foundations,' is the best we can do. Pursuing that course the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has the confidence and respect of a goodly company of the best people in the churches.

Presbyterian Profits.

That petite but stale fraud Anna Eva Fay was in town the other day. She has been here before although she declared this her first visit in talking with a *Tribune* reporter. The president of the *Tribune* Company is a zealous Presbyterian, the editor-in-chief and his son-in-law, the managing editor, are also Presbyterians; but the *Tribune*, nevertheless, is ever ready to make money by selling space to frauds and adventurers and to do this either knowing or believing them to be such. The Fay drew 6,000 people to see her miserable travesty, and the *Tribune* is partly responsible for this. It sold space in its local columns at a dollar a line for an advertisement calculated to deceive the public and in a guise to hide its character as an advertisement. Space in the advertising columns was also supplied at regular rates. After 6,000 people had been swindled out of their money the Presbyterian *Tribune* devotes a column to the affair and coolly concludes by saying: "Without question it was the most impudent exhibition ever given in the city." To this outrageous swindle the *Tribune* was accessory before the fact, and its proprietors should be indicted for their complicity in the swindle. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL calls the attention of the prosecuting attorney to the matter and suggests that he present these Presbyterian gentlemen to the Grand Jury. He will also do well to exhibit at the same time any issue of the Sunday *Tribune*, wherein will be found from a dozen to twenty advertisements of fortune tellers and swindlers, whose business the paper is fostering for pay.

Records of Spirit Presence.

The JOURNAL is ever willing and anxious to publish accounts of spirit presence. There are stored up in the experiences of its readers thousands of unpublished incidents of impression, trance utterance, vision and prophecy, which should be put on record through some public channel. There are also innumerable instances of well attested physical phenomena observed under conditions rendering it improbable that delusion or deception can account for them,—these should also be given to the public. In hundreds of homes the evidence of the presence of spirit friends is given almost daily and continuously through a long period of years;

from these experiences invaluable data can be gathered, if those having possession of the facts will only take the time and trouble to write them out.

Remember, friends, that these facts clearly and briefly stated, always have a living interest for thousands who have not been equally fortunate. Think of this and divide your store with them.

Reformed Sinners.

"Small herbs have grace.
Great weeds do grow apace."
... Methinks, I would not grow so fast;
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.—Richard III.

Uprightness hath ever been a virtue of slow growth, yet there are very many persons who believe it is their mission in the world to reform their fellow man; and who build their whole creed on one article: "That there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine that went not astray." They develop a craze for making heroes out of reformed sinners, which is carried to a ridiculous extent. No one objects to sinners reforming, but it is not the best training for youth to have the mere fact of conversion set up as of more value than a lifetime of conscientious endeavor to live uprightly. Virtue struggling with temptation, and sterling honesty which cannot see how a forced settlement with creditors at thirty cents on the dollar, is paying a debt, are uninteresting spectacles when compared with these canting, sanctimonious sinners, who pose as reformed characters, and omit no opportunity to publicly proclaim how wicked they were, while he or she who is "managing" the convert stands complacently by and says, "He was so black and he is now so white, and I have washed him."

That sinners ought to reform, no one will deny; but mere reformation is not all that is needed. What is of more importance is a life spent in conformity with their profession. There might not be so many "reformed" (?) but we would not so frequently hear of such instances as the arrest of two of a gang attempting to blow up a Jersey post-office, who were shining lights in a certain mission, whose supporters were vastly astonished at the audacity of any one having dared to arrest them. The greater part of the life of one of them had been spent in prison, but that only made him the more interesting as a convert.

This class of persons also delight to become prominent in new and popular movements, so that genuine friends of any movement are often obliged to either remain in the background or spend too much of their time apologizing for the lapses of these new reformers.

A Christian Woman's Views.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I feel much interested in modern Spiritualism and so far as it agrees with the truths of Christianity, I rejoice in it, but I am grieved to see frequently in the communications of both men and women unseemly jests about things, the merits of which they know nothing. I regret it mostly in the case of women who unsex themselves when they become ribald and profane.

In the reply of Mrs. Watson to Miss Phelps, in your paper of Feb. 20th, she says, "What is death in the light of the old theology? A curse inflicted upon all humanity in revenge. For what? A woman's appetite for apples?"

What gross and insulting ignorance this is! Any one but a fool must know that it was not the eating of an apple, nor of a myriad of apples that caused the curse. It was the sin of disobedience to the command of the heavenly Father, in which revenge had no part any more than when an earthly parent punishes his child for the same offense.

The greatest crime Eve could have been guilty of, could not have been a greater act of disobedience, than simply eating of the forbidden fruit.

She owed her being and all her sweet surroundings to the goodness of God, and if her only return was deliberate disobedience to His will, what right have we to question the justice of the punishment?

It is painful after reading a writer's remarks with satisfaction, to find them wind up with such blasphemy.

I read and enjoy your paper very much; there is a great deal in it both attractive and conclusive.

Yours with respect,

"A CHRISTIAN WOMAN."

New York, March 16th, 1887.

The JOURNAL is glad to have this excellent lady express her views. Even though they are harsh in some respects, yet the writer is frank and free in maintaining her belief, and the JOURNAL thoroughly respects those who have the courage of their convictions. Probably some who use the name Christian Spiritualist, will be inclined to take issue with this orthodox correspondent.

Slate-writing Without Human Contact.

Hon. Francis F. Farzo, a wealthy and influential citizen of Buffalo, having been reported as a Spiritualist in a local paper in connection with the statement that W. A. Mansfield, the psychographic medium held circles at his house, replies through the *Express* of that city as follows:

So far as reference is made to the undersigned, the statements are erroneous. "Circles" are not held at his residence, nor is he an "ardent Spiritualist." Mr. Mansfield has been invited on one or two occasions to give an illustration of his reputed Spiritualistic power at the residence of the writer in the presence of his family only. It must be admitted that the medium sustained his reputation in doing some wonderful things—including slate-writing of a marvelous character, with the slate removed ten feet from the operator or any other person. But even this did not convert the writer to Spiritualism, and yet evoked an intense desire to know more about this apparently supernatural manifestation.

To the statement verifying the production of writing without contact with the slate by the medium, the JOURNAL calls the special attention of those who deny its possibility. Mr. Farzo would probably be able to satisfy any rational inquirer that no deception or delusion or mistake clouded his observations. His personal opinions do not weaken his statement.

Coarse Buffoonery.

An intelligent and cultivated orthodox clergyman, sitting silent on the platform while Sam Jones talks, seems like a drowning man catching at a straw. Are the means of grace so futile and weak that coarse buffoonery must help them out? Is the slang of "poor white trash" more acceptable in heaven than earnest thoughts in decent language? Churches that call in such help must be weak in spirit. Even in cultured Boston he finds places—possibly pushes himself in and talks the same nonsense as in rude Chicago. Here is one of his last sayings there.

I will face all the infidels in Boston, if they will answer me just this one question which has been in this blessed book (taking up the Bible on the desk) for 2,000 years—"What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Did you ever know an infidel to tackle that question? I never did.

Sam Jones doubtless holds that soul lost which does not believe the Bible infallible and its teachings of the blood of Christ as he and his co-workers see them. Is Theodore Parker a lost soul? Dean Stanley ranked him as among the greatest religious teachers, and his life was singularly pure and noble. Imagine the cool contempt of brother Seaver of the *Investigator* at such a word of this coarse preacher; or the pitying smile of a thoughtful Spiritualist, or a Unitarian to whom Jones's way of saving souls is a plain absurdity. A "new theology" man in an orthodox church can care little for such talk. One useful end Sam Jones may serve; he may help to make some hideous old dogmas more repulsive.

A Dangerous Catholic Move.

A bill is before the New York Legislature proposing to give the Catholics their proportion of public school money for the support of their parochial Catholic schools. It is a bad and dangerous proposal. It would be just as bad coming from Presbyterians or Unitarians or any sect in theology. Give Catholics equal rights and justice, as all others should have, but no such division of public monies as this. It is contrary to the spirit and genius of our government, probably unconstitutional also. It would divide our public school monies among Catholics and all manner of Protestant sects, and we should, in the end, only have sectarian schools—the poorest mode of public education possible. Let the people of New York be vigilant, write letters from all over the State to the members of the legislature at Albany, and do this without delay, protesting also in other ways vigorously and promptly. Let the names of members who favor the scheme be put on a black list and published far and wide that such men may be politically buried with no hope of resurrection. Let us defend the equal rights of Catholics, as of Protestants, but when either step over the line, let them be sternly ordered back.

Medical Legislation in New York.

Alexander Wilder, M. D., has published an able argument against the proposed medical law in the State of New York. Prof. Wilder, who is a cautious, temperate writer, says:

More than three-fourths, both of the Eclectic and Homoeopathic physicians of the State of New York, are unqualifiedly opposed to it to-day. It is, in fact, nothing less than a proposition to abolish medicine as a learned and scientific profession, and to make it henceforth a Trade Association, under the statutes and regulations pertaining to such a body.

The Bill is now in a hypnotic state, and will probably so remain until another session when the calomel and morphine dosers will again attempt its passage.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Next week we shall publish another article from the pen of Rev. Wm. I. Gill, on his "Experiences in the Eddy Camp."

The meeting at the Opera House, Waukegan, last week, under the patronage of Mr. W. Dinning, was a success and another will be held on Friday evening of this week.

W. R. Colby found the "magnetism" of Chicago too utterly unpropitious for his crooked tongue and crafty hand, hence he has returned to San Francisco it is said.

Sunday, the 27th, the last day of Michigan Spiritualists' convention at Grand Rapids, will then and there be celebrated as the 39th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Chas. DeWitt of Newton, Kansas, writes: "J. Clegg Wright is doing a highly appreciated work here. Another hall has been engaged to meet the requirements."

J. G. Purdon, M. D., writes: "It would be a good thing if the JOURNAL were put into a better form for binding. It is my household paper, and is read by my wife and children as well as myself."

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, U. S. A., who is connected with the Smithsonian Institute, in a private letter from Fort Wingate, New Mexico, writes us as follows: "Prof. A. R. Wallace has accepted an invitation to visit me here, at an early day, and we are to go down to the Pueblo of the Zunians together."

Rev. John White, a colored preacher of Greenwood, Ark., who will be one hundred and two years old in July, has taken out a license to marry Mrs. Edie Smith, who is a kiddy girl of a sixty-five summers. Rev. John has been preaching eighty-one years, and has been married twice.

L'Aurora, is a monthly magazine published by Lady Cathness, Paris, France. It is published in French, and the current issue has an excellent table of contents, as the following will testify: "The New Day," by Marlon Harland; "The Great Pyramid," by Lady Cathness; and "The Spirit Circle," by M. A. (Oxon). Price of the magazine is fifteen francs, or three dollars a year.

J. Simmons, Henry Slade's general agent, has just arrived in Chicago. He left Mr. Slade in Paris, where he will remain for some time.

Miss Spinker and Miss Boyd, two bright young ladies from Indianapolis, have formed a partnership for the practice of medicine in that city.

The thrilling story which lately went the rounds of the press labelled "Ghost of Stone-wall Jackson" and purporting to be an account of manifestations at the Virginia Military Institute, turns out to have been a hoax. It was materialized with skill and no doubt served the purpose of the writer.

The Lincoln History by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay reaches a famous period of Lincoln's career with the April number of the *Century*—the campaign against Trumbull, and the earlier Douglas Debates. Border Ruffianism in Kansas, and the Topeka and Leocompton Constitutions are also treated of.

A former citizen of this city has a fine residence on the most desirable part of Michigan Boulevard, which he is desirous of exchanging for Washington or New York City property. He has refused \$20,000 for it in years past and it is now worth more than ever before. An excellent bargain awaits the right applicant. Letters addressed to Wm. Mack, in care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will elicit particulars.

Under date of March 15th, Lyman C. Howe writes: "My audiences here the past two Sundays have been the largest of any since I came, and from two to three times the number with which I commenced in January. We are preparing to celebrate on Sunday the 27th." We are glad to learn that Mr. Howe's engagement in Kansas City has been extended two months. He is evidently doing a good work there.

The Michigan, Stove Company Works are located at Detroit, Mich., and include sixteen acres, the building alone covering over six acres, with a capacity for over 2,000 workmen. An average number of 1,600 find steady employment there, producing about 100,000 stoves annually. The Chicago house of the Company, the Garland Block, is claimed to be the largest and handsomest structure of the kind anywhere devoted to stove interests. Mr. Fred W. Gardner is the Western manager and has been with the Company since 1881. The stoves of this Company have an excellent reputation wherever used.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan will fill the following dates: "Norwich, Ct., March 20th and 27th; Cincinnati, Ohio, Tuesday, March 29th to April 4th with the reunion of Spiritualists; April 10th, 17th and 24th for the First Spiritualist Society of Cincinnati; also, Wednesday, the 6th, 13th and 20th for the same society; Willoughby, O., April 25th; Madison the 27th; Thompson, the 28th; Haverhill, Mass., May 1st; Hyde Park the 8th; Williamsburgh the 15th; Philadelphia, Pa., the 22nd and 29th. She would like to make week evening engagements in the vicinity of her Sunday engagements.

A late number of the *Elmira* (N. Y.) Telegram contains the following: "For nearly nine months this Society employed a professional lecturer. At the present time it is without a regular speaker, and depends on local talent for its ministrations. Lyman C. Howe, who was employed for some time, is filling an engagement of several months duration in Kansas City, Mo. The Society, however, has under advisement the proposition to hire him permanently, beginning with the first of April. This gentleman ranks among the best lecturers upon the subject, and, if engaged permanently, it is safe to predict that the Society will soon be on a firm foundation, and the meetings will become a prominent feature of the social life of the city."

Dr. D. P. Kayner, in a note from Colorado, says: "In a late issue of the JOURNAL one of your correspondents quoted a prophecy from the Bible, which he considered as referring to the railroads of the present day; but to my mind by omitted reference to the most conclusive evidence, the coming of steam transportation being literally foretold by Nahum, II chap. 3rd and 4th verses, as follows: 'The chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of his preparation, and the fir trees shall be terribly shaken. The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.' The railroads over the mountain passes are even now 'shaking' the fir trees. Nothing could have been more literally presented."

Visitors at Saratoga, Lake George, and Lake Pleasant camp, will recall with pleasant memories "the twins," as two very large men, who seemed inseparable, were usually designated. Every season these two summer travellers are to be seen in these resorts. Major E. W. Hale and his nephew, Hon. J. G. Patton, need scarcely be named to be recognized, and long may they continue to enliven Lake Pleasant. Full of public spirit, they have done much to build up Towanda, Penn., their home. Lately Major Hale has outdone his previous efforts by erecting a handsome and commodious opera house, which is looked upon with pride and pleasure by his fellow citizens. The JOURNAL hopes it will be utilized for first-class lectures on Spiritualism and various phases of liberal religious thought. The Major is capable of making an able speech when he feels inspired. Those who listened to his testimony in the court room at Greenfield, Mass., during the trial of a certain libel suit several years ago, will never forget his ability in throwing a deal of genuine humor into a very dry and tedious examination, thereby relieving the monotony and convulsing the judge, jury and audience with laughter.

The "N. D. C." Swindle.

During the past year the JOURNAL has received a number of inquiries concerning a scheme engineered by that notorious bigamist and blackleg, James A. Bliss, who was so thoroughly exposed in the JOURNAL years ago. His plan is to make people believe that for a consideration and by placing themselves under his care they can rapidly develop as mediums; and by having a national chain of circles accomplish marvelous things. The headquarters of this swindle is, of course, in Boston. Some years ago this fellow left Boston with a Cuban consort named Christina, and opened up business in Philadelphia, where, with the assistance of Jonathan M. Roberts and others, he did a thriving trade until one day a blistering blizzard blasted his blasphemous vocation. He then fled back to Boston where he has ever since flourished, having in the meantime dispensed with the services of his Cuban confederate. In their arduous efforts to circle the gullible these worthies have been seconded by the columns of our esteemed and venerable contemporary, *The Banner of Light*. In that truly loyal and consistent paper may be found under a late date and large display lines, "How to Become a Medium in Your Own Home," the following confidence inspiring advertisement of Bliss's:

I will send you a 16-page Pamphlet, containing full instructions, and a Sealed Letter designating all your phases of mediumship, also a copy of *The Bible of the American Spiritual Sphinx*, or the Lost Key Found, and a sample copy of "The N. D. C. A. X.," for only 10 cents, in one or two-cent stamps.

"Charity," of course, demands that this advertisement or others from the same source, together with that of Mrs. Bliss by brevet, be inserted, always for pay, notwithstanding the salacious and swindling reputation of the "persecuted."

On the 5th inst., Bliss was arrested by a Deputy U. S. Marshal on complaint of one Cora Bailey or Etta Davenport, or whatever her name is, between whom and Bliss the "magnetic chain" seems to have been broken. Cora, or Etta, entered complaint to the effect that Bliss was using the U. S. mails in furtherance of a scheme to defraud the public. "It appears," says the *Boston Herald* account, "that the defendant inserts in his paper a notice that he will read letters in a sealed envelope, and return them to the seeker of the information unopened. For this information Dr. Bliss charges a fee of \$200 as announced in the notice." The woman of uncertain name may not be actuated by the best motives in thus annoying her former friend, but she has nevertheless succeeded in having him bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury.

The JOURNAL is just in receipt of a letter from a merchant in Kansas stating that his wife has become a member of Bliss's "National Developing Circle." This gentleman says Bliss writes him "that the magnetism conveyed to him through my handwriting indicates that if properly developed I would become a medium for Clairvoyance, Rapping, Writing, Healing, Speaking, Trance, Transfusing and Slate-writing." Evidently the "Dr." loaded that gun to scatter wide enough to hit whatever predilection might be in his correspondent's mind. Private answers to these inquiries has ceased to be advisable, hence the JOURNAL says once for all: Let the rascal alone and don't help to support him or to furnish him money to buy bait with in the shape of his Aze or space in the *Banner*.

Herndon's Memoirs of Abraham Lincoln.

Of all men who have essayed the task of portraying the history of this great man, W. H. Herndon, his old law partner and lifelong friend, is by long odds the best equipped, in so far as personal knowledge and original data go. Fifty years ago, when Lincoln and Herndon were young men, the latter glimpsed the future possibilities of his bosom friend and foresaw that he had a grand destiny. With faithful care he has labored for more than twenty years to add to his already large store of data, and has spared no pains nor expense in collecting and collating from original sources all that would aid in giving to the world the esoteric as well as the exoteric side of Lincoln; and thus supply the only source from which the psychologist and philosopher can draw when desirous of analyzing the component parts which combined to make this hero, statesman and martyr.

Publishers and people have persistently urged Herndon to this work, but he has steadily refused to be hurried or to give his work to the world until in his judgment the time had come for it. That time is now at hand. One who has known Herndon intimately since before his connection with Lincoln, in speaking of his proposed work, says: "He will write his portion of the life of Lincoln, honestly, fairly and impartially. No fact, no principle of Lincoln's life, no part of his religion or philosophy—nothing that can throw light upon Lincoln, his qualities or characteristics will be suppressed." Herndon will be assisted in his labor by Jesse W. Weik of Indiana, and the book will be published at an early day. Herndon's home is at Springfield, Illinois.

G. H. Brooks writes as follows from Denver, Col.: "The Spiritualists of Denver will celebrate the 39th anniversary, on Wednesday, March 30th, at their hall, 371 Lawrence St., beginning at 10:30 A. M. The ladies will furnish dinner in the dining hall. The society extends a cordial invitation to the friends in the adjoining towns, to be present, and they will provide entertainment for as many as possible. Those contemplating coming, please address me at 1713 Larimer St., room 18."

Frauds, and Legislation Against Mediums.

A Ringing and Timely Letter From a Leading Lawyer and Ex-Surrogate of Kings County, N. Y., Who is Also an Able Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Your article entitled "The Wells Exposure" in the JOURNAL of the 19th inst., will attract wide attention among Spiritualists; it will be read with pleasurable astonishment among the true friends of the spiritual movement, and to its enemies, it will be a cause of rejoicing.

In a private letter written you last Sunday evening, you will find that I have unwittingly voiced your sentiments and have anticipated your view of the situation. We may differ as to the remedy as a last resort, but of that I am not at all certain.

There is no code of morals, let alone the religions of mankind, that does not condemn lying and deception, and when they are resorted to, to obtain money or property, they become crimes.

The plea that mediums shall have immunity from punishment when detected in what has the appearance of crime, because they are under the malign influence of some unclean spirit, is as convenient a cloak as intoxication would be as an excuse for the crimes of drunken men, which in the courts of all civilized countries is never accepted, the courts invariably holding that the man, who voluntarily puts himself in a state where he loses control of his own actions, through intoxication, takes the hazard of what he may do in that condition. Why shall not this rule apply to mediums who voluntarily submit themselves to the control of spirits who lie, deceive and use their mediums for unhallowed purposes?

There are exceptions, and they arise in cases of involuntary control. When a medium finds she is being used to perpetrate fraud, and persists in being a party thereto by retaining the same conditions and influences, to my mind she adds to the enormity of the crime, from that fact alone. This world and this life are quite sufficient to satisfy the course of sin, and to be a willing party to aid its continuance, by one who has passed to the life beyond, is an offense which no amount of shallow reasoning can justify upon the ground that "it's a spirit manifestation, and it's given for some wise purpose." The apologists for this class of mediums, and the open defiance of persons detected in shameful crimes against the holiest sentiments and deepest affections of our natures, which every detected fraud is sure to bring, covers the movement with obloquy, and its truth-loving adherents with shame. Legislative action as a last resort, you declare preferable to the continuance of such relations, with lying and deceiving spirits. From appearances, legislators will not wait, but are already acting. The enemies of this great truth have filled the field with tares; and much which is good and true, must be destroyed with that which is not. It will not be the first time that the vengeance of the law has been directed against those who "peep and mutter."

But let us be thankful that there are some phases of mediumship which will be safe from the ill that befalls others. We have learned a divine truth, and know how, from the inmost recesses of our souls, to aspire to, and gain communion with, those spiritual intelligences which bring us ever nearer to the Divine Spirit made manifest in the life and teachings of Christ and assured to humanity to-day, by angels of light and truth. Spiritualists as a body, I fear will never meet with general public favor, certainly not unless they arouse themselves and prove equal to the demands of the Cause. Spiritualism is an eternal verity, and will live as long as does the soul of man. It is the leaven of all religions and the solvent of the great issues of to-day. The leaders in the movement who have been true to themselves, as well as the Cause, like the great leaders against human slavery, have been few; but like the Abolitionists, they are witnessing the results of their labors, in the great movements, which under other names, are adopting and utilizing all that is worth accepting of spiritual truth.

In this view of the situation Mr. Editor, be consoled with the reflection, that history is repeating itself in this—that the reformers of the world have generally died in reproach, to be honored in memory. Brooklyn, N. Y. A. H. DAILEY.

The Young Peoples' Anniversary.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Perhaps for the first time since Spiritualism came into the world as a great progressive religion, are the young people of Chicago to take an active part in the festivities of its coming anniversary. A musical and literary entertainment has been arranged for Tuesday evening, March 29th, at the Avenue Hall on 22nd St., which will consist of some of the best and latest selections, both musical and literary, after which a social hop and pleasant evening will be enjoyed. The occasion is under the auspices of the Excelsior Club. The proceeds are to be given to the Young Peoples' Spiritual Society; all are invited, but especially young Spiritualists. The assistance of all is kindly requested, as this is the first effort the young people have ever made to establish their own society. Chicago, Ill.

The Moon Route L. N.—A. & C. Ry. has arranged to run a series of ten cheap excursions to Florida points from local stations on the Line, commencing just south of Chicago, during the present month. These tickets are good 30 days from date of sale inclusive, and allow the holders thereof to use ten days on the going portion, which will enable them to visit the various points of interest for which the Moon Route is famous. For instance, the Mammoth Cave, the old Historical Battle Field, etc., etc. It also gives the choice of two routes, one via Cincinnati, Chattanooga and Atlanta, and the other via Louisville, Nashville, Montgomery or Pensacola. As they only charge one fare for the round trip, a great many people have been taking advantage of this unprecedented low rate to visit Florida. For full particulars, call on or address E. O. McCormick, General Passenger Agent, 183 Dearborn St., Chicago.

What you need is a medicine which is pure, efficient, reliable. Such is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses peculiar curative powers.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Race Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders intrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. St. Louis Freeholder, June 19, 1885.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for that dreaded disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their names and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. BLOOM, 151 Pearl Street, New York. Pico's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:

New York, August 1, 1886. 122 E. 27th St. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements: My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which, so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 21 days.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons, while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours, C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

For 15 years I was annoyed with catarrh, severe pain in my head, discharges into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. I have over come these troubles with ELY'S Cream Balm.—J. B. Case, St. Denis Hotel, Broadway, N. Y.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS Druggists, Orange, N. Y.

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The nearest quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Rashes in chest and all acute and chronic pains. Endorsed by 5,000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and remedies fail. Instruments and bottles are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Benson's," "Benson's," "Benson's," etc., as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for BENSON'S and TAKE NO OTHERS. All druggists, HENNING & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

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That good health depends on the circulation of the blood.

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It is a Fact that there are no medicines which will produce a good circulation.

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ALL ADMIRERS

DOGS

Should read the book which has just been issued entitled the

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It contains authentic incidents and information of great interest. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

WM. R. LORD, Wollaston, Mass.

NATURAL LAW

IN THE Spiritual World.

BY HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.F.S.I.

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PSYCHICAL AND PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES.

THE

Watseka Wonder!

A NARRATIVE OF STUNNING PHENOMENA OCCURRING IN THE CASE OF

MARY LURANCY VENNUM.

—BY—

Dr. E. W. Stevens.

This well attested account of spirit presence created a widespread sensation when first published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Over fifty thousand copies were circulated, including the *Journal*, and the publication of the pamphlet editions, but the demand still continues.

NO WONDER

the interest continues, for to it on indubitable testimony may be learned how

A Young Girl was Saved from the Mad House.

by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent interference of Spiritualists, and after months of almost continuous spirit control. But medical treatment by Dr. Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all, so far transcending in some respects, all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common sense cannot be known as

THE WATSEKA WONDER.

Were it not that the history of the case is so often tested by the direct assistance of Spirits, it would be considered by those unfamiliar with the facts of Spiritualism as a skillfully prepared work of fiction. As a

MISSIONARY DOCUMENT

for general distribution, it is UNPARALLELED; and for this purpose should be distributed industriously, generously, persistently, far and near. The present issue is a superior edition from new stereotype plates, printed on a fine quality of 10-cd paper and protected by "gold" paper covers of the finest pattern.

The publisher has taken advantage of this necessity for new plates, and with the courteous permission of Harper, Brothers incorporated with the case of *Lurancy Vennum* one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1860, entitled

MARY REYNOLDS,

Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. Reynolds makes reference to it in his invaluable, standard work, *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds case is equal that of *Lurancy Vennum*, but it is a different case and addition. The two illustrations make a

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Dr. Stevens spent his life in healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and teaching the spiritual philosophy. He was a noble man and the world is better for his life in it. He passed to spirit life in 1885, leaving a devoted wife and family in a cramped financial condition. Mrs. Stevens was a faithful, unflinching assistant to her husband and how in her old age she is cheerful, well settled, and happy in her knowledge of her husband's good work and of the certainty that she will again join him. She is entitled to the cordial sympathy of all who love good deeds and are interested in Spiritualism. Without consultation with her, the publisher feels that the present should be considered a

MEMORIAL EDITION.

and that she should receive from it substantial tokens of the respect in which her husband is held, and of the good will of the public toward one who made it possible for her husband to follow the guidance of the spirit world. The publisher therefore proposes and hereby binds himself to

Pay Over to Mrs. O. A. Stevens One-Third of the Net Receipts

from the sale of this pamphlet for the next three months. Here is the golden opportunity to give practical evidence of your good will to Dr. Stevens' family and at the same time to do effective missionary work.

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THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE,

26 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

The New Savior.

(Continued from First Page)

he had made an end of tearing down, what did he leave behind? Did he give to a suffering, needy people, a religion that could comfort and sustain them, that would impel them to brotherly love and righteous lives?

History lays bare the moral rottenness, the abounding licentious degradation that almost universally obtained; the gross scoffing mockery at all things holy and good that prevailed in the days of Voltaire. The record of the times of Louis XIV. is beastly in the depth of its depravity. To what extent, as a "God Illuminated Savior," did Voltaire remove this depravity to a better showing? In all his writings did he ever point to the sublime sentences:

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

"Blessed are the peace makers."

Did Voltaire ever tell the benighted people of his country, steeped to the lips in ignorance and wickedness, "While I despise and mock at false religion, know ye that pure religion and undefiled before God is this: 'To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted before the world'?"

In all his great work of crying down oppression, did Voltaire ever reach such scathing rebuke of the tyrannical and lust of riches as this:

"Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is corrupted; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

"Behold, the life of the laborer who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, cruelty, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the care of the Lord."

Why did not this wonderful man, whose "knowledge was profound," and who possessed "faculties of the highest order," assist in the grand work of regeneration as taught by Jesus and his disciples, when he had made an end of tearing down the rubbish impeding its evolution?

Let us examine the product of his Saviorship. A little while ago an able writer appointed to examine into the lives of French workmen in Paris, discovered that the chief bulk of them were so deeply impregnated with the religion of Voltaire, as to have profound contempt for all religion whatsoever; that they lived together in huddled heaps like cattle—a man and his wife often helping a host of male boarders in a promiscuous community that was sickening to look at, and that Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays were almost invariably devoted to lounging in drinking houses, gambling, smoking and chewing prunes soaked in brandy! Any "God Illuminated" salvation in this?

A number of years ago a friend of mine spent a year in Paris; and besides that he found such few pictures as would shame a better class brothel, conspicuously glaring in shop windows, with vile illustrated books of like quality in open sale on counters, presided over by women. He entered a public hall on a prominent street where an exhibition of such baseness as would not care to be published in the lowest order of *Police Gazette*, was open to all who chose to pay their way! Let me sum up the present condition of France in the words of the eminent writer, Matthew Arnold, as set forth in a recent article of the *Nineteenth Century*, and gain estimate of the result of Voltaire's salvation:

The question was once asked by the town clerk of Ephesus: "What man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshiper of the great goddess Diana?" Now, really, when one looks at the popular literature of the French at this moment—their popular novels, popular plays, popular newspapers—and the life of which this literature is the index, one is tempted to make a goddess out of a word of their own, and ask: "What man is there that knoweth not that the city of the French is a worshiper of the great goddess Lubricity?" Or rather, take her name from the Greek testament, and call her the goddess Aesclia. That goddess has always been a sufficient power among mankind, and her worship was generally supposed to need restraining rather than encouraging. But here is now a whole popular literature, nay, and art, too, in France at her service! Stimulations, and suggestions by her (a goddess of an unbridled lust) and to her meet one in it at every turn. She is becoming the great recognized power there. Men repent themselves half inclined to apologize for not having paid her more attention. Says he: "Nature cares nothing for chastity." Men even of this force salute her; the allegiance now paid to her in France, by the popular novel, the popular newspaper, the popular play, is, we may say, boundless.

This being the case, is it any wonder Mr. Arnold concludes that France did not care to go with Germany in the Reformation. That would have meant chastity, decency of life conduct, the purity and holiness taught by the Christianity of Jesus Christ; any wonder that he asserts: "Taking the Frenchman who is commonly in view—the usual type of speaking, doing, vocal, visible Frenchman, the German (of the Reformation) has died out. This means that the chief source of seriousness and of moral ideas is falling and drying up in him. What is left is the average sensual man. The highest art, the art which by its light, depth and gravity possesses religiousness—such art as the Greeks had the art of Pindar and Phidias; such as the Italians had, the art of Dante and Michael Angelo—this art, with the training it gives, and the standard which it sets up, the French have never had." In a word, "France did not want a Reformation which was a moral one," is Michelet's account of the matter. In preference she turned to the worship of the licentious goddess Aesclia. Not only that, but she is not ashamed of it. Nay, she glories in it, counting the chastity that gives pure lives and righteous decency nothing but cant. In her literature, pictures and plays she presents ceaseless ridicule of all that is pure and loyal in married life, and scoffs at the sanctity of the married home. Her settled taste is for harlotry, and her stream of illegitimate births is a festering blot on her depraved civilization. The most degrading and ruinous features of our own social life comes from her in ever increasing mission of evil, and this is the "God Illuminated salvation of Voltaire!"

Mrs. Allen Endorsed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As we are readers of your valuable paper, we saw in your issue of the 5th, an article taken from the Boston Daily Globe, "The noted Mrs. Allen of Providence, R. I., the latest materializer seized." We thought it our duty to lay before you the facts. We were eye-witnesses at that scene, and the article

referred to was the basest fabrication ever put together by mortal man—not a form was grabbed—no mask was torn from a form—not a pistol in the house—not a chair removed—not a particle of noise—no police anywhere near it. This representative and his confederate were completely fooled in their game, and beat a hasty retreat; not even did they stop to put on their coat or hats until they got into the street. Mrs. Allen has been a public medium in this city for twenty years, and thousands can testify to her honesty. "She is considered one of the best mediums by the better class of Spiritualists in this city and country."

HENRY H. SUNDERLAND.
MISS I. RICE.
GEORGE P. HARREY.

Providence, R. I.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION.

While I think that most of the so-called spirit materialization is fraud, yet I do not think it would be wise to adopt Prof. W. H. Chaney's suggestion of suppressing all accounts of, and public talk about, these manifestations. "Admitting," as he says, that materialization is a fact; I think the *JOURNAL*'s policy much better, of keeping the sieve going, and continue to throw in all dirt that shows signs of gold. All great truths have had to have much chaff winnowed out before the true vein of ore was reached. Prof. Chaney thinks published reports of materialization "do no good, but create disputing, sometimes ending in enmity." Such published reports certainly have, to my knowledge, done much good in stirring up thought and discussion on this great subject, if there be any truth in it, and caused a deeper and more thorough investigation. If discussion ends in enmity, it is not the fault of the discussion, but of the spirit which characterizes it. If discussion is good on any disputed topic in all the range of thought, why not on this question? Now I think Prof. Chaney and I can discuss this question without causing the least enmity between us; and with a possibility of doing each other good. He has never seen or heard anything to convince him that materialization is a fact. I find no fault with that. Will he get mad if I tell him how I came to believe—nay, to know that materialization is possible? I think not, because I think he is anxious to know the truth. As to "spirit materialization being a contradiction of terms," that is according to our definition of terms. I would say that we are all materialized spirits now in a certain sense. In the process of electroplying, invisible particles are made to become visible, and assume different shapes. And why is it a "scientific impossibility" for a so-called spirit to clothe its form with particles of grosser matter, taken from material bodies, so as to become visible to the physical eye? It was once said to be a "scientific impossibility" for a boat to carry enough coal to generate sufficient steam to propel it across the ocean. Facts have often proven so-called "scientific impossibilities" to be lack of knowledge. Now, as to knowledge, I can present a goodly number of competent witnesses in the State of New York and elsewhere, to prove that several years since a man, long a resident cooperator of Oswego, N. Y., did allow himself to be taken by a committee of skeptics, disrobed entirely, and clothed with garments furnished by the committee, in which there was not a thread of white; then taken to a room in which he had never been before, and placed in a cheap black tent, of their own make in the middle of the room. Under these conditions, with a fair light, with the doors and windows well fastened, and none but strangers to the medium present, apparently human forms, from a little child to an aged man, with more or less apparent garments of white, did appear in said tent or cabinet, together with the medium, to those present, consisting of over a dozen intelligent men and women. Some of these forms would readily converse with members of the company, and on some occasions a child's form, dressed all in white, would appear in front of the tent and slowly sink down, apparently through the door, till out of sight. At the close of these sittings the medium would be thoroughly searched for masks and white garments, but none were ever found. I witnessed these things in my own house, with my own selection of sitters, and I know as much as I know anything, that invisible human forms can make themselves visible under certain conditions.

Now, can Prof. Chaney cite me to any such manifestations, under similar conditions, "produced by the hippodromes?" I hereby pledge myself to sell my farm and pay to Mr. Chaney, or any other person the sum of \$5,000 if he will teach me how to produce the above manifestations under the above conditions. Unfortunately for the cause, it was only occasionally that these manifestations would occur in this medium's presence; and he was too honest to help out by trickery; and but three or four forms would ever appear at any one sitting, so he could not compete with those who advertised regular manifestations, and forty or more spirit forms at each sitting. If all Spiritualists would refuse to patronize mediums who would not submit, at proper times, to such crucial tests as those I have given, we would speedily get down to bottom facts.

Prof. Chaney makes a very sweeping statement when he says "that in every instance when the alleged spirit has been 'grabbed,' it has proved to be either the medium or one who belonged to the show." I fear he has not been reliably informed regarding "every instance." I have heard of quite a number to the contrary. Here is one described by Dr. F. Hartmann, of Georgetown, Colorado. The medium was Mrs. N. D. Miller. The séance was in Dr. Hartmann's parlor; persons present six.

"Toward the end of the séance one materialized form walked up to Mrs. Smith. When Mrs. S. beheld the form, she recognized the same as her deceased mother; and this fact excited her so much that with the cry, 'Oh, my mother! my mother!' she went into hysterics. She seized the spirit's arms with both of her hands, while she kept on screaming, 'Oh, this is my mother! Do not take her away! We all witnessed the struggle of the spirit to free itself from the iron grasp of Mrs. Smith, who is herself a powerful woman. The struggle took place about eight feet from the cabinet, and fearing that some injury might be done by it to the medium we went to the assistance of the spirit. When we took hold of Mrs. Smith's hands, they were still clinging to the wrists of the spirit; but the body of the spirit was gone. While we were trying to pry open Mrs. S.'s fingers to make her release the spirit's arms, those arms ended in nothing beyond the wrists; and there was no body attached to them. Finally these spirit arms, still encircled by the grasp of Mrs. S.'s fingers, melted away too, while Mrs. S. kept on screaming, and was too much excited to be reasoned with or quieted down. What the result would have

been if this 'spirit grabbing' had been intentional and malicious, we do not know; but as it was, Mrs. Miller, after coming out of her trance, complained of lameness and fatigue in her arms, and sickness at the stomach."

I vote for a continuation of the discussion in a spirit of charity. But continue to urge the importance of upholding none but those willing, on proper occasions, to be subjected to such, or similar conditions as I have described.

Santa Cruz, Cal.

D. EDSON SMITH.

THE GOLDEN GATE

Religious and Philosophical Society of San Francisco.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The first annual meeting of the above-named society was held at the Metropolitan Temple on the morning of Sunday, March 6, 1887. Mr. F. H. Woods, the President of the Board of Directors, in his opening remarks urged the importance of taking no backward steps. The eyes of the East are upon this society, and it behooves us to elect only faithful trustees who will allow nothing suspicious to pass. After the reading of the various annual reports, the election of ten Directors (or Trustees) for the ensuing year was proceeded with, and on motion of Hon. Amos Adams the old board was re-elected as follows: F. H. Woods, M. B. Dodge, J. W. Chase, Abijah Baker, A. Weske, W. R. S. Foye, J. M. Mathews, J. J. Owen, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, Mrs. E. E. Staples.

Capt. Aldrich urged the importance of the establishment of a definitely outlined financial system by the society, for the collection and disbursement of its funds; and, on motion, the Board of Directors was requested to formulate such a system.

The following officers were subsequently elected by the Directors: President, F. H. Woods; Vice-President, Mrs. H. E. Robinson; Manager and Treasurer, M. B. Dodge; Recording Secretary, J. L. Russell; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. E. Coleman.

The following excerpts from the annual report of the President, Mr. F. H. Woods, indicate the nature and scope of the work of this society, undoubtedly one of the most successful and elevated in character of the Spiritualist societies in America or in the world. In view of the beauty, purity and efficiency of the ministrations of its lecturer, "our little preacher," as Mrs. E. L. Watson is called by her loving congregation, it is doubtful if any other spiritual society is at present, as a whole, so highly favored. Under the free admission or open-door system, its audiences have been largely increased, and within the last few months a free spiritual and miscellaneous library in the Temple has been opened to the public.

"The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society was born of the thoughtful, earnest and tender ministrations of Mrs. E. L. Watson. Angel-inspired she early began her labors in the East, and on visiting this coast her fervid eloquence and fine ability in expounding occult phenomena, womanly grace and charm of manner, soon attracted the attention and won the hearts of the members of the First Spiritual Union of this city. Under the auspices of this Society, she lectured at Ixora Hall for more than two years to a large and admiring audience, but the platform did not quite realize her spiritual aspirations. Failing health making a change of climate necessary, there came opportunely pressing invitations to visit Australia. The hope of restored health from a long sea-voyage, the novelty of new scenes and new acquaintances could not be prudently resisted. Before leaving, a few earnest friends assured Mrs. Watson that on her return they would place her on a platform as free and broad as the realm of truth."

"In May, 1883, she returned covered with the laurels of a grateful and appreciative people, and on the first Sunday of September, 1883, she began her labors in this Temple, under the protection and encouragement of many friends; but without organization."

"The laborer is worthy of his reward, and it is meet and proper on this occasion to express our appreciation of our teacher's labors among us. With the exception of four Sundays, her services have been uninterrupted for a period of twenty months, making one hundred and sixty-six services. It is a feat unparalleled that a delicate woman should travel over six thousand miles each year, through sunshine and storm, and be at her post, and always richly equipped for the duties of the hour. With a heart full of love and sympathy for mankind, she has not only led us 'in green pastures' and 'beside the still waters,' but made the path through the 'valley and shadow of death' to many a lonely soul fragrant with the blossoms of everlasting life. Her good, practical common sense has kept her clear of the cant of many reformers and the bogs, fens and noxious weeds that have beset the path of Spiritualism. And while with potent eloquence she has expounded to us the workings of psychical forces, the universe has glowed with new meaning and our ears have caught some strains of an infinite harmony that will go on unfolding to all eternity. God bless our 'Little Preacher,' and may her health and life long be spared to go in and out before us."

"The growth of our meetings increased the already arduous labors of our managers, and made it apparent that a more effective organization was necessary, and consequently on the 2nd of March, 1886, we took our place among the spiritual societies of the world as an incorporate body."

"Considering our age, we have no cause to feel ashamed of the record we have made, but much to cheer and encourage us, animated by the desire to show their faith by their works the ladies of this society, supplemented by the aid of the gentlemen, have worked with zeal to lighten the burdens of humanity."

"The Ladies' Aid Society was organized for charitable work, and like the rain-bow on the bosom of a dark cloud, its beauty is best seen in the homes of want and trouble. Too much importance cannot be given to this beneficial agency aside from the blessings of its tender ministrations; meeting, as it does, once a week, it will be found conducive to friendship and pleasant acquaintances. Subsequent to the organization of the Ladies' Aid Society was the adoption of a school for the poor children on the kindergarten plan, perhaps one of the noblest of our charitable duties. These benevolent enterprises should never be allowed to languish for want of efficient workers, nor shrivel for the lack of means, as they are an exemplification of the sweet and amiable sentiments we have heard so often portrayed in this rostrum."

"The social element has not been neglected. Our monthly meetings for this purpose have been well attended, and as a means of becoming more intimately acquainted with each other, cherishing the fraternal sentiment, and extending the hand of friendly greeting to strangers in this great, fluctuating population, it cannot be too highly estimated."

"Thus far I have spoken chiefly of our temporal affairs; but there is one thing, in my judgment, too important to overlook. Spiritualism has not always been free from reproach, and the greatest hindrance to its success has come from that part of the great Spiritual Family who prostitute its phenomena to the lowest mercenary aims and idle curiosity. Spirits are every day in this city consulted about stocks, lottery tickets, and the séance room has often been filled with the most vulgar gossip and twaddle. About this phase of it, it is not strange that a vast deal of fraud and knavery has accumulated."

"This platform was established for the express purpose of trying as far as possible to keep Spiritualism free from this sort of scandal; to insist that the light shall be thrown upon all psychical phenomena, and that all doubtful stances and mediumship should be unsparingly exposed. Spiritualism is no more responsible for this class of pests and parasites than a ship for the barnacles and weeds that cling to it, still if the hull is not scraped clean the barnacles and weeds may swamp it. In this work our speaker has made some of her best deliveries, never hesitating to puncture a fraud, or warn against suspicious environments, and the Society has been in full sympathy with her. We have been accused of being too critical, fastidious and conservative, but the purity of Spiritualism is too grand and holy to allow the least appearance of evil to pass our gates unchallenged."

"The results of our work, time alone will determine, but there can be no doubt that much of the seed that has been sown here has fallen on good ground and will produce an abundant harvest."

"We are confronted by the question so sharply propounded the other day by the gifted authoress of 'The Gates Ajar,' 'Can Spiritualism Spiritualize?' Why not? If its central idea is to penetrate the awful veil that so long hung over the door of the tomb, and demonstrate immortality by actual converse with the so-called dead, what higher incentive to noble efforts can there be?"

"While we all have much to regret, many shortcomings to confess, still it can be truly said that in intelligence, moral integrity, beautiful homes and charitable and educational work this Society in proportion to its means and age is the peer of any church in this city."

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN, Cor. Sec'y G. G. R. & P. Society.
San Francisco.

On the afternoon of March 10th, the will of Mr. Beecher was read in the presence of the family. It is said that it will not be filed for probate as one of its main provisions authorizes the members of the family to settle among themselves the division of what is left. The chief feature of it is that Mrs. Beecher is first provided for. That night the Beecher residence was brilliantly lighted, and every thing around the house was made as bright as possible. Mrs. Beecher had been in her late husband's room a great portion of the afternoon looking over his papers. It seems a delight to her to be near where her husband spent much of his time. The members of the family were dressed in usual clothing as though going to church Sunday, and every thing around was made as bright and cheerful as possible in accordance with the often expressed wish of Mr. Beecher in case of his death. Hundreds of people called during the day, and left cards, including Henry George and the Rev. Dr. McGlynn. Estimates of Mr. Beecher's earnings during his lifetime place them at \$1,000,000, of which \$500,000 was as pastor, \$300,000 as lecturer, and \$200,000 as an author. One of his leading parishioners estimates his estate at \$100,000—his farm at Peckskill worth \$50,000, an insurance of \$25,000 on his life, and his house in Brooklyn.

Mr. Beecher was once asked by one of his myriad of correspondents: "How shall I feel when I come to die?" The great preacher replied, characteristically: "You will probably feel stupid," referring to the kindly provision of nature in numbing the faculties when putting her children to their last sleep. His prediction has been closely verified in his own case, the coma of apoplexy being one of the states which he described as "stupid"—a condition of sleepiness followed by insensibility and death.

Henry Ward Beecher said years ago: "I never had any sympathy with the Episcopal prayer, 'From sudden death deliver us.' When I go I pray that I may go swiftly, like a falling star; go in the midst of my usefulness, and not be chained in some living death, a burden to the friends I love."

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Story of a Postal Card.

I was affected with kidney and urinary trouble. For twelve years. After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters. And I am perfectly cured. I keep it. All the time. Respectfully, H. F. BOOTH, Saultville, Tenn., May 4, 1885.

BRADFORD, PA., MAY 8, 1885.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in years, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., JAN. 15, 1886.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart were very bad. I tried Hop Bitters. When I had taken two bottles they helped me very much indeed. When I had taken two more bottles I was well. There was a lot of rich folks here who have seen how they cured me, and they used them and were cured and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

Yours truly,

MISS JESSIE G. CURRING.

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"A tour to Europe that cost me \$3,000, done less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and depression."—Mr. J. M. Auburn, N. Y.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted convulsion and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its nursing mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

"Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, 'Bright's' disease, rheumatism and a host of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters," if taken in time.

"Loddington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1885. I have sold Hop Bitters for ten years, and there is no medicine that equals them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints, and all diseases incident to this malarial climate."—H. T. ALLENDALE.

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"UNION.—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility, or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them."—J. C. STOUTER.
639 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

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